



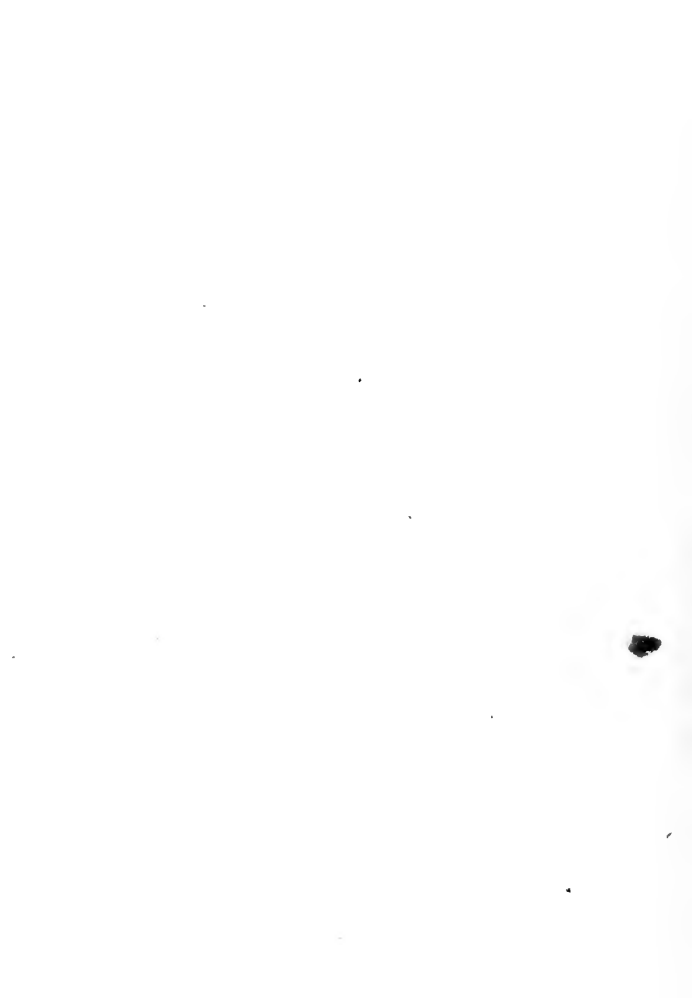




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*Wm. H. Hall*

THE LIFE  
OF  
GEN<sup>L</sup> GARIBALDI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

With Sketches of his  
COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

TRANSLATED BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER

THEODORE DWIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "A TOUR IN ITALY IN 1821," "THE ROMAN REPUBLIC IN 1849,"  
ETC., ETC.

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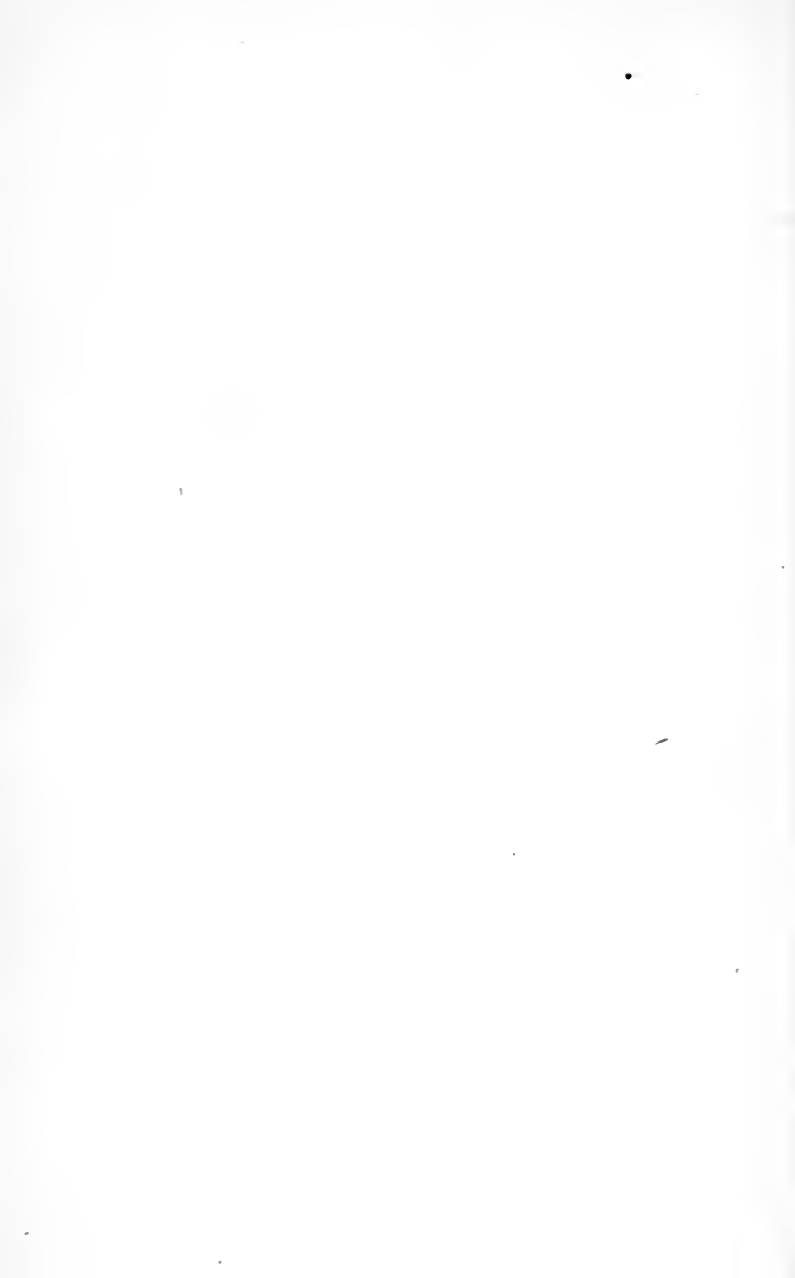
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## PREFACE.

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THE world has heard the fame of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the distinguished soldier who nobly fought for South American liberty, and gloriously defended Rome, in 1849: but few men have been acquainted with the details of his life, many of which we now present, written by his own pen. In the following pages will be found ample evidence of several facts highly interesting and instructive, as they prove the origin of his greatness to be a pure and noble heart, a character eminently humane and disinterested, and show that one object which he had in view in training his countrymen in South America to fight for freedom there, was, to prepare them for the service of the same cause in their native land, whenever the time should arrive. In the Italian revolutions of 1848 and '9, he first brought this design into practice, particularly by gallantly repulsing, with

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an insignificant force, eight thousand Frenchmen from the gates of Rome, and by routing the army and king of Naples on their own frontiers. He gained scarcely less honor by his splendid retreat after the fall of Rome, before two overwhelming armies of French and Austrians; and by his noble endurance of adversity, in various forms, in America and Europe.

Garibaldi has now been recalled to the field, and under circumstances of the highest interest. He is in command of the Patriotic Volunteers who began to pour into Piedmont, from all parts of Italy, on the announcement of the Austrian invasion; and, before this work can pass through the press, events of the highest moment must transpire. But, whatever may be the results, the following pages must increase in interest with time, as they record some of the great deeds of one of the noblest and most distinguished soldiers of the age.

The following autobiography of the celebrated General Garibaldi is literally translated from his own private manuscripts. Those he kindly placed in the hands of the translator in the year 1850, with permission to translate and publish them. A few months afterwards he requested

that they might be withheld from the press, for reasons which seemed to him cogent: but the prohibition was voluntarily withdrawn some time ago, and the present is a crisis which emphatically demands the publication. Some of the proper names were written indistinctly in the original manuscripts, and several passages were marked for transposition, but obscurely; and consequently a few errors may have crept into the translation.

The original is understood to have been written during the first part of the long convalescence of General Garibaldi, while he was residing in retirement in 1849, just before his voyage to New York, where some portions were added, from time to time, at the request of the translator. The entire manuscripts were in a neat, uniform hand, almost entirely free from erasures or additions. The "Sketches of his Companions in Arms," which will be found in the Appendix, were written in 1850, while he was residing on Staten Island, and most of the time employed at daily labor, in the candle manufactory of his countryman and friend, Sig. Meucci. After he had finished those sketches, he excused himself to the translator for desist-

ing from further writing, on account of the fatigue he felt after his regular days' work. This took place only a few weeks after he had declined the honors of a public reception in New York, and earnestly recommended to his fellow-exiles here the rejection of any pecuniary aid from others, while they were able to earn their living by any kind of labor, however severe or humble.

He subsequently made several voyages in the Pacific Ocean, as commander of merchant vessels, and has since been cultivating a small Island on the coast of Sardinia.



# INTRODUCTION.

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THE present work is one of peculiar interest, and of a very peculiar nature. The present time is also peculiarly favorable to its publication. It is, perhaps, impossible to find a parallel, in the several important points which chiefly recommend it—it being the autobiography of the most distinguished soldier of the age, whose actions have displayed extraordinary and admirable traits of character, written, not for publication, but for his private use, and containing details of much interest, at once entertaining and instructive, and, at the same time, displaying sentiments in the highest degree engaging to the reader and honorable to the author. The qualities of General Garibaldi's pure and exalted character are here presented, without the effort of a eulogizing friend, but unostentiously, and even unintentionally, in the simple and natural narrative of the actor himself, which, while written in an unaffected, but appropriate and polished style, records the great deeds of his life and the exploits of his companions.

The Autobiography embraces only the earlier periods of his life: but later scenes in which he has been engaged, are, in great part, introduced in descriptions of his own, and other official reports of various military movements and battles, being translated for this work.

The sketches of his "Companions in Arms" which follow his Autobiography, contain some reference to events of periods posterior to that at which they termi-

nate: but they will be explained by accounts contained in the subsequent pages.

General Garibaldi has recently performed one of the greatest exploits, by boldly turning the right wing of the Austrians, passing to their rear and raising the Lombards in insurrection.

The name of Garibaldi had been for many years familiar to many of our countrymen, without being associated with anything more than indefinite ideas of his distinguished military career, until he appeared at the head of the Romans in 1849, in their heroic defence of their city and Republic. The unexpected repulse of the advanced troops of General Oudinot, the two gallant victories of the Romans over the Neapolitans, the manly defence of Rome through the French siege, and his masterly retreat after the fall of that city, and his visit to our country, made him better known in the United States: but the detached and conflicting accounts of those times, and the aspersions of the secret enemies of freedom since, have rendered it impossible for many common readers to obtain just and connected conceptions of the prominent men engaged in those eventful scenes.

The translator of the present work has already published a brief history of "The Roman Republic of 1849," and there endeavored to furnish facts most important to those who desire to know the nature of the late struggle in Rome, and the character, capacity, and designs of its leaders. He has there given an outline of the life of General Garibaldi: but so little space was allowed in that volume, that only a glimpse has been afforded; and a more extended account is demanded by the American public. The author has enjoyed peculiar advantages in the prosecution of his work, having visited Italy during the revolution of 1820 and '21, having been for years on terms of intimacy with some of the most devoted Italian patriots, and long advocated their cause through the American press, to the extent of his feeble powers. He has been familiar with passing events in Italy, and with Italians out of Italy; and, as he believes that Provi-

dence has committed to them, in a prominent degree, the execution of some of his greatest designs, and the fulfilment of some of the most glorious prophecies and promises recorded in the Bible, especially in overturning popery, their progress has been watched with the deepest interest. His acquaintance with leading men has given him a regard for them which he would fain see participated by his countrymen; and the present volume he presents with a consciousness that, while it does only justice to the most daring and disinterested warrior living, it depicts a character and recounts a life which Americans ought, and surely will know how to honor, to confide in, and to love.

If there be any personage in history, distinguished by extraordinary conduct and gallantry in the field, and, through a long military career, has clearly proved to have derived extraordinary courage, fortitude, magnanimity and generosity, from the pure influences of domestic life; if there be on record a distinct and decided testimony of any military hero, declaring that he has been stimulated to fight and conquer, to spare foes and forgive offences, to expose life, and to sacrifice ease and fortune, friends and country, in order to defend the weak and oppressed, and whose life has shown that this, and not ambition, a spirit of adventure, or the love of gold or of blood, has been his motive, in a greater degree than Garibaldi, When and where did such a man live, and what was his name?

The following pages contain many lively pictures of scenery, men and manners, in that interesting portion of South America where Garibaldi performed his surprising feats of skill and bravery, in the defence of the generous but unfortunate inhabitants. Peculiar interest will be given to this work, by the scarcity of information concerning the country and the people, as well as the confused accounts of the recent struggles against the oppression of Brazil on the one hand, and of Rossas, the cruel Dictator of Buenos Ayres on the other. To the friends of Italy, and the admirers of the surprising deeds of the Italian patriots in 1848 and '49, especially those performed by the Republicans

of Rome, gratifying explanations will be found here of the career of General Garibaldi, by displaying his disinterested love of his country and his fellow-men, and tracing them to that pure source from which they most naturally flow,—viz., the home of his infancy, the instructions of his childhood, and the lips and the example of his mother.

We there arrive at a period in the life of General Garibaldi, which may well excite the feelings of the reader beyond all the preceding scenes through which he had passed, interesting and often astonishing as they were. He was called, in 1849, to the active defence of the Italian Republic in the city of Rome and performed great and glorious deeds under the walls of that city, which he had contemplated in his childhood with inexpressible feelings of veneration for the past, indignation at the present, and ardent desire for the future, mingled with hope and sustained by prayer. The time at length arrived when he was called from the obscure position which he held among the mountains, with a band of ill-armed and ill-paid men, patriots indeed, and some of them the remains of his veteran Italian Legion, which he had so long trained in South America, but all of them depressed, if not disheartened, by the loss of all in the North of Italy, and the relapse of a large part of Europe back to the old system.

The assemblage of Italians in Rome, from all quarters of Italy, presented a scene at once interesting and instructive. It proved, in a practical and forcible manner, the success of the efforts which had been made for many years, by intelligent patriots, to propagate a spirit of unity. The Republicans generally, indeed universally, adopted the idea so early embraced by Garibaldi, during his first visit to Rome, that the Italians ought to feel like brethren of one family, members of the same nation, with Rome as their metropolis. Italians, therefore, came in from all directions, and entered, it may be said, by all her gates; yet, compared with the native citizens of the capital, these formed but a small number, although the enemies of

the Republic were guilty of a double falsehood, in their misrepresentation of the case: first, by pretending that the defenders of Rome were not her citizens, but overawed the inhabitants, and acted contrary to their will; and, second, by calling all other Italians "foreigners." Under these false pretences the Pope called in foreign sovereigns to interfere, and restore him to power; and under these false pretences it was that France, Austria, Naples and Spain answered, and the deed was performed by the first-named power.

By a course of falsehood, hypocrisy, and self-contradiction, France proceeded to accomplish what had been planned for the overthrow of a sister Republic. This will be evident to one who reviews the successive steps in diplomatic negotiations, in military movements, and armistices, a series of acts of false faith, such as can hardly be paralleled in any other page of history of double its length. And, what is peculiarly painful for an American, the part which our own government performed in the disgraceful drama, the dark and bloody tragedy, was one which will forever discredit us: for, while our Minister at Paris recognized the French Republic of 1848, without delay, Mr. Cass, Jun., our Chargé in Rome, never recognized the Roman Republic at all, but often and openly visited the French headquarters, during the siege of the city. It is true that, on the one hand, we are told that his instructions from Washington were, not to acknowledge the new Roman government, unless there should be a prospect of its continuance: but, on the other, any man of sense must see that there was, at least, equal reason for sending similar instructions to our Minister in Paris, and for his delaying his recognition. We may, indeed, say more than this: for, in the circumstances then existing, the simple act of recognizing the Roman Republic by our government would probably have secured its permanency. Louis Napoleon's unprincipled course would then have drawn remonstrances from us, and he could hardly have proceeded through it with success.

And yet, to be impartial, we must not blame our government so much as our people—ourselves. Most

lamentable it is, but most true, that few, even of the wisest and best men in the United States, duly appreciated the cause of Italy. So culpably indifferent were they to the great questions then pending, to the great principles then nobly, heroically proclaimed and defended by the Italians, that they neglected to become acquainted with the merits of the controversy, and allowed the government at Washington to adopt the unmanly, self-contradictory policy, which placed us on the side of the Pope, Austria, and France, and against the defenders of Rome. These we deserted, and left to be made martyrs by the enemies of human freedom, and the usurper of the throne of God. England had before aided in restoring the Pope to power, in opposition to the will of his own subjects : but America then, for the first time, appeared on his side. Will it be the last? Yes, surely, if the people of the United States learn their right hand from their left in season : otherwise not.

# LIFE - OF

# GENERAL GARIBALDI.

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## CHAPTER I.

MY FATHER—MY MOTHER—HER INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE—INCIDENTS OF MY CHILDHOOD—MY FIRST SCHOOLMASTERS.

IN commencing an account of my life, it would be unpardonable in me to omit speaking of my kind parents.

My father, a sailor, and the son of a sailor, educated me in the best manner he could in Nice, my native city, and afterwards trained me to the life of a seaman in a vessel with himself. He had navigated vessels of his own in his youth ; but a change of fortune had compelled him afterwards to serve in those belonging to his father. He used often to tell his children that he would gladly have left them richer ; but I am fully convinced that the course which he adopted in our education was the best he possibly could have taken, and that he procured for us the best instructors he was able, perhaps sometimes at the expense of his own convenience. If, therefore, I was not trained in a gymnasium, it was by no means owing to his want of desire.

In mentioning my mother—I speak it with pride—she was a model for mothers ; and, in saying this, I

have said all that can be said. One of the greatest sorrows of my life is, that I am not able to brighten the last days of my good parent, whose path I have strewed with so many sorrows by my adventurous career. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? To the piety of my mother, to her beneficent and charitable nature, do I not, perhaps, owe that little love of country which has gained for me the sympathy and affection of my good, but unfortunate fellow-citizens? Although certainly not superstitious, often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean, or the hail-storms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have in fancy seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploring for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers.

I spent my childhood in the joys and sorrows familiar to children, without the occurrence of anything very remarkable. Being more fond of play than of study, I learned but little, and made but a poor return for the kind exertions of my parents for my education. A very simple accident made a deep impression on my memory. One day, when a very little boy, I caught a grasshopper, took it into the house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. Reflecting on the injury I had done to the harmless insect, I was so much affected with



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grief, that I retired to my chamber, mourned over the poor little creature, weeping bitterly for several hours. On another occasion, while accompanying my cousin in hunting, I was standing on the side of a deep ditch, by which the fields were irrigated, when I discovered that a poor woman, while washing clothes, had fallen from the bank, and was in imminent danger. Although I was quite young and small, I jumped down and saved her life; and my success afforded me the highest pleasure. On that occasion, and in various other circumstances of a similar kind, I never hesitated for a moment, or thought of my own safety.

Among my teachers, I retain a grateful recollection of Padre Gianone and Signor Arena. Under the former I made but very little progress, being bent more on play than on learning; but I have often regretted my loss in failing to learn English, whenever I have since been thrown in company with persons speaking that language. To the latter I consider myself greatly indebted for what little I know. The ignorance in which I was kept of the language of Italy, and of subjects connected with her condition and highest interests, was common among the young, and greatly to be lamented. The defect was especially great in Nice, where few men knew how to be Italians, in consequence of the vicinity and influence of France, and still more the neglect of the government to provide a proper education for the people. To the instructions of Padre Gianone, and the incitement given me by my

elder brother Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I acknowledge my obligations for what knowledge I possess of that most beautiful of languages. To my brother's influence, also, I owe it, that I then read Roman and Italian history with much interest.

This sketch of my early youth I must close, with the narration of a little expedition which I attempted to carry into effect — my first adventure. Becoming weary of school in Genoa, and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape, and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a "corsair," commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes, exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an Abbé who had betrayed our flight. Two of my companions on that occasion were Cesare Tanoli and Raffaele Deandreis.

When I recur to the principles which were inculcated at school, and the motives used to encourage us to study, I am now able to understand their unsoundness and their evil tendency. We were in danger of growing up with only selfish and mercenary views: nothing was offered us as a reward for anything we could do, but money.

## CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR—MY FIRST VOYAGE—MY ACCOMPLISHED CAPTAIN—MY SECOND VOYAGE—FIRST VISIT TO ROME—IMPRESSIONS—MY PRAYERS—JOIN THE SECRET SOCIETY—SENTENCE OF DEATH—ESCAPE TO FRANCE—INCIDENTS AT MARSEILLES.

How everything is embellished by the feelings of youth, and how beautiful appeared, to my ardent eyes, the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean, when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day, as on the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors, who were fine young men from San Remi, and true specimens of the intrepid Ligurians! With what pleasure I ventured into the fore-castle, to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs! They sang of love, until I was transported; and they endeavored to excite themselves to patriotism by singing of Italy! But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians? Who, indeed, had then ever said, on those shores, to those

young men, that there was such a thing as Italy, or that they had a country to be ameliorated and re deemed ?

The commander of the *Costanza*, the vessel in which I had embarked, was Angelo Pesante. He was the best sea-captain I ever knew, and ought to have the command of a ship of war of the first class, as soon as Italy shall have such a fleet as she deserves,—for a better commander could not be. He has, indeed, been captain of an armed vessel. Pesante was able to make or invent every thing that could be wanted in a vessel of any kind whatsoever, from a fishing-boat to a ship of the line ; and, if he were in the service of the country, she would reap the advantage and the glory.

My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect ! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination, no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts, springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life. Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me beyond all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile,

these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart ; and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit me to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the centre of Italy, for the union of which I ardently longed.

I made several voyages with my father, and afterwards one with Captain Guiseppe Gervino, to Cagliari, in a brig named the Emma, during which, on the return passage, I witnessed a melancholy shipwreck, at a distance, in such a storm that it was impossible to render any assistance. In that instance I witnessed, for the first time, that tender sympathy which sailors generally feel for others in distress. We saw Spaniards, in a Catalan felucca, struggling with the waves, who soon sank before our eyes, while my honest and warm-hearted shipmates shed tears over their hard fate. This disaster was caused by a sudden change of wind when the sea and wind were high. At Libaccio, a south-west wind had been blowing furiously for several days, and a number of vessels were in sight, of all which the felucca seemed to make the best way. We were all steering for Vado, to make that port for shelter, until the storm should subside. A horrible surge unexpectedly broke over the Spanish vessel, and upset it in an instant. We saw the crew clinging to the side, and heard their cries to us for assistance, while we could perceive their signals, but could not launch a boat. They all soon disappeared in the foam of a second surge, more terrible

than the first. We afterwards heard that the nine persons thus lost all belonged to one family.

From Vado I went to Genoa, and thence to Nice, whence I commenced a series of voyages to the Levant, in vessels belonging to the house of Givan. In one of these, in the brig Centesi, Captain Carlo Seneria, I was left sick in Constantinople. The vessel sailed ; and, as my sickness continued, I found myself in somewhat straitened circumstances. In cases of difficulty or danger, I have never, in all my life, been disheartened. I then had the fortune to meet with persons kindly disposed to assist me, and, among others, I can never forget Signora Luigia Saiyuraiga, of Nice, whom I have ever since regarded as one of the most accomplished of women, in the virtues which distinguish the best and most admirable of her sex.

As mother and wife, she formed the happiness of her husband, who was an excellent man, and of their young and interesting children, whose education she conducted with the greatest care and skill. What contributed to prolong my abode in the capital of Turkey, was the war which at that time commenced between that power and Russia ; and I then, for the first time, engaged as a teacher of children. That employment was offered me by Signor Diego, a doctor in medicine, who introduced me to the widow Temoin, who wanted an instructor for her family. I took up my residence in the house, and was

placed in charge of her three sons, with a sufficient salary.

I afterwards resumed the nautical life, embarking in the brig *Nostra Signora della Grazia*, Captain Casabana; and that vessel was the first I ever commanded, being made Captain of it on a subsequent voyage to Mahon and Gibraltar, returning to Constantinople.

Being an ardent lover of Italy from my childhood, I felt a strong desire to become initiated in the mysteries of her restoration; and I sought everywhere for books and writings which might enlighten me on the subject, and for persons animated with feelings corresponding with my own. On a voyage which I made to Tagangog, in Russia, with a young Ligurian, I was first made acquainted with a few things connected with the intentions and plans of the Italian patriots; and surely Columbus did not enjoy so much satisfaction on the discovery of America, as I experienced on hearing that the redemption of our country was meditated. From that time I became entirely devoted to that object, which has since been appropriately my own element for so long a time.

The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the fifth of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—a *proscript*. At that time my public life

commenced ; and, a few days after, I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper : but it was in *a sentence of death !*

I remained in Marseilles, unoccupied, for several months ; but at length embarked, as mate, in a vessel commanded by Captain Francesco Gazan. While standing on board, towards evening, one day, dressed in my best suit, and just ready to go on shore, I heard a noise in the water, and, looking below, discovered that some person had fallen into the sea, and was then under the stern of the vessel. Springing into the water, I had the satisfaction to save from drowning a French boy, in the presence of a large collection of people, who expressed their joy aloud, and warmly applauded the act. His name was Joseph Rasbaud, and he was fourteen years of age. His friends soon made their appearance ; and I experienced very peculiar feelings excited in my heart, when the tears of his mother dropped, one after another, upon my check, while I heard the thanks of the whole family.

Some years before I had a similar good fortune, when I saved the life of my friend, Claudio Terese.



## CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO BRAZIL—FIRST MEETING WITH ROSETTI—WE ENGAGE IN TRADE—ZAMBECCARI'S ARRIVAL—THE UNITED PROVINCES—ENGAGE IN THE SERVICE OF RIO GRANDE—SAIL—MY FIRST PRIZE—CONDUCT OF MY MEN—MY RULE FOR TREATING PRISONERS—RECEPTION AT MALDONADO—SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

I MADE another voyage to the Black Sea, in the brig *Unione*, and afterwards one to Tunis, in a frigate, built at Marseilles for the Bey. From the latter port I next sailed for Rio Janeiro, in the *Nautonier*, a Nantes brig, Captain Beauregard.

While walking one day in a public place in Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and very agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we had never met before, our acquaintance immediately commenced, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. He was Rosetti, the most generous among the warm lovers of our poor country!

I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rosetti: but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant.

About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande, when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province. Arrangements were soon made for Rosetti and myself to proceed on an expedition for their aid, they having declared their independence. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a crusier, which I named "*The Mazzini.*" I soon after embarked in a garopera, with twenty companions, to aid a people in the south, oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The garope is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavor; and boats employed in taking it are called garoperas. My feelings, at that epoch of my life, were very peculiar. I was enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprize, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a warlike flag flying over my head—the flag of a republic—the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the empire of Brazil.

We sailed until we reached the latitude of Grand Island, off which we met a sumaca, or large coasting boat, named the Luisa, loaded with coffee. We captured her without opposition, and then resolved to take her instead of my own vessel, having no pilot for the high sea, and thinking it necessary to proceed along the coast. I therefore transferred everything from the Mazzini on board the sumaca, and then sunk

the former. But I soon found that my crew were not all men like Rosetti, of noble and disinterested character and the purest morals ; and, indeed, I had before felt some apprehensions, when I saw among them several physiognomies by no means prepossessing. I now found them, when on board the sumaca, affecting ferocity, to intimidate the poor Brazilian sailors, whom we had made prisoners. I took immediate steps to repress all such conduct, and to tranquilize the fears which they had excited, assuring the crew that they should be uninjured and kindly treated, and set on shore at the first convenient landing-place, with all their own personal property. A Brazilian, a passenger in the sumaca, took the first opportunity, after coming on board, to offer me a casket containing three valuable diamonds, in a supplicating manner, as if afraid for his life ; but I refused to receive it, and gave peremptory orders that none of the effects of the crew or passengers should be taken from them, under any pretext whatever. And this course I pursued on all subsequent occasions, whenever I took any prizes from the enemy ; and my orders were always strictly obeyed.

The passengers and crew were landed north of Itaparica, the launches of the Luisa being given to them, with all their movables, and as much brandy as they chose to take with them. I then went to the south, and soon arrived in the port of Maldonado, where the favorable reception given us by the authorities

and the people, afforded us a very flattering prospect.

Rosetti set off for Montevideo, to arrange things connected with the expedition, leaving us to await his return ; and during eight days we enjoyed one uninterrupted festival among the hospitable inhabitants. The close of that period of gayety would have been tragical, if the political chief of the town had been less friendly than he proved himself to be. I received unexpected notice, quite different from what I had been led to expect, that the flag of Rio Grande was not recognized, and that an order had arrived for our immediate arrest. Thus compelled to depart, although the weather was threatening, I hoisted sail without delay, and steered up the river Plata, with scarcely any plan or object, and almost without opportunity to communicate to any one that I should await, at the Point of Jesus Maria, news of the result of Rosetti's deliberations with his friends in Montevideo. After a wearisome navigation, I reached that place, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Point of Piedras Negras, in consequence of a variation of the compass caused by the muskets placed near it.

I found no news at that place ; and our provisions were entirely consumed. We had no boat to land with ; but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. At length, after some deliberation, having discovered a house about four miles distant from the shore, I determined to get to the land, by some means or

other, and, at any cost, to procure provisions and bring them on board. The shore being very difficult of approach, because the wind was blowing from the pampas, the vast plains which extend far and wide, it was necessary to throw out two anchors to draw up a little nearer. I then embarked on the dining table, accompanied by one of my sailors, named Maurizio Garibaldi, and moved on towards the land, not navigating, but rolling through the breakers of that dangerous shore. In spite of the difficulty attending the enterprise we reached the river's bank in safety, and drew up our strange craft on the sand. Then, leaving my companion and namesake to refit, I set off for the house which I had seen from the vessel.

Walking up the bank I reached the level of the pampas, and then, for the first time in my life, caught a view of one of those vast South American plains. I was struck with admiration :—such a boundless scene of fertility, where wild horses and cattle were running free and unrestrained, feeding, resting, and racing at full speed, at will. My mind was filled with new, sublime and delightful emotions, as I passed on towards the solitary habitation to which I was bound. When I reached it I found a welcome, and easily obtained a promise of an abundant supply of food for my crew. The daughter of the proprietor of that vast estate was an educated, refined and agreeable young lady, and even a poetess ; and I spent the remainder of the day

very pleasantly, in company with her and the rest of the family.

The next day I returned to the shore, with the quarters of a fat bullock which had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor. Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning. But, after great exertions, we reached the *Luisa* with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope for subsistence depended on our success.

The next day, while passing a small vessel called a *Balandra*, we thought of purchasing her launch, which we saw on her deck. We therefore made sail, boarded her, and made the purchase for thirty dollars. That day also we spent in sight of *Jesus Maria*.

## CHAPTER IV.

TWO BRAZILIAN VESSELS—MY FIRST BATTLE—MY FIRST WOUND—RESULTS—MY OWN CONDITION—BURIAL OF MY FRIEND FIORENTINO.

THE day after, while lying a little south of Jesus Maria, two launches came in sight and approached us in a friendly manner, with nothing in their appearance to excite suspicion. I made a signal agreed on with friends, but it was not answered; and then I hoisted sail, had the arms taken from the chests, and prepared to meet them as enemies. The launches held on towards us: the larger showed only three men on deck: but, when she came nearer, called on us to surrender, in the name of the Oriental Government. The next instant thirty men suddenly rose, as if by a miracle, and she ran up on our larboard side. I immediately gave command to "brace the yards," and then to "fire." An active engagement then commenced. The launch being then alongside of us, several of the enemy attempted to board us, but were driven back by a few shots and sabre-cuts. All this passed in a few moments. But my order to brace the yards was not obeyed, for my men were new and in confusion, and the few who began to haul at the weather braces found they had not been let go to leeward, and were unable

to move them. Fiorentino, one of the best of the crew, who was at the helm, sprang forward to cast them off, when a musket ball struck him in the head and laid him dead on deck. The helm was now abandoned; and, as I was standing near, firing at the enemy, I seized the tiller, but the next moment received a bullet in my neck, which threw me down senseless, and I knew nothing more until the action was over. When I came to myself I found that an hour had elapsed, a hard fight had been maintained against a superior force, and a victory won, chiefly by the bravery of the Italians, the mate, Luigi Carniglia, the second mate, Pasquale Lodola, and the sailors Giovanni Lamberti and Maurizio Garibaldi. Two Maltese and all the Italians, except a Venitian, fought bravely. The others, with two negroes, sheltered themselves under the ballast of the vessel.

I found that the enemy had hauled off out of gunshot. I ordered that our vessel should proceed up the river, in search of a place of retreat. When I first began to recover consciousness, I lay helpless, apparently dead, but felt as if unable to die. I was the only man on board who had any knowledge of navigation; and, as none of the others had a single idea of geography, or knew where to go, they at length brought me the chart. None of us had been in the waters of the Plata before, except Maurizio, who had sailed on the the Uruguay. When I turned my dying eyes on the chart, I was unable to see distinctly, but



made out to perceive that one place on the river was printed in large letters, and at length discovered that it was Santa Fé, on the Paraná, and thought we might there make a temporary harbor. So, pointing at it with my finger, and signifying as well as I could the direction and distance, I left the helmsman to himself.

All the sailors, except the Italians, were frightened by seeing my situation, and the corpse of Fiorentino, and by the apprehension of being treated as pirates wherever they might go. Every countenance wore an expression of terror; and at the earliest opportunity they deserted. In every bird they observed on the water they imagined they saw an enemy's launch, sent to pursue them. The body of the unfortunate Fiorentino was buried the next day in the river, with the ceremonies usually practised by sailors, as we were unable to anchor anywhere near the land. I was perhaps affected the more by the sad scene, because I was in so feeble a condition. I had never thought much about death, although I knew I was liable to it every moment; but I mourned deeply at the funeral of my friend Luigi, who was very dear indeed to me. Among the numerous poetical lines which occurred to my mind, was that beautiful verse of Ugo Foscolo:

Un sasso che distingue le mie  
Dall' infinite osse, che in terra  
E in mar, semina Morte."

[Let a stone distinguish mine from the innumerable bones which  
Death sows on land and in the sea.]

My friend had promised me never to bury me in the water : but who can tell whether he would have been able to keep his promise? I could never have felt sure that my corpse would not feed the sea-wolves and acaves of the great river Plata. If it were so, then I should never have seen Italy again ; never fought for her—which was the great wish of my life : but then, too, I never should have seen her sink into ignominy. Who would have said to the amiable Luigi that, within a year, Garibaldi would see him swallowed up in the surges of the ocean, and that he would search for his corpse, to bury it on a foreign shore, and to mark the spot with a stone, for the eyes of strangers? Luigi deserved my kind regard ; for he attended me, with the care of a mother, during the whole voyage from Mayaguay. During all my sufferings, which were very severe, I had no relief but what he afforded me, by his constant care and kind services. I wish to express my gratitude to God for sending me such a friend.

## CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL AT GUALAGUAY—RECEPTION—MY WOUND HEALED—MY SUD-  
DEN DEPARTURE AND RETURN—CRUEL TREATMENT—SENORA ALEMAN  
—TRIBUTE TO THAT NOBLE LADY—GO TO BAJADA.

OUR vessel arrived at Gualaguay, where we were very cordially received and kindly treated by Captain Luca Tartabal, of the schooner *Pintoresca*, and his passengers, inhabitants of that town. That vessel had met ours in the neighborhood of Hiem, and, on being asked for provisions by Luigi, they had offered to keep company with us to their destination. They warmly recommended us to the governor of the province, Don Pasquale Echague, who was pleased, when going away, to leave his own surgeon with me, Dr. Ramon del Orco, a young Argentine. He soon extracted the ball from my neck and cured me. I resided in the house of Don Jacinto Andreas during the six months which I spent in that place, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness and courtesy, as well as for those which I received from his family.

But I was not free. With all the friendliness of Echague, and the sympathy shown me by the inhabitants of the town, I was not permitted to leave it without the permission of Rosas, the traitor of Buenos

Ayres, who never acted for a good reason. My wound being healed, I was allowed to take rides on horse-back, even to a distance of twelve miles, and was supplied with a dollar a day for my subsistence, which was a large sum for that country, where there is but little opportunity to spend money. But all this was not liberty. I was then given to understand by certain persons (whether friends or enemies), that it had been ascertained that the government would not wish to prevent my escape if I should attempt it. I therefore determined to gain my freedom, believing that it would be easier than it proved, and that the attempt would not be regarded as a serious offence.

The commandant of Gualaguay was named Millau. He had not treated me ill, but it was very doubtful what his feelings towards me really were, as he had never expressed any interest in me.

Having after a time formed my plan, I began to make preparations. One evening, while the weather was tempestuous, I left home and went in the direction of a good old man, whom I was accustomed to visit at his residence, three miles from Gualaguay. On arriving, I got him to describe with precision the way which I intended to take, and engaged him to find me a guide, with horses, to conduct me to Hueng, where I hoped to find vessels in which I might go, *incognito*, to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. Horses and a guide were procured. I had fifty-four miles to travel, and that distance I *devoured* in less than half a night, going al-

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most the whole way on the gallop. When day broke, we were at an estancia, within about half a mile of the town. My guide then told me to wait in the bushes where we were, while he went to inquire the news at the house. I complied, and he left me. I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree with the bridle, and waited a long time. At length, not seeing him return, I walked to the edge of the bushes, and looked about in search of him, when I heard behind me a trampling of horses; and, on turning round, discovered a band of horsemen, who were rushing upon me with their sabres drawn. They were already between me and my horse, and any attempt to escape would have been fruitless—still more any effort at resistance. I was immediately seized and bound, with my hands behind me, and then placed upon a miserable horse, and had my feet tied under him. In that condition I was taken back to Gualaguay, where still worse treatment awaited me.

Such were the impressions made upon my feelings by the barbarous usage which I received at that time, that I have never since been able to recall the circumstances without a peculiar agitation of mind; and I regard that period as the most painful of my life.

When brought into the presence of Millau, who was waiting for me at the door of the prison, he asked me who had furnished me with the means of escape. When he found that he could draw no information from me on that subject, he began to beat me most brutally with a club which he had in his hand. He

then put a rope over a beam in the prison, and hung me up in the air by my hands, bound together as they were. For two hours the wretch kept me suspended in that manner. My whole body was thrown into a high, feverish heat. I felt as if burning in a furnace. I frequently swallowed water, which was allowed me, but without being able to quench my raging thirst. The sufferings which I endured after being unbound were indescribable: yet I did not complain. I lay like a dead man; and it is easy to believe that I must have suffered extremely. I had first travelled fifty-four miles through a marshy country, where the insects are insufferable at that season of the year, and then I had returned the same distance, with my hands and feet bound, and entirely exposed to the terrible stings of the zingara, or mosquito, which assailed me with vigor; and, after all this, I had to undergo the tortures of Millau, who had the heart of an assassin.

Andreas, the man who had assisted me, was put into prison; and all the inhabitants were terrified, so that, had it not been for the generous spirit of a lady, I probably should have lost my life. That lady was Señora Aleman, to whom I love to express my gratitude. She is worthy of the warmest terms of admiration, and deserves the title of "angelo generoso di bontà" (generous angel of goodness). Spurning every suggestion of fear, she came forward to the assistance of the tortured prisoner; and from that time I wanted nothing—thanks to my benefactress!

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A few days after, I was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and I remained a prisoner in that city for two months. I was then informed, by Governor Echague, that I should be allowed to leave the province. Although I professed different principles from his, and had fought for a different cause, I have ever been ready to acknowledge my obligations to that officer, and always desired an opportunity to prove my gratitude to him for granting me everything that was in his power to give, and, most of all, my liberty.

I took passage in a Genoese brig, commanded by Captain Ventura, a man of such a character that he had risen superior to the principles inculcated in Italian youth by their priestly instructors. From him I received the most gentlemanly treatment on my passage to Guassu. There I embarked for Montevideo in a balandra, commanded by Pascuale Corbona, who likewise treated me with great kindness. Good fortune and misfortune thus often succeeded each other.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT MONTEVIDEO — INCOGNITO — DEPARTURE FOR RIO GRANDE—MARCH WITH THE ARMY OF THE PRESIDENT, BENTO GONZALEZ — HIS CHARACTER, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS—AGREEABLE SOCIETY.

IN Montevideo I found a collection of my friends, among whom the chief were Rosetti, Cunco, and Castellani. The first was on his return from a journey to Rio Grande, where he had been received with the greatest favor by the proud Republicans inhabiting that region. In Montevideo I found myself still under proscription, on account of my affair with the launches of that state, and was obliged to remain in concealment in the house of my friend Pepante, where I spent a month. My retirement was relieved and enlightened by the company of many Italian acquaintances, who, at that time, when Montevideo was not suffering from the calamities it has too often known, and, as is always the case in time of peace, were distinguished by a refinement and hospitality worthy of all praise. The war, and chiefly the late siege, have since embittered the lives of those good-hearted men, and produced great changes in their condition.

After the expiration of a month, I set off for Rio Grande with Rosetti, on horseback ; and that first



long journey I ever made in that manner I highly enjoyed. On reaching Piratimin, we were cordially received by the Governor of the Republic; and the Minister of War, Almeida, treated us with great honor. The President, Bento Gonzalez, had marched at the head of a brigade to fight Silva Tavares, an imperial chief, who was infesting that part of the province. Piratimin, then the seat of the Republican government, is a small village, but a peaceful place, in a rural situation, and the chief town of the department of that name. It is surrounded by a warlike people, much devoted to the republic.

Being unoccupied in Piratimin, I requested permission to join the column of operations under S. Gonzalez, near the President, and it was granted. I was introduced to Bento Gonzalez, and well received; spent some time in his company, and thought him a man highly favored by nature with some desirable gifts. But fortune has been almost always favorable to the Brazilian Empire.

Bento Gonzalez was a specimen of a magnanimous soldier, though he was at that time nearly sixty years of age. Being tall and active, he rode a fiery horse with all the ease and dexterity of his young countrymen.

In Camarino, where we had our arsenal, and whence the Republican flotilla went out, resided the families of Bento Gonzalez; and his brothers and numerous relations inhabited most of the extensive tracts of country lying along both sides of the river. And on

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these beautiful pastures were fed immense herds of cattle, which had been left undisturbed by the war, because they were out of the reach of the troops. The products of agriculture were very abundant; and surely nowhere, in any country on earth, is found more kind and cordial hospitality than among the inhabitants of that part of the Province of Rio Grande. In their houses, in which the beneficent character of the patriarchal system is everywhere perceived in every family, and where the greatest sympathy prevails, in consequence of a general uniformity of opinions, I and my band were received with the warmest welcome. The estancias, to which we chiefly resorted, on account of their proximity to the Lagoon, as well as for the conveniences which it offered us, and the kind reception which always awaited us, were those of Donna Antonia and Donna Anna, sisters of Bento Gonzalez. The former was situated on the Camones, and the latter on the Arroyo Grande.

Whether I was under the influence of my imagination, which at that early age may have been peculiarly sensitive, and inclined me, with my little knowledge of the world, to receive strong impressions from every thing agreeable, or whatever else may have affected me, there is no part of my life on which I look back with greater pleasure, as a period of enjoyment, than that which I spent in that most agreeable society of sincere friends. In the house of Donna Anna, especially, I took peculiar interest. That lady was advanced

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in years, but possessed a most amiable disposition, and was a very attractive acquaintance. She had with her a family which had migrated from Pilotos, the head of which was Don Paolo Ferreira. Three young ladies, all of them agreeable, formed the ornaments of that happy home. One of these, named Manuela, I most highly admired, regarding her with that pleasure which is natural to a young man, who goes into the world with such a pure and exalted estimate of female excellence as I had imbibed from my mother, and who, after enduring great reverses, meets the sympathy of such a person in a remote land of exile. Signora Manuela, as I well knew, was betrothed to a son of the President. In a scene of danger that young lover displayed his attachment to her, in a manner which convinced me of the sincerity of the love which he professed; and I witnessed it with as much satisfaction as if I had been her brother. I thenceforth regarded the President's son as worthy of Manuela, and rejoiced in the conviction that her happiness was in no danger, in being entrusted to such faithful hands. The people of that district are distinguished for beauty; and even the slaves seem to partake of the same characteristic.

It may be supposed that an occasional contrary wind, a storm, or an expedition, whatever else it might produce, if it threw our vessel on that part of shores long enough to allow opportunity to visit their friendly inhabitants, was not altogether disagreeable. Such an

occasion was always a festival. The Grove of Teviva, (a kind of palm growing on the Arroyo Grande,) which was the landmark for the entrance of the stream, was always discovered with lively pleasure, and saluted with redoubled enthusiasm and the loudest acclamations. When the gentle hosts, to whose kindness we felt so much indebted, wished to go to Camacuan to visit Don Antonio and his amiable family, I seized the opportunity with great pleasure, as it afforded me a way to make some return for the many kindnesses they had shown us, while it gave new occasions for the display of their amiable character and refined and pleasing manners, amidst the varying scenes of the little voyage.

Between Arroyo Grande and Camacuan are several sand-banks, called Tuntal, which extend from the west shore of the Lagoon, almost at right angles and nearly across, touching the opposite side, except only the narrow space occupied by the boat channel, called Dos Barcos. To go round these bars would greatly prolong the time necessary for the voyage : but that might be avoided, with some trouble. By throwing themselves into the water and pushing the launches along by main force, with their shoulders, the men could get them over the bars, and then keep along the western side of the Lagoon. This expedient was almost always adopted by us, and especially on the occasions referred to, when the boats were honored with the presence of our welcome guests—that precious freight!

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Whatever might be the wind, I was usually sure of getting the launches over the bars ; and, so accustomed were my men to the task, and so prompt in the performance of that laborious service, that the order to take to the water [*Al aqua, Tatos!*] was scarcely pronounced before they were overboard and at their posts. And so, on all occasions, the task was performed with alacrity and success, as if the crews had been engaged in some favorite amusement on a day of jubilee, whatever might be the hour or the weather. But when pursued by the enemy in superior force, and suffering in a storm, we were obliged to pass that way, sometimes in the water a whole night, and without protection from the waves, which would break over us, while the temperature of the Lagoon was cooled by the rain, and we were far from land, the exposure, the labor and the sufferings were sometimes very great, and all the fervor of youth was necessary to enable us to endure them.

## CHAPTER VII.

AT THE GALPON OF CHARGINADA, REPAIRING THE LAUNCHES—MY FRIEND, JOHN GRIGGS—A SURPRISE—A BATTLE—RESULTS—TRIBUTE TO A FAIR FRIEND.

AFTER the capture of the Sumaca, the imperial merchant vessels no longer set sail without a convoy, but were always accompanied by vessels of war; and it became a difficult thing to capture them. The expeditions of the launches were, therefore, limited to a few cruises in the Lagoon, and with little success, as we were watched by the Imperialists, both by land and by water. In a surprise made by the chief, Francisco de Abrea, the whole of my band was near being cut off with its leader.

We were at the mouth of the Camacua, with the launches drawn up on land, opposite the Galpon of Charginada,—that is, the magazine or depôt of the estancia, or large estate of that name. We were engaged in salting meat and collecting Yerba Matté, a species of tea, which grows in those parts of South America, and is used as their daily beverage by the inhabitants. The estate belonged to Donna Antonia, sister of the President. In consequence of the war,

meat was not then salted there ; and the Galpon was occupied only with Yerba Matté. We used the spacious establishment as our arsenal, and had drawn up our launches some distance from the water, between the magazine and the bank of the river, in order to repair them. At that spot were the shops of the smiths and laborers of the establishment, and there was a plentiful supply of charcoal ; for although not then in use, the place retained something of its former condition and appearance. There were not wanting pieces of iron and steel, fit for different purposes in our little vessels. We could easily visit the distant estancias by a galloping ride, where we were most cheerfully supplied with whatever we found deficient in the arsenal.

With courage, cheerfulness, and perseverance, no enterprise is impossible ; and, for these I must do justice to my favorite companion and usual forerunner, John Griggs, who surmounted numerous difficulties, and patiently endured many disappointments, in the work of building two new launches.

He was a young man of excellent disposition, unquestionable courage, and inexhaustible perseverance. Though he belonged to a rich family, he had devoted himself disinterestedly to the young Republic ; and, when letters from his friends in North America invited him to return home, and offered him a very large capital, he refused, and remained until he sacrificed his life for an unhappy, but brave and generous, people.

I had afterwards to contemplate the sad and impressive spectacle, presented by his death, when the body of my friend was suddenly cut down by my side.

While the launches were lying drawn up, as before mentioned, and the repairs were busily going on, some of the sailors were engaged with the sails, and some at other occupations, near them, while several were employed in making charcoal, or keeping watch as sentinels, every one being busy about something,—by some unexpected chance, Francisco de Albera, commonly called Moringue, determined to surprise us ; and, although he did not succeed in his design, he gave us not a little trouble. A surprise certainly was effected on that occasion, and in a masterly manner.

We had been on patrols all night, and all the men had been, a short time before, assembled in the Galpon, where the arms were loaded and deposited. It was a beautiful morning, though cloudy ; and nothing seemed to be stirring, but all around was silent and apparently lonely. Observations, however, were made around the camp, with the greatest care, without discovering a trace of anything new. About nine o'clock, most of the people were set at work, in cutting wood ; and for this purpose were scattered about at considerable distances. I had then about fifty men for the two launches ; and it happened that day, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, our wants being peculiar, that only a very few remained near the boats. I was sitting by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, and



was just then taking some *Matté*. Near by was the cook, and no other person.

All on a sudden, and as if just over my head, I heard a tremendous volley of firearms, accompanied by a yell, and saw a company of the enemy's horsemen marching on. I had hardly time to rise and take my stand at the door of the *Galpon*, for at that instant one of the enemy's lances made a hole through my poncho. It was our good fortune to have our arms all loaded, as I have before mentioned, and placed in the *Galpon*, in consequence of our having been in a state of alarm all night. They were placed inside of the building, against the wall, ready and convenient for use. I immediately began to seize the muskets and discharge them in turn, and shot down many of the enemy. *Ignacio Bilbao*, a brave Biscayan, and *Lorenzo N.*, a courageous Genoese, were at my side in a moment; and then *Eduardo Mutru*, a native of the country, *Rafaele* and *Procopio*, one a mulatto and the other a black, and *Francisco*. I wish I could remember the names of all my bold companions, who, to the number of thirteen, assembled around me, and fought a hundred and fifty enemies, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, killing and wounding many of them, and finally forcing them to retreat.

Among our assailants were eighty Germans, in the infantry, who were accustomed to accompany *Marin-gue* in such expeditions, and were skilful soldiers,

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both on foot and on horseback. When they had reached the spot, they had dismounted and surrounded the house, taking advantage of the ground, and of some rough places, from which they poured upon us a terrible fire from different sides. But, as often happens in surprises, by not completing their operations and closing, men ordinarily act as they please. If, instead of taking positions, the enemy had advanced upon the Galpon, and attacked us resolutely, we should have been entirely lost, without the power to resist their first attack. And we were more exposed than we might ordinarily have been in any other building, because, to allow the frequent passage of carts, the sides of the magazine were left open.

In vain did they attempt to press us more closely, and assemble against the end walls. In vain did they get upon the roofs, break them up and throw upon our heads the fragments and burning thatch. They were driven away by our muskets and lances. Through loop-holes, which I made through the walls, many were killed and many wounded. Then, pretending to be a numerous body in the building, we sang the republican hymn of Rio Grande, raising our voices as loud as possible, and appeared at the doors, flourishing our lances, and by every device endeavoring to make our numbers appear multiplied.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy retired, having many wounded, among whom was their chief. They left six dead near the Galpon, and

several others at some distance. We had eight wounded, out of fourteen. Rosetti, and our other comrades, who were separated from us, had not been able to join us. Some of them were obliged to cross the river by swimming; others ran into the forest; and one only, found by the enemy, was killed. That battle, with so many dangers, and with so brilliant a result, gave much confidence to our troops, and to the inhabitants of that coast, who had been for a long time exposed to the inroads of that adroit and enterprising enemy, Maringue.

We celebrated the victory, rejoicing at our deliverance from a tempest of no small severity. At an estancia, twelve miles distant, when the news of the engagement was received, a young lady inquired, with a pallid cheek and evident anxiety, whether Garibaldi was alive. When I was informed of this, I rejoiced at it more than at the victory itself. Yes! Beautiful daughter of America! (for she was a native of the Province of Rio Grande,) I was proud and happy to enjoy your friendship, though the destined bride of another. Fate reserved for me another Brazilian female—to me the only one in the world whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune; and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me, and united us for ever.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE OR LAGOON DOS TATOS—THE ENEMY COMMAND THE LAKE—PLAN TO ENTER IT—TRANSPORTATION OF LAUNCHES OVER LAND—RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT—BREAKERS—SHIPWRECK—SAD CATASTROPHE

THE Lake or Lagoon Dos Tatos is about 45 leagues in length, or 135 miles, and from eleven to twenty miles in medium width. Near its mouth, on the right shore, stands a strong place, called Southern Rio Grande, while Northern Rio Grande is on the opposite side. Both are fortified towns, and were then in possession of the Imperialists, as well as Porto Alegre. The enemy were therefore masters of the lake by water. It was thought impossible for the Republicans to pass through the outlet which leads from the lake to the sea, and as that was the only water passage, we were obliged to prepare to effect a way of communication by land. This could be done only by transporting the launches on carts over the intermediate country. In the northern part of the lake is a deep bay, called Cassibani, which takes its name from a small river that empties in at its further side. That bay was chosen as the place for landing the launches; and the operation was performed on the right bank. An in-

habitant of that part of the province, named De Abrea, had prepared wheels of great solidity, connected two and two by axles, proportioned to the weight of the vessels. About two hundred domestic oxen were then collected, with the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, and, by their labor, the launches were drawn to the shore and got into the water, being carried on wheels, placed at proportionate distances from each other. Care, however, was taken to keep them in such positions that the centre of gravity should be preserved, by supporting the vessels laterally, without disturbing the free action of the wheels. Very strong ropes were, of course, provided, to attach the oxen to the wheels.

Thus the vessels of the Republican squadron started off, navigating across the fields. The oxen worked well, they being well placed and prepared for drawing freely in the most convenient manner. They travelled a distance of fifty-four miles without any difficulty, presenting a curious and unprecedented spectacle in those regions. On the shore of Lake Tramandai the launches were taken from the carts and put into the water, and then loaded with necessaries and rigged for sailing.

Lake Tramandai, which is formed by the streams falling from the chain of Espenasso, empties into the Atlantic, but is very shallow, having only about four feet of water at high tide; besides, on that coast, which is very open and all alluvial, the sea is never

tranquil, even in the most favorable weather : but the numerous breakers incessantly stun the ear, and from a distance of many miles their roar sounds like peals of thunder.

Being ready to sail, we awaited the hour of the tide and then ventured out, about four o'clock in the afternoon. In those circumstances, practical skill in guiding vessels among breakers was of great value, and without it it is hard to say how we could ever have succeeded in getting through them, for the propitious hour of the tide was passed, and the water was not deep enough. However, notwithstanding this, at the beginning of the night our exertions were crowned with entire success, and we cast anchor in the open sea, outside of the furious breakers. It should be known here, and borne in mind, that no vessel of any kind had ever before passed out from the mouth of the Tramandai. At about eight in the evening we departed from that place, and at three in the afternoon of the following day were wrecked at the mouth of the Arevingua, with the loss of sixteen of the company in the Atlantic, and with the destruction of the launch Rio Pardo, which was under my command, in the terrible breakers of that coast. The particulars of that sad disaster were as follows :

Early in the evening the wind threatened from the south, preparing for a storm, and beginning to blow with violence. We followed the coast. The launch Rio Pardo, with thirty men on board, a twelve

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pounder on a pivot, and some extra rigging, taken for precaution, as I was unacquainted with that navigation, seemed strong and well-prepared for us to sail towards the enemy's country. But our vessels lay deep in the water, and sometimes sank so low into the sea, that they were in danger of foundering. They would occasionally remain several minutes under the waves. I determined to approach the land and find out where we were; but, the winds and waves increasing, we had no choice, and were compelled to stand off again, and were soon involved in the frightful breakers. I was at that moment on the top of the mast, hoping to discover some point of the coast less dangerous to approach. By a sudden turn the vessel was rolled violently to starboard, and I was thrown some distance overboard. Although in such a perilous situation, I did not even think of death; but, knowing I had many companions who were not seamen and were suffering from sea sickness, I endeavored to collect as many oars and other buoyant objects as possible, and brought them near the vessel, advising each man to take one to assist him in reaching the shore.

The first one who came near to me, holding to a shroud, was Eduardo Mutru; and to him I gave a dead-light, recommending to him not to let go of it on any account. Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuc jacket

which confined his limbs, that he could not free himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trowsers a small knife with a handle ; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just divided it when the miserable instrument broke,—a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained.

I struck the bottom of the sea, like a shot ; and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again : but my unfortunate friend was gone for ever ! A portion of the crew I found dispersed, and making every exertion to gain the coast by swimming. I succeeded among the first ; and the next thing, after setting my feet upon the land, was to turn and discover the situation of my comrades. Eduardo appeared, at a short distance. He had left the dead-light which I had given him, or, as is more probable, the violence of the waves had torn it from his grasp, and was struggling alone, with an appearance that indicated that he was reduced to an extremity. I loved Eduardo like a brother, and was affected beyond measure at his condition. Ah ! I was sensitive in those days ! My heart had never been hardened ; and I was generous. I rushed towards my dear friend, reaching out to him the piece of wood which had saved me on my way to the shore. I had got very near him ; and, excited by the importance of



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the undertaking, should have saved him : but a surge rolled over us both ; and I was under water for a moment. I rallied, and called out, not seeing him appear ; I called in desperation,—but in vain. The friend dear to my heart was sunk in the waves of that ocean which he had not feared, in his desire to join with me in serving the cause of mankind. Another martyr to Italian liberty, without a stone, in a foreign land !

The bodies of sixteen of my companions, drowned in the sea, were transported a distance of thirty miles, to the northern coast, and buried in its immense sands. Several of the remainder were brought to land. There were seven Italians. I can mention Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo Mutru, Luigi Stadirini, Giovanni D.,—but three other names I do not remember. Some were good swimmers. In vain I looked among those who were saved, to discover any Italian faces. All my countrymen were dead. My feelings overpowered me. The world appeared to me like a desert. Many of the company who were neither seamen nor swimmers were saved.

I found a barrel of brandy, which I thought a valuable acquisition, and told Manuel Rodriguez to open it, and give some to each of the survivors, to invigorate them. Efforts were made to open the cask : but, fatigued as we all were, much time was spent in performing the task ; and, in the mean time, the men became so much chilled, that they might have perished, if the thought had not occurred to me to set them all

running, in order to restore their strength by keeping their blood in circulation. "Come, let us run!" I said to them; and then, starting off myself and running as fast as I could towards the north, they would follow me, until unable to go further. I repeated this until I thought they no longer required exercise; and am sure that my own life, at least, was saved by the expedient,—for without the effort, I must have fallen a victim to fatigue and cold. Thus running along the shore, we encouraged each other, to go further and further. It made a bend, at some distance; and on the inner side is the Arasingua, which runs almost parallel with the sea at that place, to its mouth, half a mile distant. We then followed the right bank; and, after going about four miles, found an inhabited house, where we were received with the greatest hospitality.

The *Seival*, our other launch, commanded by Griggs, being of a different construction from the *Rio Pardo*, was better able to sustain itself, although but little larger, against the violence of the storm, and had held on her course.

## CHAPTER IX.

TREATMENT EXPERIENCED BY THE SURVIVORS OF THE SHIPWRECK—  
EXPEDITION OF CANABARRO TO LAGUNA—RESULTS—EFFECTS ON MY  
MIND OF THE LOSS OF MY OLD FRIENDS—MY RESOLUTION—REMARK-  
ABLE MEETING WITH ANNA—OUR MARRIAGE—NEW LAUNCHES BUILT  
—LEAVE THE LAGOON—CRUISE AT SEA—PRIZES TAKEN—FIGHT WITH  
A BRAZILIAN SHIP OF WAR—RESULTS.

THAT part of the Province of St. Catharine where we had been shipwrecked, fortunately had risen in insurrection against the empire on receiving the news of the approach of the Republican forces ; and therefore we were well received, found friends, were feasted, and at once obtained everything necessary, at least everything which those good people had to offer. We were soon furnished with what we needed to enable us to join the vanguard of Canabarro, commanded by Colonel Terceira, which was setting off on a rapid march, to surprise Laguna. And, indeed, the enterprise was very successful. The garrison of that little city, consisting of about four hundred men, took up a forced march in retreat ; and three small vessels of war surrendered after a short resistance. I went with my shipwrecked sailors on board the sloop Itaparica, which had seven guns. Fortune smiled so much on the Republicans in those first days of the usurpation, that it

seemed as if Providence was pleased to grant us success. The Imperialists, not knowing and not believing that such an expedition could be sent so suddenly to Laguna, but having information that an invasion was meditated by us, had a supply of arms and ammunition then on the way, which, with soldiers and everything, fell into our hands. The inhabitants received us like brothers and liberators: a character which we well merited, and which we sustained during our stay among those very kind and good people.

Canabarro, having fixed his head-quarters in the city of Laguna, called by the Republicans Villa Juliana, (because our entrance was made in July,) promised to establish a Provincial Representative Government, the first president of which was a reverend priest, who had great influence among the people. Rosetti, with the title of Secretary of the Government, was in fact the soul of it. And Rosetti, in truth, was formed for such a station.

At that time occurred one of the most important events of my life. I had never thought of matrimony, but had considered myself incapable of it from being of too independent a disposition, and too much inclined to adventure. To have a wife and children appeared to me decidedly repulsive, as I had devoted my whole life to one principle, which, however good it might be, could not leave me the quietness necessary to the father of a family. But my destiny guided me in a different direction from what I had designed for my-

self. By the loss of Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo and my other comrades, I was left in a state of complete isolation, and felt as if alone in the world. Not one of those friends of my heart remained. I felt the greatest possible need of them. All the friends I now had were new ones: good, it is true, but not one of them really an intimate one. And this change had been made so unexpectedly, and in so terrible a manner, that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable.

Rosetti was a brother to me: but he could not live with me, and I could see him but rarely. I desired a friend of a different character; for, although still young, I had considerable knowledge of men, and knew enough to understand what was necessary for me in a true friend. One of the other sex, I thought must supply the vacant place, for I had always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures, and believe it far easier to find a loving heart among that sex.

I walked the deck of the Itaparica, with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired. I one day cast a casual glance at a house in the Burra, (the eastern part of the entrance of the Jayuna,) and there observed a young female

whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported towards the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person who entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her; we were soon acquainted; and I found that the hidden treasure which I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproach on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed, in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home.

Little or nothing of importance, after this, took place in the Lagoon. The building of our launches was commenced; and the materials were obtained from the remains of the prizes, and by the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, who were always

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friendly, and forward in aiding me. Two launches having been completed and armed, the band were called to Itaparica, to coöperate with the army, then besieging the capital of the province, Porto Allegre. The army accomplished nothing ; and the band were unable to effect anything all the time they spent in that part of the Laguna. An expedition was contemplated in the province of St. Catherine ; I was called to join it, and General Canabarro was to accompany me. The two smaller launches remained in the lake, under the command of Zefferino d'Ubreá ; and I went with two others, with the division of Canabarro, which was to appear by land, while I was to approach by water.

I was accompanied by my inseparable friend, John Griggs, and had with me a chosen part of my band, who had assisted in building the launches.

The three vessels which were armed, and destined to make an excursion on the ocean, were the Rio Pardo, which was under my command, and the Casapava, under Griggs—both schooners—and lastly, the Seival, which had come from Rio Grande, commanded by the Italian, Lorenzo. The mouth of the Lagoon was blockaded by Imperial vessels of war ; but we went out by night, without falling in with any of them, and steered north. When we had reached the latitude of Santos, we met an Imperial corvette, which chased us two days in vain,—when we approached the Island of Abrigo, where we captured two Sumacas. This is a kind of vessel, so named by the Brazilians, being a

sort of sloop. We then proceeded on the cruise, and took several other prizes. After eight days' sailing we returned towards the Lagoon.

I had conceived a singular presentiment of the state of things in that region, because, before my departure, the people of St. Catherine's had begun to show a bad humor, and it was known that a strong corps of troops was approaching, commanded by General Andrea, who was famous for precipitation, and his atrocious system of warfare, which made him much feared. When off St. Catherine's, on our return, we met a Brazilian patachio, which is a sort of brig-schooner,—the Rio Pardo and the Seival being together, the Casapava having parted company a few nights before, when it was very dark.

We were discovered; and there was no escape. We therefore attacked them, and opening a fire. The enemy replied bravely; but the action could produce but little effect, because the sea was very rough. The result, however, was the loss of several of our prizes, the commanders of some of which, being frightened by the superior force of the enemy, struck their flags, while others steered for the neighboring coast. Only one of the prizes was saved, that commanded by the brave Ignacio Bilbao, which went ashore in the port of Imbituba, and remained in our possession. The Seival had her gun dismantled in the engagement, and having sprung aleak, took the same direction, and I was obliged to abandon the prizes.



We entered Imbituba with a northerly wind, which changed to the south in the night, and thus rendered it impossible to enter the Lagoon. It was to be presumed that we would be attacked by the Imperial vessels stationed at the island of St. Catherine's, because information would be carried to them by that with which we had the engagement. It was therefore necessary to make preparations ; and the Seival's dismounted gun was placed on a promontory which forms the bay on the eastern side, and a battery was formed of gabions. At daylight three Imperial vessels were discovered approaching. The Rio Pardo, which was at anchor at the bottom of the bay, commenced the action, which was rather a singular one, the Imperialists being in incomparably superior force. The enemy, being favored by the wind in manœuvring, kept under sail, and gave a furious fire, from favorable positions, all of them upon my one poor little schooner. She, however, maintained the fight with resolution, and at close quarters,—even carbines being used on both sides.

But the injuries done were in inverse proportion to the forces of the two parties ; for the Republican vessel was soon strewn with dead bodies, while the hull was riddled and the spars destroyed. We had resolved to fight to the last ; and this resolution was increased by the Brazilian Amazon on board. My wife not only refused to land, but took an active part in the engagement. If the crew fought with resolution, they

received no little aid from the brave Manuel Rodriguez, who commanded the battery, and kept up a well-directed and effective fire. The enemy were very determined, but operated chiefly against the schooner; and I several times believed, as they came up, that they were going to board us,—and was prepared for everything, except to submit.

At length, after several hours spent in active fight, the enemy retired, on account, as was said, of the death of the commander of the *Bella Americana*, one of their vessels. We spent the remainder of the day in burying our dead and in repairing our greatest damages.

During the following day the enemy remained at a distance, and we made preparations for fighting, and also for escape by sailing to the Lagoon, the wind being then more favorable.

[Here occurs a blank in our manuscript.—*Translator.*]

## CHAPTER X.

DISCONTENT OF THE PEOPLE OF ST. CATHERINE'S—REVOLT AT JAMAICA—ATTACK ON THAT TOWN—CONDUCT OF THE TROOPS—RETREAT TO THE LAGOON—PURSUED—THE IMPERIALISTS GAINING STRENGTH—COL. TERCEIRA'S EXPEDITION AGAINST MELLO—OUR DISASTER—RALLY.

CHANGES were expected to take place at Laguna on the approach of the enemy, who were very strong on land; and little good-will shown by St. Catherine's induced some of the towns to rise against the Republican authority. Among these was the town of Jamaica, a place situated at the extremity of the lake. Canabarro gave me a peremptory charge to reduce it, and, as a punishment, to sack it. The garrison had made preparations for defence towards the water; but I landed at the distance of three miles, and attacked them unexpectedly from the mountains. The garrison being discomfited and put to flight, the troops under my command were soon in possession of the town. I wish, for myself, and for every other person who has not forgotten to be a man, to be exempt from the necessity of witnessing the sack of a town. A long and minute description would not be sufficient to give a just idea of the baseness and wickedness of such a deed. May God save me from such a spectacle here-

after ! I never spent a day of such wretchedness and in such lamentation. I was filled with horror ; and the fatigue I endured in restraining personal violence was excessive. As for preventing robbery, that was impossible. A terrible state of disorder prevailed. The authority of a commander availed nothing ; nor could all the exertions made by myself and a few officers control their unbridled cupidity. It had no effect to threaten them that the enemy would return to the fight in much greater numbers, and if they should take them by surprise, disbanded and intoxicated, would make a sacrifice of them,—though that was true to the letter. Nothing would prevent them from engaging in a general scene of pillage. The town, though small, unfortunately contained a vast quantity of spirits ; and drunkenness soon became general. The men who were with me were new levies, whom I did not know, and wholly undisciplined. I am sure that if even fifty of the enemy had appeared, in those circumstances, we should have been lost.

After a long time, by threats, blows, and some wounds, those wild beasts were marched out and embarked ; several pipes of spirits were shipped for the division, and we returned to the Lagoon, while the Republican vanguard was retiring before the enemy, who were advancing with celerity, and very strong.

When we reached the Lagoon, we took the baggage across to the right shore.

That day I had much to do ; for, if the men were

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not very numerous, there were many embarrassments, and many horses to be taken care of. And besides, the outlet of the Lagoon was narrow at the entrance, the current was strong, and when this was not found, the shores were not distant. I had to labor, therefore, from morning until near noon, to get the division over, and then stood near the bar to observe the enemy's vessels, which were advancing in combination with the land forces with a great number of troops on board. Before ascending the mountain, I had already sent information to the General that the enemy were preparing to force the passage of the bar, having been able to discover the enemy's vessels while I was effecting the transport. Having reached the other side, I satisfied myself of the fact. The enemy had twenty-two vessels, all adapted to the entrance. I then repeated the message ; but either the General was doubtful, or his men wanted to eat or to rest. The fact was, that not a man arrived in time to assist in operating at the point where our infantry had been posted, and where we might have made great havoc with the enemy. Resistance was made by the battery situated on the eastern point, commanded by the brave Captain Capotto ; but, in consequence of the want of practice on the part of the cannoniers, very little damage was done. The same result was experienced by the three vessels under my command, the crews of which were very small, many of the men that day being on land ; and thus some would rest, and others

would not expose themselves to the tremendous battle which was preparing. I was at my post in the Rio Pardo ; and my wife, the incomparable Anita, fired the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating.

The battle was short, but a murderous one. Not many were killed, because very few were on board ; but I was the only officer in the three vessels left alive. All the enemy's squadron entered, making a tremendous fire, favored by the wind and the current flowing in, by which their velocity was much increased, and anchored at the distance of a cannon-shot from our vessels, still keeping up their cannonade. I asked Canabarro for men to continue the battle ; but received, in answer, an order to destroy the vessels and retire, with all the remainder that could be landed. I had sent Anna with the message, directing her to remain on shore ; but she returned on board with the answer, showing a coolness and courage which excited my astonishment and highest admiration. To her boldness and exertions was due the saving of the ammunition, which was safely landed. When this was effected, I remained alone on board, having yet to perform the last act of setting the little flotilla on fire. The enemy still continued their severe cannonade. I had to contemplate a terrible spectacle on every vessel, as I visited them all in succession, the decks being strewn with the dead. Captain Enrique, of the Tap-

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arica, from Laguna, was found shot through the breast with a grape shot; Griggs, commander of the Cassapava, had been cut in two by a shot, and his trunk was standing against the bulwarks, his face retaining its natural rubicund look, so that he seemed as if living. A few moments afterwards their bodies were sunk in the water: those victims of the empire were lost to human sight.

Night came on, as I collected the survivors, and marched behind the division, on the retreat for Rio Grande, by the same road which they had trodden a few months before, with their hearts filled with hope and confident of victory.

Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments; and among them, I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, and who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a sabre and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than myself; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime.

Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles; and the more wild the extensive and desert American plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men who needed my aid.

We reached Las Torres, the boundary of the two neighboring provinces, where we established our camp. The enemy contented themselves with being masters of the Lagoon, and did not proceed beyond. But, in combination with the division of Andrea, the division of Acunha advanced by the Serra, having recently come from the province of St. Paul, and being on the way for the Cima da Serra, (meaning the top of the mountains,) a department belonging to Rio Grande. The Serrans, overwhelmed by a superior force, asked assistance of General Canabarro; and he arranged an expedition for their aid, under the command of General Terceira. I, with my companions, formed a part of it; and, having joined the Serrans, who were under Colonel Acunha, we completely beat that division at Santa Victoria. The General was lost in the river Pelotas, and the greater part of his troops were made prisoners.

That victory brought the three provinces of Lages, Vaccaria, and Cima da Serra, under the republic; and, a few days after, the conquerors entered Lages in triumph.



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In the meantime the invasion by the Imperialists had restored their party to power in the province of Missiones ; and Colonel Mello, the Imperial General, had increased his corps in that province to about five hundred men. General Bento Manuel, who was to have fought him, was unable, because he had retreated ; and he contented himself with sending Lieutenant-Colonel Portinhos in pursuit of Mello, who was marching in the direction of San Pablo. The position in which I was then placed gave me an opportunity not only to oppose Mello, but also to exterminate his force. But such was not the event.

Colonel Terceira being uncertain whether the enemy would come by Vaccaria, or by the Caritibani, divided his forces into two, sending Colonel Aranha, with the good cavalry of the Serra, to Vaccaria, and marching towards the Caritibani with the infantry, and a part of the cavalry, chiefly composed of prisoners. It was by that point that the enemy approached. This division of the forces proved fatal. Their recent victory, the ardent feelings of the corps, and the information received concerning the enemy, which represented their numbers and spirit as less than they really were, led to their despising them too much.

After a three days' march we reached Caritibani, and went round by the pass of Maromba, by which it was supposed the enemy would march. Guards were placed in the Pass, and at other points, where they were thought necessary. Towards midnight the

guards at the pass were attacked, and compelled to retreat, so that they had scarcely time to escape after firing a few shots. From that moment until the break of day, the Republican troops stood ready for action; and it was not long after that hour that the enemy appeared, having crossed the river with their whole force, and drawn up near it ready for action.

Any other officer than Terceira, on seeing their superiority, would have hastened to effect a junction with the column of Aranha, and would have occupied the enemy until he could have accomplished it. But the ardent Republican feared that the enemy might escape him, and deprive him of an opportunity to fight. He therefore pressed on to the encounter, although the enemy were in an advantageous position. Of that position they took advantage, having formed their line of battle on a hill of considerable height, opposite which was a very deep valley, obstructed with thick bushes. I had covered our flanks with several platoons of cavalry, which they did not see. Terceira ordered to attack, with a band of infantry, taking advantage of the obstacles in the valley. The attack was made, and the enemy made a feint of retreating; but, while the whole Republican body, after passing the valley, was pursuing the enemy under the hill, within musket-shot, it was charged in flank by a squadron which had been concealed by the right flank of the enemy, obliged to retreat in disorder, and to concentrate anew. In that encounter fell one of the

bravest of my officers, Manuel N., who was very dear to me. The troops, being now reinforced, and sent forward with greater impetus and resolution, the enemy finally retired, and took up their retreat, leaving one of their men dead on the field.

There were not many wounded on either side, for very few had taken part in the action. The enemy, however, retreated precipitately, and the Republicans pursued them to Aube ; but the infantry were not able to overtake them in nine miles, although they did their utmost to accelerate their march. In the vicinity of the Pass of Maromba, the commander of the Republican vanguard, Major Jacinto, informed the Colonel that the enemy were crossing the Ganado and the Cavaladas,\* with indications that they would continue their retreat and not recover from their panic. The brave Terceira did not hesitate for a moment, but ordered the cavalry to proceed on the gallop, and directed me to follow with the infantry as fast as possible.

The watchful enemy, however, had only manœuvred to deceive us, and by the precipitation of their march had got in an advantageous position of which we were not aware, concealed by the ground. One of our platoons had been placed far in advance, and two others

\* "Ganado" means herds of cattle, and "Cavaladas" herds of horses, which animals abound in those regions, living in the rich pastures. The cattle afford the only food for soldiers, and the horses are indispensable for cavalry—the best troops in South America.

near it, but the infantry imprudently left far behind. The enemy suddenly extended their right and made his appearance on our left, running out from a valley which had a small declivity. They bore down upon the Republican platoon with their lances, and gave them this first notice of their error, which there was not time to repair. Attacked in flank, they were completely discomfited. The other platoons of cavalry shared the same fate, notwithstanding the courage and efforts of Terceira and several brave Rio Grande officers. Being taken in detail, they opposed little resistance; and in a short time all were scattered, flying and completely broken. To be so far with the infantry was very painful to me, and the more so because the materials of which it was composed were not good, the greater part being men who had been prisoners in Santa Victoria. I therefore hastened on the infantry as fast as possible to join in the fight, but in vain. Having reached an elevation, I witnessed the slaughter of my friends, and knew there was no time to do anything to turn the tide, and therefore resolved to save as many as possible.

I called to about a dozen of my old companions, whom I saw and recognized; and, on hearing my voice, they hastened towards me. I left an officer, to remain in charge of the body of infantry (Major Peixotto,) and then, with that small band, I took a position, partly sheltered by a few bushes, on an elevated spot of ground. There we began to make a stand against

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the enemy, and to teach them that they were not victorious everywhere. In an attack upon us, several companies of cavalry were repulsed, although they made great efforts and displayed much courage. The infantry at last joined us in our position, and then the defence became powerful, and to the enemy terrible and murderous.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE ENEMY STILL HELD IN CHECK—NECESSITY OF RETREAT—PREPARATION — COMMENCEMENT — PROGRESS—RESULT — ARRIVAL AT THE TOWN OF LAGES.

IN the meantime, strong in my position, and having now a band of seventy-three, I fought the enemy with advantage. As the Imperialists were destitute of infantry, they had little desire to engage with troops of that arm. Notwithstanding the advantageous ground possessed by us, however, it was necessary to seek a more secure cover, to prevent the victorious enemy from bringing together all their forces, and to avoid giving time for the courage of the defenders to cool. I observed a cappon, or island of trees, which was in sight, at about the distance of a mile, and undertook a retreat in that direction. The enemy manœuvred to interrupt us, and every few moments charged with the advantage of the ground. In such circumstances it proved highly important that my officers were armed with carbines; and, as they were all good soldiers, they repelled the enemy's charges with unshaken firmness. Thus the remains of our conquered party reached the cappon, where the enemy offered us no further molestation; while we penetrated a little distance into

the wood, chose a cleared spot, and collecting together, with our arms ready, waited for night. The enemy were heard calling out to us "Surrender! Surrender!" We kept silence and returned no answer.

Night at length came on ; and I made preparations for departure. A few wounded men, who were of our number, presented the greatest difficulty. Among them was Major Peixotto, who had received a ball in his foot. Near ten o'clock in the evening, when the wounded had been accommodated in the best manner possible, the march was commenced, by proceeding along the skirts of the cappon, which we left on the right, endeavoring to find the borders of the Matto, or forest. That forest, perhaps the largest in the world, extends from the alluvial regions of the Plata to those of the Amazon, crowning the crest of the Serra de Espinasso, which forms the backbone of Brazil, over an extent of thirty-four degrees of latitude. The number of degrees of longitude which it embraces we are unable to give. In the midst of that immense wilderness are situated the three departments of Cima da Serra, Vaccaria and Lages, which are surrounded by the forests. The scene of our dangerous operations was now Caritibani, in the last named department, a place which derived its name from Caritiba, a place in the province of Santa Caterina, (St. Catharine,) from which the inhabitants came.

In order to reach the forest, the troops moved along the side of the *cappon*, intending to take the course

towards Lages, to find the corps of Aranha, from which they were unfortunately separated. One of those things occurred on their issuing from the wood, which prove how far man is the child of circumstances, and what effect may be produced by a panic, even on the most intrepid soldiers. The Republicans were marching in silence; and, as may be supposed, prepared for action, in case the enemy should appear in an attitude of opposing them. A horse, which happened to be in that part of the wood, on hearing the little noise made by the cautious soldiers in their march, took to flight, and ran away. One voice was heard to exclaim: "The enemy!" and, in a moment, all those seventy-three men, who had so lately most valiantly fought five hundred, rushed at once into the thickest of the forest; and, so far did they become separated and scattered, in that moment of fear, that it would have taken many hours to collect them again; and, as it was impossible for us to wait long enough, several were left behind and lost. The others pursued their way with me; and when daybreak appeared, we found ourselves on the long wished-for border of the forest, and issuing in the direction of Lages. The next day the enemy approached, but did not reach us. The day of battle was terrible, for its labors, dangers and troubles; but we fought, and that idea overpowered every other; but in the forest, where meat, the accustomed food, was in fact wanting, and where no other kind could be obtained, we remained four days without finding



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anything to eat except the roots of plants. The fatigue we endured was indescribable, in following a recess where there were no paths, and where nature incomparably prolific and robust, had reared up colossal pines in the immense woods, and the gigantic taquara, (a kind of cane,) which formed insuperable barriers in many places. Many of the company were discouraged, some deserted, and it was a great task, first to collect them, and then to convince them that it was better to accompany the corps than to desert it, though they might absent themselves, if they preferred it, as they should be free to do as they pleased. This manner of proceeding with them proved perfectly successful. From that moment there was no more desertion ; and the hope of safety began to arise in the hearts of the troops.

On the fifth day after the battle we reached the entrance of the Piccada, (a narrow path cut through the forest,) where we found a house and made a halt, killing two oxen. We made two prisoners in the house, who belonged to the enemy, and who had fought us. We then continued our way to Lages, which we reached after a day's march through the rain.

The town of Lages, which had made such rejoicing on our arrival as conquerors, had changed its flag on hearing of our disasters ; and some of the boldest of the inhabitants had established the imperial system. On our approach they fled ; and, as most of them were merchants, numbers left their stores filled with every-

thing necessary to restore the needy soldiers ; and thus their condition was greatly improved. Terceira wrote to Aranha, in the mean time, ordering him to concentrate again ; as he had notice at that time of the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Tartinho, who had been sent by Bento Manuel in pursuit of the forces of Mello.

## CHAPTER XII.

MY HIGH ESTIMATE OF THE "SONS OF THE CONTINENT"—DEFECTS IN DISCIPLINE—I DESCEND THE SERRA—DIFFICULTIES OF THE MARCH—REACH MALACARA—GENERAL JORGE—GENS. NETTO AND CANABARRO—TWO LARGE ARMIES MEET AT PINEIRINO, ON THE SAGUARE—PATRIOTISM OF THE REPUBLICANS—A WISH FOR ITALY—RESULT OF THE EXPEDITION.

I HAVE served the cause of the people in America, and served it with sincerity, as I everywhere fought against absolutism. Being warmly attached to the system corresponding with my convictions, I was equally opposed in my feelings to the opposite system. I have always rather pitied than hated men who have been led to selfishness by misfortune; and, when now viewing the scenes I passed through, from a far distant country, and long after their occurrence, the accounts contained in the succeeding pages may be regarded as impartial, with the care which has been taken in recording facts, reviewing occurrences, and making allowances for men and circumstances.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that "*The Sons of the Continent*," (the name given to the people of Rio Grande,) were most ardent and intrepid men. This

character I claim for them, after having had many opportunities to form a correct opinion. The occupation of Lages by our troops was therefore a very bold step, with the intention of defending it against an enemy ten times superior and victorious, and divided from them only by the river Canoas, which could not be defended, and far from any auxiliaries who might have wished to aid the Republicans. Many days passed before the junction of Aranha and Portinho ; and, during all that time, the enemy were kept at bay by a small band of men. The reinforcements had no sooner arrived, than the Republicans marched resolutely against the enemy : but the Imperialists did not accept the offer of a battle, but retired when we approached, making a stand in the Province of San Paulo, where they were to be joined by large reinforcements of infantry and cavalry. The Republicans then felt the defect and the evils of being composed chiefly of men brave indeed, but who did not know the importance of keeping their ranks, except when the enemy appeared, and relaxed in discipline whenever they were either far distant, or remained near without showing inclination of a speedy battle.

That fault was almost their ruin, and a more enterprising enemy would have known how to take advantage of it. The Serranos, (or people of the neighboring mountains,) began to leave the files, and throw their lazos, not only over their own horses, but over those belonging to the division. Those of Portinho, (the

people of the Province of Missions,) followed their example ; and the force was soon so far reduced, that they were obliged to abandon Lages, and retire to the province of Rio Grande, fearing an attack from the enemy. The rest of the forces, being thus weakened, and in want of necessaries, especially clothing, which was quite indispensable in consequence of the commencement of cold wheater so early in those elevated regions, began to lose their spirits, and demanded, with a loud voice, to return to their homes. Colonel Terceira was then obliged to yield to so many necessities, and ordered me to descend the Serra and rejoin the army, while he prepared to follow me.

That descent was arduous, in consequence of the difficult roads, and the decided hostility of the inhabitants, who were enemies of the Republicans. I proceeded by the Piccada de Peluffo. The troops were only about sixty in number, and they had to confront terrible ambuscades ; but such were their indomitable boldness and perseverance, that they passed in safety. Although the path was very narrow, and everywhere overshadowed by a very thick forest, the enemy, being natives of the country, and therefore perfectly acquainted with every place, chose the most thorny spots for their ambushes, rushed out with fury and tremendous cries upon the Republican troops, who in return poured in their volleys of musketry, and used their sabres. At length, the vigor and perseverance of the latter so far intimidated the moun-

taineers, that they killed but one horse, and only slightly wounded a few men.

We arrived at the head-quarters, in Malacara, distant twelve miles from Porto Alegre, where was the President, Bento Gonzales, then General-in-chief.

The Republican army were preparing to march. The enemy's army, after losing the battle of Rio Pardo, had recruited in Porto Alegre, and gone out, under command of the old general, Jorge, (George,) and had encamped on the bank of the Cahi, waiting for General Calderon to join him, who had left Rio Grande with a strong body of cavalry and was to effect a junction, by crossing the country. The same defect which has been mentioned above,—that is, the delusive security of the Republican troops when there was no enemy in sight,—facilitated those movements of the enemy: when General Netto, who commanded the country troops, had collected force enough to fight Calderon, the latter, having now joined the main body of the Imperial army, at Cahi, which was threatening the Republicans with superior numbers, while besieging, compelled them to raise the siege. It was indispensable to the President to join the division of Netto, in order to be in a condition to fight the enemy's army; and that junction, being happily effected, greatly honored the military capacity of Bento Gonzales. They marched with the army from Malacara, taking the direction of San Leopoldo, passing within two miles of the enemy's army; and in two

days and nights, almost without eating, arrived in the neighborhood of Taguary, where they found General Netto, who had come to meet them.

The march had been made, as was just remarked, almost without eating ; and, as soon as the enemy had notice of the movement, they set off, at forced marches, to fight them. By rare fortune they overtook the Republicans when they had halted, and were engaged in cooking their meat,—the only food, as has been remarked, which armies in that country ever have to subsist upon. They were, therefore, obliged to desist, and defer their meal until they could effect the junction designed. They halted again at Pinheirino, six miles from Taguary, and made all the arrangements for a battle. The Republican army, consisting of five thousand cavalry and one thousand infantry, occupied the heights of Pinheirino ; the infantry being in the centre, under the command of the aged Colonel Crescenio ; the right wing under General Netto ; and the left under General Canabarro. Both wings were wholly composed of cavalry, which, without exaggeration, was the best in the world, although ill-provided. The infantry was excellent ; and the desire for fighting was strong and general. Colonel Joaõ Antonio commanded the reserve, which was a corps of artillery.

The enemy had four thousand infantry, and, it was said, three thousand cavalry, with a few pieces of artillery. They had taken positions on the other side of the bed of a little torrent, which divided the two

armies ; and their force and position were not to be despised. They were the best troops of the empire, and commanded by a very skilful general, although advanced in years.

The enemy's general had marched in warm pursuit of the Republicans up to that place, and now made every arrangement for a regular attack. Two battalions of infantry had crossed the dry bed of the torrent ; and two pieces of artillery, placed on the bank, thundered upon the line of Republican cavalry. On their side, the brave men of the first brigade, under the command of Netto, had drawn their sabres, and waited only for the sound of the trumpet, to launch themselves upon the two battalions which were crossing over. Those warlike sons of the continent felt the certainty of victory. Netto and they had never been conquered. The infantry, échalloned by divisions, on the highest part of the hill, and covered by its verge, were crying out for battle. The terrible lancers of Canabarro had already made a movement forward, confusing the right flank of the enemy, which was therefore obliged to change front in confusion. The brave freedmen, proud of their force, became more firm and resolute ; and that incomparable corps presented to view a forest of lances, being composed entirely of slaves liberated by the Republic, and chosen from the best horse-tamers in the province, and all of them blacks, even the superior officers. The enemy had never seen the backs of those true sons of



liberty. Their lances, which were longer than the common measure, their ebony faces and robust limbs, strengthened by perennial and laborious exercise, and their perfect discipline, struck terror into the enemy. The animating voice of the General-in-chief had been heard, as he rode along the lines: "Every one of you must fight for four men to-day!" These were the few and only words of that distinguished man, who possessed all the qualities of a great captain, except good fortune. Every heart seemed to feel the palpitation of war, and the confidence of victory. A more beautiful day, or a more splendid scene, was never beheld. The ground was scattered with a few low plants, and offered no obstacle to the view, so that everything was clearly visible, even the slightest movement, and, as it were, all under my feet. In a few minutes was to be decided the fate of the largest part of the American continent, with the destinies of a numerous people. Those bodies of men, so compact, so orderly and steady, in a few moments will be broken up, and some of them thrown into confusion and defeated. Soon, the blood, the mangled limbs, and the corpses of many of those young men will disfigure the beautiful fields. Yes: now all are waiting and panting for the signal of battle.--Yet in vain was all that preparation, vain the expectation; that field was not to be a field of slaughter.

The enemy's general, intimidated at the strong positions occupied by the Republicans, and by their

proud array, made his appearance, and had the two battalions recalled from the opposite bank, to which they had crossed without orders, and placed himself on the defensive. General Calderon was killed in making a reconnoissance. Was that the cause of the irresolution of General Jorge? As the Republicans were not attacked, they ought to have attacked. This was the opinion of many; but would it have been wise? If they had been attacked in their fine positions, there would have been every probability of victory; but to descend from them and meet the enemy on equal ground, it would be necessary to cross the bed of the torrent, which was somewhat rough and difficult, although dry, and the superiority in numbers of the enemy's infantry was by no means small. In fine, there was no battle, and the enemies remained all day in sight of each other, with only a little skirmishing.

In the camp of the Republicans there was a scarcity of meat, and the infantry especially were famishing. But, what was still more insupportable, thirst also prevailed, for there was no water. But that people are hardened by a life of privations. No lamentations were heard, except for the want of permission to fight. Oh, Italians! oh, for the day when you shall be united and enduring like those children of the desert. The stranger shall not then trample upon your soil; he shall not contaminate your air. Italy will then take her proper place among the first nations of the earth.

That night the old general, Jorge, disappeared, and in the morning the enemy were nowhere to be seen on any side. The early mist remained until ten o'clock ; it then rose, and they were discovered in the strong positions of Taguary. Soon afterwards news arrived that their cavalry were crossing the river. The enemy, therefore, were retreating, and it was necessary to attack them. The Republicans made no hesitation, and the army marched, resolved on a battle. Only the enemy's cavalry, however, had crossed the river, assisted in the passage by several imperial vessels, but the infantry remained on the banks, protected by the woods, having taken the most advantageous positions. The second brigade of Republican infantry, composed of the second and third battalions, was destined to begin the attack. This was performed with all possible bravery, but the numbers of the enemy were very far superior, and those courageous soldiers, after performing feats of valor, were compelled to retire, supported by the first brigade, which consisted of the first battalion of marines and the artillery, who had no cannon.

That was a terrible battle between the infantry in the forest, where the reëchoing of the guns, and the frequent flashes among the thick clouds of smoke seemed like a raging tempest. Not less than five hundred men were wounded and killed on both sides ; and the dead bodies of the Republicans were found on the very bank of the river, to which they had driven

their enemies. But all this loss was of no use, for when the second brigade retired the conflict was suspended ; then night came on, and the enemy were able to complete their passage without interruption.

Among many brilliant qualities, General Bento Gonzales had a kind of indecision, the effect of the disasters which had successively befallen him in his enterprises. He would have wished that, because a brigade of infantry, disproportionately inferior in numbers, had thrown itself upon the enemy, the action should be closed by making not only all the infantry take part in it, but also the cavalry on foot.

Such a proceeding might indeed have given him a brilliant victory, if by making the enemy lose their footing it had thrown them into the river ; and such a result might not have been improbable. But the general was determined to adventure everything, and even the only infantry which the Republicans ever possessed. The fact is, that the battle was a real disaster to them, as they had not the ability to supply the loss of their brave infantry, while the enemy chiefly abounded in that kind of forces.

The enemy remained on the right bank of the Taguary, because they were almost wholly masters of the country. The Republicans repassed the road to Porto Alegre, to recommence the siege of that town. The condition of the Republic was now somewhat worse. The army recrossed to San Leopoldo, and then to Settembrino, and afterwards to Malacara, into

the old camp. From that place, a few days after, they changed their encampment to Bella Vista ; and at the same time the General planned an operation, the result of which was to restore them to excellent positions.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SAN JOSE DEL NORTE—ITS CAPTURE—ILL CONDUCT—ITS RESULTS—DISASTERS OF THE REPUBLICANS—I GO TO SAN SIMON—BIRTH OF MY FIRST CHILD—MY SOLITARY JOURNEY TO PROCURE NECESSARY CLOTHING FOR MY LITTLE FAMILY—TRIALS AND OPPRESSIONS—SAD DISCOVERY ON MY RETURN.

THE enemy, for the purpose of making excursions into the country, had partly garrisoned with infantry the strong places. San Jose del Norte was in such a situation. That place, which stands on the north shore of the outlet of the Lake Dos Patos, was one of its keys; and the possession of it would have been sufficient to change the face of things. The town was taken, and the Republican troops gave themselves up to pillage and riot.

In the meantime the Imperialists, having recovered from their surprise, assembled in a strong quarter, and made head. The Republicans assaulted them and were repulsed. The combatants endeavored to renew the attack, but did not meet, or, if they met, they were unfit for fighting. Some had damaged their muskets by breaking doors, and others had lost their flints. The enemy lost no time. A few vessels of war lay in the harbor. They took positions and raked the

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streets occupied by the Republicans, sent to Southern Rio Grande for aid, and occupied the only fort which they had not taken. The largest fort, called the Emperor's Fort, situated in the centre of the line of fortifications, and which had cost them a great assault, was rendered useless by a tremendous explosion, which killed and wounded a great number. In short, the greatest triumph was changed, towards noon, to a shameful retreat, almost to a flight. Good men wept with anger and disappointment. The loss of the Republicans was comparatively immense. From that time their infantry was a mere skeleton. A few cavalry belonged to the expedition, and they served as a protection on the retreat. The division marched to their barracks of Buena Vista, and I remained at San Simon with the marine, which was reduced to about fifty individuals, including officers and soldiers.

My object in staying at that place was to prepare some canoes, (boats made of single trees,) and to open communications with the other parts of the lake ; but, in the months which I spent there, the canoes did not make their appearance ; and for the reason that they had existed only in idea. Instead of boats, I therefore occupied myself with procuring horses, there being an abundance of wild ones, which furnished much occupation to the sailors, who became so many knights, though all of them did not manage their steeds with superior dexterity. And San Simon is a very beautiful and spacious place, although at that time de-

stroyed and abandoned. It was said to belong to an exiled Count San Simon, or his exiled heirs, who had left home because of opinions different from those of the Republicans. There being no masters there, we strangers fed on the cattle and rode the horses.

At that place our first child was born, on the 10th of September, 1840. The young mother, although so short a time before united to her martial husband, had already passed through many trials and dangers. After the terrible affair with the Brazilian men of war, she had accompanied me on the marches, and even in the battles described in the preceding pages, and had endured great fatigue and hunger, and had several falls from her horse. During her stay at the house of an inhabitant of the place, she received the greatest kindness from the family and their neighbors; and I shall ever entertain to those who have shown kindness to me, and especially to my wife, "Sarò reconoscientissimo, a quella buona gente, tutta la mia vita" (I shall be most thankful to those good people all my life.) It was of the highest importance that she had the comforts of that house and those friends at that time, for the miseries suffered by the army then rose to their height, and I was absolutely destitute of everything necessary for my wife and little son; and in order to procure some clothes, I determined to make a journey to Settembrina, where I had several friends, particularly the kind-hearted Blingini, who would cheerfully supply me with some things I wished to procure for them. I ac-



cordingly set out to cross the inundated fields of that part of the province, then all drenched by the rains. I travelled day after day in water up to my horse's belly, and crossed the Rossa Velha, (an old cultivated field,) where I met Captain Massimo, of the Free Lancers, who treated me like a true and good friend, as he was. He was posted for the guard of the Cavalladas. I arrived at that place at evening, in a heavy rain, and spent the night; and the next day the storm having increased, the good Captain determined to detain me at all hazards,—but I was too much in haste to accomplish my object, to be willing to defer my journey, and I set off again, in spite of every remonstrance, to brave the flood. After going a few miles, I heard several musket-shots in the direction of the place I had left, which raised some suspicion in my mind, but I could only go on. Having reached Settembrina, I bought some little articles of clothing, and set out on my return towards San Simon. When I had recrossed the Rossa Velha, I learned the cause of the firing I had heard, and the most melancholy accident which happened on the day of my departure.

Moringue, the man who surprised me at Camacua, had now surprised Captain Massimo, and notwithstanding a very brave resistance, left him dead, with almost all his thirty lancers of the garrison. Most of the horses, including the best of them, had been embarked, the remaining ones were almost all killed. Moringue executed the operation with vessels of war and infant-

ry, and then reëmbarked the infantry, going himself by land towards Rio Grande del Norte, alarming all the little forces, which, thinking themselves safe, were scattered about that territory. Among these was my band of sailors, who were obliged to take their clubs and go into the woods, taking my wife with them, who mounted the saddle, to avoid the enemy, with her infant, then only twelve days old, although it was in the midst of the storm.

On my return I could not find any of my men, or any of the friends with whom I had left my family ; but I discovered them at length in the edge of a wood, where they remained without any certain news of the enemy. We went back to San Simon, where I remained some time, and then removed my camp to the left bank of the Capivari.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVER KAPIVARI—MY NEW CAMP—CANOE VOYAGES TO THE LAKE DOS PATOS—STATE OF THE REPUBLICAN ARMY DECLINING—DEATH OF MY BOSOM FRIEND, ROSETTI—RETREAT—DIFFICULTIES AND SUFFERINGS—LOSSES—ANNA'S EXPOSURE—OUR INFANT—KINDNESS OF THE SOLDIERS.

THE river Capivari is formed by the confluence of the different outlets of numerous lakes which garnish the northern border of the Province of Rio Grande, between the sea-coast and the eastern side of the chain of Espinasso. It received its name from the Capivari, a species of amphibious animal, very common in the rivers of South America. We made two canoes, and in them made several voyages to the western shore of Lake Patos, transporting both men and provisions. These voyages we performed from the Capivari and the Sangrador de Abreu, one of the streams in that vicinity, which is an outlet of a pond, connecting it with a lake.

In the meantime the situation of the Republican army grew worse and worse. Every day their necessities became more pressing, while, at the same time, the difficulty of satisfying them became greater. The two battles of Taguare and Norte had destroyed the

infantry, so that the battalions had become mere skeletons. Prevailing wants produced discontent, and that led to desertions." The inhabitants, as usually happens in long wars, were wearied, and looked with indifference upon the forces of the two parties. In such a state of things the Imperialists made proposals for an arrangement which, although advantageous, considering the circumstances of the Republicans, were not acceptable and not accepted by the most generous portion of the enemy. Their rejection much increased the discontent of the extreme and disgusted party, and finally the abandonment of the siege, and the retreat were decisive. The Canabarro division, of which the marine formed a part, was to begin the movement, and climb the passes of the Serra, occupied by General Labattue. Bento Gonzales, with the rest of the army, was to march behind, covering the movements.

At that time died Rosetti, an irreparable loss to the army, and especially to myself. Having been left with the Republican garrison of Settembrina, which was to march last, he was surprised by the famous Maringue; and that incomparable Italian perished fighting bravely. Having fallen from his horse wounded, he was called on to surrender,—but he sold his life dearly. There is not a spot of ground on earth in which do not lie the bones of some generous Italian, for whose sake Italy ought never to cease from the struggle until free herself. She will feel the want

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of them in the day when she shall rise to drive the ravens from the corpses which they devour.

The retreat was commenced in the worst season, among the broken ridges of the mountain, in an almost unintermitted rain, and was the most disagreeable and terrible which I had ever seen. We had supplied ourselves with a few cows, which we brought with us, there being no animals among the toilsome paths which we were to travel, made impracticable by the rains. The numerous rivers were extremely swollen, and much of the baggage was carried away by the torrents. The troops marched in the rain, and without food ; encamped without food in the rain. Between one river and another, those who were appointed to keep near the cows, had meat, but the others were in a terrible condition, especially the poor infantry, for everything failed them except horse-flesh. There were some dreadful scenes. Many women followed the army, according to the custom of the country, and many children. But few of the latter came out of the forest, and some were picked up by the horsemen, one of whom, here and there, was fortunate enough to save his horse, and with him a poor little creature, left by its dead or dying mother, who had fallen a victim to hunger, fatigue, and cold.

Anna was much distressed by the apprehension of losing her little son, Menotti, who was saved with difficulty, and as if by a miracle. In the most difficult parts of the road, and in crossing rivers, I carried

my poor little child, then three months old, in a handkerchief tied round my neck, contriving to keep him warm with my breath. Of about a dozen animals—horses and mules—with which we entered the woods, some of them used for the saddle and some for baggage, there remained only two horses and two mules. The others had tired, and were abandoned. To crown our misfortunes, the guides had mistaken the road; and that was one of the reasons which induced us to cross the terrible woods of Las Antas. The word “Anta” signifies a harmless animal, of the size of an ass, whose flesh is exquisite, and whose hide serves for making many strong and many ornamental articles. This animal, however, I never had the fortune to see. Although the troops continued to proceed, they could not find the end of the piccada; and I remained in the woods, with two tired mules, and sent Anna, with her servant and the child, to endeavor to find a clear place where they might obtain some food for themselves and the animals. The two remaining horses, which were used alternately, with the surprising courage of the mother, overcame every difficulty. She succeeded in getting beyond the piccada, and fortunately found some of the soldiers with a fire, a very rare thing, and then not always to be obtained, on account of the continued rain, and the miserable condition to which we were all reduced. The men warmed some cloths, took the infant and wrapped him in them, and thus resuscitated him. The poor mother

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who had given up almost every hope of his life, took him again and cherished him with the tenderest care, while the good-hearted soldiers went to seek for some kind of food to restore the exhausted strength of the mother. I labored in vain to save the mules. Being left alone with them, I cut as many as I could of the leaves of the baguara, a species of cane, and gave them to eat ; but it was of no use. I was obliged to abandon them, and seek to get out of the forest on foot, and exceedingly fatigued.

Nine days after entering it, the last of the division barely got through the piccada, and only a very few of the horses of the officers were saved. The enemy, who had preceded us in their flight, had left some artillery in the forest of the Antas, which the pursuers were unable to transport, for the want of means, and they were left buried in certain caverns—who knows for how long ? In that woody region the storms seemed as if tired out ; for, on getting into the open fields of the elevated plain, called the Cima da Serra (or top of the ridge), the troops found good weather. Some oxen, which were discovered there, afforded them a welcome supply of food, and made some amends for the sufferings they had passed through. They then entered the department of Vaccaria, in which they remained several days, waiting for the division of Bento Gonzales, which joined them much broken, and in a miserable state. The indefatigable Maringue, informed of their retreat, had pursued that

division and harassed it in every way, aided by the mountaineers, who were always decidedly hostile to the Republicans.

All these things gave Labattue as much time as was required for his retreat and junction with the Imperial army. They arrived, however, almost without men, in consequence of desertions occasioned by the severe and forced march, and privations, and sufferings endured by the other troops. Beside all these, he had an adventure, which deserves to be mentioned here on account of its remarkable nature.

Labattue being obliged to pass in his march through the two forests known by the names of the Mattos or woods of Portugues and Castellano, met in them several tribes of the Bugre Indians, the most savage in Brazil. These, knowing of the passage of the Imperialists, assailed them, laying ambushes in different places in the bushes, and did them much injury, letting us know, at the same time, that they were friends of the Republicans. In accordance with this profession, my comrades and I myself\* experienced no inconvenience from them on our march; but we saw the *poge*, or holes, carefully covered with grass, into which the incautious enemy might fall, when the savages would take advantage of his misfortune and assault him. But all these were left open where the Republicans were to pass, that we might not be exposed to the danger.

On one of those days I met a woman, who had been



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stolen by the savages in her youth, and profited by the opportunity offered by the neighborhood of the troops. The poor creature was in a most pitiable state.

As we had no enemies to fly from or to pursue in those lofty regions, we proceeded slowly on our march, almost entirely destitute of horses.

## CHAPTER XV.

HUNTING HORSES — CATCHING WILD COLTS — ENTER THE PROVINCE OF MISSIONES — HEAD-QUARTERS ESTABLISHED AT SAN GABRIEL — LOVE FROM MY PARENTS — I TURN CATTLE-DROVER — RESULTS — REACH MONTEVIDEO — TEACH MATHEMATICS — WARLIKE PREPARATIONS — JOIN THE ORIENTAL SQUADRON.

THE corps of Free Lancers, being entirely dismounted, were obliged to supply themselves with wild colts ; and it was a fine sight which was presented almost every day, to see a multitude of those robust young black men, leaping upon the backs of their wild coursers, and rushing across the fields like a thunderstorm. The animal used every exertion to gain his freedom and to throw off his hated rider ; while the man, with admirable dexterity, strength and courage, continued to press him with his legs, drawing in his feet against his sides like pincers, whip and drive him, until he at length tired out the superb son of the desert.

In that part of America the colt comes from the field lassoed, and is saddled, bridled, and rode by the domator, or horse-breaker, and in a few days obeys the bit. Experienced men obtain many excellent horses in a short time ; but few come out well broken from the hands of soldiers, especially when they are

on a march, where neither the necessary conveniences can be obtained, nor the necessary care taken to break them well.

Having passed the Mattos Portuguez and Castellano, we descended into the province of "Misiones," proceeding towards Cruz Alta, its chief town. It is a very small place, but well built, situated on a high plain and in a beautiful position ; as fine, indeed, as all that part of the State of Rio Grande. The troops marched from Cruz Alta to San Gabriel, where the head-quarters were established and barracks were constructed for the encampment of the army. I built a cottage, and spent some time in it with my little family ; but six years of a life of dangers and sufferings, far from the company of old friends, my father and mother, from whom I had no news, among that people, isolated by the war with the empire, made me wish to return to some place where I might obtain information concerning my parents. I now found that although, amidst the scenes of bustle and trial through which I had passed, I had been able to banish the recollection of their affection for a time, my love for them remained lively and warm in my heart. It was necessary to improve my circumstances, for the benefit of my wife and child, and I determined to make a journey to Montevideo, even if but for a short time. I asked and obtained permission from the President, who also allowed me to take a small herd of young cattle, to pay the expenses of travelling.

And here I took up the business of a cattle-drover, or *trappiere*. In an Estancia, called the Corral del Piedras, under the authority of the Minister of Finance, I succeeded in collecting, in about twenty days, about nine hundred cattle, after indescribable fatigue. With a still greater degree of labor and weariness they were driven towards Montevideo. Thither, however, I did not succeed in driving them. Insuperable obstacles presented themselves on the way, and, more than all, the Rio Negro, which crossed it, and in which I nearly lost all this capital. From that river, from the effects of my inexperience and from the tricks of some of my hired assistants for managing the drove of animals, I saved about five hundred of the cattle, which, by the long journey, scarcity of food and accidents in crossing streams, were thought unfit to go to Montevideo.

I therefore decided to "*cuercer*" or "*leather*" them,—that is, to kill them for their hides; and this was done. In fact, after having passed through indescribable fatigue and troubles, for about fifty days, I arrived at Montevideo with a few hides, the only remains of my nine hundred oxen. These I sold for only a few hundred dollars, which served but scantily to clothe my little family.

In Montevideo I spent some of my time in the house of my friend Napoleon Castellani, to whose kindness, and the courtesy of his wife, I felt much indebted. I acknowledge my obligations also to my dear

friends, Giovanni Battista Cuneo and Giovanni Risso. Having a family, but my means being exhausted, I felt it necessary to provide for the subsistence of the three individuals of whom it consisted. Other people's bread always seemed to me bitter, whenever in my diversified life I have found it necessary to partake of it; and I have been so happy as never to be dependant on any friend. Two occupations, of small profit, it is true, but which would afford me a subsistence, I assumed for a time. They were those of a broker and a teacher of mathematics, given in the house and to the pupils of the estimable instructor; Signor Paolo Semidei. This manner of life I pursued until I entered the Oriental squadron.

The Rio Grande question was approaching a settlement, and there was nothing more to be thought on that subject. The Oriental Republic soon offered me employment, and I accepted it.

I was appointed to proceed on an expedition, the results of which, through either ignorance or malignity, proved ruinous.

With the sloop *Constitucion*, of eighteen guns, the brig *Terceira*, of two eighteen pounders, and a transport, the schooner *Procida*, I was ordered to proceed to Corrientes, an allied province, to assist in their military operations against the forces of Rosas.

The Oriental Republic of the Uruguay, like the greater part of the Republics of South America, was a prey to intestine disputes; and the occasion then was

the pretension of two Generals to the Presidency, viz : Rivera and Ouribes. Rivera, being more successful, succeeded after several victories, in driving away Ouribes, and gained possession of the power which he had held. The latter, being expelled, took refuge in Buenos Ayres, where the Dictator, Rosas, received him, together with many Oriental emigrants, and employed them against his enemy, who were then under the command of General Lavalle. Lavalle being conquered, the ferocious Ex-president of Montevideo undertook to regain his lost power in his own country. In that Rosas found the object most agreeable to his wishes ; that is, the destruction of the Unitarians, or Centralists, his mortal enemies, who were supported by the Oriental State ; and, the ruin of a neighboring Republic, his rival, which disputed with him the supremacy of the immense river, by throwing into her bosom the most terrible elements of civil war.

At the time when I embarked on the river, the Oriental army was at San Jose de Uruguay, and that of Ouribes at La Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre Rios, both making preparations for a great conflict. The army of Corrientes then made arrangements for uniting with the Oriental. I was to go up the Parana to Corrientes, pass over a distance of more than six hundred miles, between two banks occupied by the enemy, where I would be unable to anchor, unless at islands and desert places.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ORIGIN OF THE WAR BETWEEN MONTEVIDEO AND BUENOS AYRES.—  
CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF ROSAS, OURIBES—THE CENTRALISTS, CALLED  
UNITARIANS, OPPOSED TO THE REPUBLICANS.

As has been said, the war in Montevideo was caused by the personal ambition of the two generals, Ouribes and Rivera, who were aspirants for the Presidency of the republic. The former was defeated by the latter, about the year 1840, and obliged to emigrate to Buenos Ayres.

At that time Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, was engaged in war with the Centralists, or Unitarians, who were the national and liberal party, and were led by Generals Lavalle and Paz. Rosas received Ouribes and many of his partizans, and gave them immediate employment in his own army, while he conferred the supreme command of it upon the emigrant General. Ouribes, being able to bring many reinforcements to the tyrant's army, which was already strong, defeated Lavalle, who died in the upper provinces of the Argentine Republic (I think Mendoza,) in a surprise. General Paz, by intrigues and dissensions, was obliged to abandon the struggle, after the brilliant victory of Caguazú, and

to return to Montevideo, where the greater part of the Centralists who had fought against Rosas had retreated.

The Argentine Republic being pressed by enemies, Ouribes descended towards Montevideo, and established his camp at Bajada, the capital of the province of Entre-Rios, having under his command an imposing army, and meditating with Rosas, the invasion of the State of Montevideo. Rivera was then on the left bank of the Uruguay, preparing and receiving all the forces which he could dispose of, and doubtless expecting to be attacked.

Wise would have been the resolution to await the enemy in his own positions ; but, having much confidence in himself, and strengthened by the junction with the army of Corrientes, he made arrangements to cross the river, and seek the enemy. The Oriental and Corrientes armies amounted to ten thousand men. Ouribes had fourteen thousand, and was much superior in infantry and artillery.

The battle was short ; and the combined armies were entirely defeated on the Arroyo Grande. Ouribes passed the Uruguay, invaded the territory of Montevideo, and then laid siege to the capital.

The catastrophe of Arroyo Grande, and the certainty that the implacable ex-president would come, meditating terrible revenge, stimulated the population of the State of Montevideo to take up arms *en masse* and repel the invasion by force. It should here be



observed, that the war had changed its character, and it was no longer a personal consideration in favor of Rivera which induced the people to take up arms ; but the fear of becoming subject to the depredations and excesses of a foreign and barbarous enemy, led them to fight for the independence of the country.

The beginning of patriotism, which then animated the people, was the same which led them to so many heroic deeds, and to sustain the most desperate of struggles, at the cost of unheard of sacrifices. Then began the glorious contest carried on by the Montevideans, which still continues, and which will astonish the world, when its events are exactly known.

General Paz, reduced to Montevideo, after the unfortunate occurrences in the Argentine State, was received with acclamation by the government and people, as general of the nascent army ; and to him are certainly due the beginnings of bravery and discipline by which it was distinguished, as well as the system of defence which was adopted.

Rivera kept the field, made skilful movements, and was defeated by Ouribes at India Muerta. The errors of Rivera and his conflicts completed his discredit, and entirely removed him from the scene of events. He is now an emigrant in Rio Janeiro, and I do not think his influence can produce any disturbance on the Rio de la Plata.

The question of Montevideo, therefore, reduces itself to the following, at the present epoch [1850] :

Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, and chiefly interested in the humiliation of Montevideo, maintains an army in besieging that city, in order to destroy it. That army is commanded by a Montevidean, who wishes, at any cost, to command in his country ; and the people of Montevideo are fighting against that army, because they are not willing to submit to the hated and abominated domination of Rosas and Urribes.

Indignant at the sight of such a scene of arrogant and inhuman oppression as that presented in Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, I was impelled to present myself in opposition to the Dictator, and to adopt the cause of the injured as my own. Having mingled with the people in my own country, and all my experience, short as it was, having taught me to sympathize with them, against the old and hereditary aristocracy of Europe, I could not regard with indifference the upstart oppressor, Rosas, so treacherous to the principles of equality and republicanism, which he pretended to love, while violating them, in the grossest manner, for his own insatiable ambition. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of the true patriot party in Montevideo, on my arrival in that city, circumstances ere long proved favorable ; and on their beginning to renew their movements, I appeared among them with my native activity and zeal.

I conceived the idea of performing an important service for my own country, while devoting myself to

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that in which I was residing. I soon perceived that the spirit and character of the Italians needed great efforts, to raise them from the depressed state in which they existed in fact, as well as in the opinion of the world ; and I was determined to elevate them, by such a practical training as alone could secure the end.

By means of Napoleon's treachery to the cause of liberty, which he had pretended to espouse on entering Italy, that unhappy country had been led to a ruin more deep and complete than any of the other of his victims ; for she had been, more than any other, reduced to spiritual slavery, as well as temporal. The allies (with Protestant Prussia and England among them,) had restored the papacy along with monarchy and aristocracy ; and yet the Italians were vilified as a degenerate race, and falsely accused of having brought their misfortunes upon themselves, by their ignorance, fanaticism and pusillanimity.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CONDITION OF THE ITALIANS IN MONTEVIDEO, AND ELSEWHERE—MY WISHES AND DESIGNS FOR THEIR BENEFIT—IN COMMAND OF THE “CONSTITUCION”—AT MARTIN GARCIA—A BATTLE WITH THE ENEMY—PROVIDENTIAL RESULTS—PROCEED TO BAJADO—AT CERITO—ANOTHER FIGHT—CAVALLO-QUATTIA—LOW WATER—JOIN THE REPUBLICAN FLOTILLA—LABORS AND DIFFICULTIES.

THERE were many Italians in Montevideo, whose condition and feelings I soon learned to appreciate. They were regarded with scorn by many of the other foreign residents, especially the French, who were in much greater numbers, and seemed to take pleasure in humiliating my poor and injured countrymen.

This was not the first case, though one of the most marked and unrighteous, in which the wronged and suffering party were made to bear the reproach of those very traits of character displayed by their strong and false-hearted conquerors. In exile and poverty, under the bitter and hourly personal experience of their national misfortunes, and reproached by the world with having brought them upon themselves, the Italians in South America were depressed and disheartened by their gloomy recollections, their present sorrows and their cloudy future. Many of them were occupying themselves with such labors and business as they could

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find or invent, to obtain the means of subsistence, and laying the foundations of the fortunes which they have since accumulated by industry and economy; but few formed any sanguine expectations of gaining that distinction for military prowess, which the more numerous and vaunting Frenchmen around them then arrogated to themselves. I, however, ere long, began to indulge in more daring anticipations; and the sequel will show the results.

I resolved to find employment for some of them, and to raise the courage and hopes of all, and at the same time to prepare them for future service as soldiers in Italy, by bringing them into the service which was offered to myself. My progress and success will be seen in the following chapters.

On my entering the service of the Oriental Republic, I received the command of the sloop-of-war "Constitucion." The Oriental squadron was under the command of Colonel Cahe; the enemy under the orders of General Brown. Several battles had taken place, but with results of but little consequence. At the same time a man named Vidal was appointed Minister General of the Republic,—a person of unfortunate and despicable memory. One of his first and most fatal steps was, to gain the dislike of the squadron, which proved highly injurious to its condition, which had cost the Republic immense sums, and which, if it had been cherished as it might then have been, would have established a marked præminence in the Rio de la

Plata, but which was completely ruined, by selling the vessels at shamefully low prices.

I proceeded up the river with the vessels. We had an engagement with the batteries of Martin Garcia, which are situated near the confluence of the two great rivers Paraná and Uruguay, near which I had to pass, as there was no other channel for large vessels. I had several killed and wounded, and passed on. Among the dead was the brave Italian officer, Pocaroba, whose head was taken off by a cannon shot.

Three miles beyond Martin Garcia, the *Constitucion* was careened, but unfortunately at a time when the tide was falling; and it cost an immense amount of labor to get her afloat again. It was only due to the most persevering labor, that the flotilla was saved from being lost in those dangerous circumstances. While employed in removing heavy articles on board the *Procida*, the enemy's squadron appeared on the other side of the island, approaching under full sail. I was thus placed in a terrible condition,—the larger of my vessels lying on the sand, and deprived of her heaviest guns, which were placed in the *Procida*; the *Procida* being in consequence useless; and no vessel remaining except the *Terceira*, whose brave commander was near me with the greater part of his crew, assisting in his work.

In the meantime the enemy moved on proudly, presenting a superb sight, and hailed by the acclamations of the troops on the island, assured of victory, with

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seven strong ships of war. But I felt no despair—a feeling which I have never known. The cause I have never pretended to give. I did not think of my life at that moment ; that appeared to me of little value : but it seemed that dying would not save honor, and it was impossible to fight in my position. Providence extended his hand over my destiny, and I desired no other. The ship of the Admiral grounded near the island ; his pride was humbled, and the Republicans were safe. The enemy's misfortune redoubled their alacrity ; in a few hours the *Constitucion* was afloat, and received her guns and loading. “Misfortunes never come single,” says the proverb. A very thick fog concealed us, and everything we did, from the eyes of the enemy ; and favored us greatly, by preventing them from knowing which way we went. This was of the greatest advantage : for, when the Imperialists got their ships under way, being ignorant of the direction we had taken, they sailed to pursue us, and went up the Uruguay, which we had not entered, and they consequently lost many days before they learned our course.

In the meantime I had entered the Paraná, under cover of the fog and with the favor of the wind. I had the direction of the whole operation, and must pronounce it one of the most arduous of my life. But certainly, in that day, the pleasure afforded by the escape from that imminent danger, and the solicitude caused by reflecting on the greatness of the enterprise

were embittered by the stupor and disaffection of my companions, who until that moment had believed they were going to the Uruguay. All declared that they were unacquainted with the Paraná, and that they refused all responsibility from that moment. Responsibility was of little importance to me ; but something was to be done in some way or other. After a few inquiries, one man confessed that he knew a little of the river, but that he was confused by his fears ; however, he was soon able to collect himself, and proved useful. The wind favoring, we soon arrived near San Nicolas, the first town in the Argentine territory, which is situated on the right shore of the river. There we found a few merchant vessels, which were wanted for transports and other service, and, in a night expedition with launches, both were obtained. An Austrian, named Antonio, who had been trading for a long time in the Paraná, was among the prisoners, and he rendered important services in the voyage.

Proceeding up the river, we met with no obstacle until we reached Bajada, where was the army of Ouribes. I operated in the transit. Some landed to find fresh provisions, which consisted chiefly of oxen, in which they were opposed by the inhabitants, and some troops of cavalry stationed there to guard the shore. Several partial engagements took place on that account—with some advantages and losses, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other—in one of which I had the great affliction of losing the brave



Italian officer, Lalberga, di Leone, a youth of surprising valor and of most promising genius. Another monument, therefore, was demanded for another son of the land of misfortune, who, like so many more, had hoped to shed his blood for the redemption of his country.

At Bajada, the capital of Entre Rios, where the army of Ouribes was stationed, I found the most formidable preparations on my arrival; and a battle seemed at first inevitable: but the wind being favorable, and we being able to pass at a considerable distance from the enemy's batteries, but little effect was produced by the heavy cannonade which was made by them. At Las Conchas, a few miles above La Bajada, I effected a landing by night, which procured me fourteen oxen, in spite of strong opposition made by the enemy. My men fought with great bravery. The enemy's artillery followed the coast, and profiting by the contrary wind and the narrowness of the river, cannonaded us whenever they could. At Cerito, a position on the left bank of the stream, they established a battery of six guns. The wind was favorable, but light; and at that point, on account of the crookedness of the river, our vessels had to sail in face of them, so that it was necessary to go about two miles under a battery, which was as if suspended over our heads. A resolute battle was fought at that place. The greater part of my men seemed unable to rise, and did not show themselves. The others, at their guns, fought and labored with

great alacrity. It should be remembered that the enemy belonged to a party rendered proud by their victory, who soon after conquered, at Arroyo Grande, the two combined armies of Montevideo and Corrientes. Every obstacle was overcome with very little loss ; and after having stopped all the enemy's fire, and dismounted several pieces of artillery, a number of merchant vessels, coming from Corrientes and Paraguay, which had been placed under the protection of the enemy's battery, fell into the power of the Republicans with very little trouble. Those prizes supplied us with provisions and means of all kinds.

We then proceeded on our arduous voyage up the river. The enemy watched us in order to throw obstacles in our way ; but we arrived at Cavallo-quattia, (or the White Horse,) where we joined the Argentine flotilla, composed of two large launches and a balandra armed as a war-vessel. We were thus supplied with some fresh provisions, so that our condition was much improved. We had good and experienced men, but a reinforcement was agreeable enough, especially in its effects on the habits of our men. Having thus proceeded as far as the Brava coast, we were obliged to stop on account of the shallow water, the difference of which, with the draft of the *Constitucion*, was four palms. These difficulties began to excite some suspicions in my mind, concerning the final result of the expedition. I had no doubt that the enemy would do their utmost to defeat it ; for if it should arrive at

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Corrientes the injury would have been very great to the enemy, by the Republicans having command of an intermediate part of the river, by holding an intermediate position between the interior provinces, the Paraguay and the capital of the Argentine confederation. It would have been a kind of nest of corsairs, to infest and destroy the enemy's commerce.

The enemy accordingly resorted to every measure for our ruin ; and they were greatly favored by the want of water in the river, which was altogether unexampled for half a century, according to the declaration of Governor Ferri, of Corrientes. It being impossible to proceed further, I determined to put the flotilla in the best possible state for resistance. From the left bank of the Paraná, where the depth of water was greatest, I drew a line of vessels, beginning with a merchant *yate*, in which were placed four guns ; the *Terceira* in the middle, and the *Constitucion* on the right wing, thus forming a row, at right angles to the shore, and presenting to the enemy all the force possible.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ENEMY APPEAR UNDER GENERAL BROWN — WE FIGHT — LABORS AND FATIGUE BY NIGHT — DESERTION — PREPARATIONS TO RENEW THE BATTLE—ANOTHER FIGHT—VESSELS BURNED—LANDING IN SMALL BOATS—LAND TRAVEL—TREATMENT BY THE INHABITANTS—TRAVERSE THE PROVINCE OF CORRIENTES — REACH SAN FRANCISCO—NOTICE OF THE BATTLE OF ARROYO GRANDE, DEC. 6, 1842—SENT BY GEN. AGUYAR TO VERSILLES WITH THE VESSELS—STRANGE PRESENTIMENT—CATCHING HORSES—BAD NEWS.

THIS arrangement cost much labor, in consequence of the current, which, although small, in that open place, required the use of all the chains and cables to anchor the vessels, especially the *Constitucion*, the heaviest of all. These labors were not terminated when the enemy made their appearance with seven vessels, a superior force, and in a situation where they could receive reinforcements and supplies of every kind. The Republican flotilla, on the contrary, was far from Corrientes, the only part of the country from which they could obtain assistance, and where it was almost certain no aid would be received, as the result proved to be too true. It was thought necessary, however, to fight, at least for the honor of arms; and an engagement ensued.

The enemy, under the command of General Brown,

who enjoyed the highest reputation as a maritime officer in South America, and justly, too, proceeded in all the confidence of their power. They had a favorable wind, though a light one, keeping along the left bank, the right being impracticable. As I had command of the left bank, on which rested the left flank of his line, I landed part of my soldiers and sailors, to dispute the enemy's advance, inch by inch. The Republicans fought bravely, and greatly retarded the enemy's advance; but the superior force of the latter prevailed, and the former were driven under the protection of their vessels. Major Pedro Rodriguez, who commanded our force on land, fought that day with all imaginable skill and valor. He placed the outposts towards evening; and thus they remained through the whole night, both parties preparing for battle on the following day.

The sun had not risen on the 16th of June, when the enemy began a cannonade, with all the force which they had been laboring to bring to the front in the night. The battle was then commenced; and it continued without interruption till nightfall, being sustained on both sides with great resolution. The first victim on board the *Constitucion* was again an Italian officer, of great bravery and of the highest promise, Guiseppe Barzone; and I regretted that I could not take charge of his remains, in consequence of the fury of the contest. Much damage was done on both sides. The Republican vessels were riddled and shattered. The

corvette, in consequence of not having her shot-holes accurately stopped, leaked so much that she could not be kept afloat without great difficulty, the pumps being at work without cessation. The commandant of the Terceira had been killed in a most daring enterprise by land against the enemy's vessels. In him I lost my best and bravest companion. The killed were numerous, and still more the wounded. The remaining time I was constantly occupied on account of the sinking condition of the vessels. However, there were still powder and shot on board, and we must fight—not for victory, not to save ourselves, but for honor. Some men laugh at the honors of a soldier; but Italians have given strong proof of the existence and power of such a principle in their breasts, particularly in other places and at a later period than that to which we are now attending, especially when Rome was surrounded by the armies of four nations, in 1849, and long defended herself. Those who scoff at the idea of honor in an honest soldier who fights for his friends and country, can too often show base respect for men who abuse and assassinate their fellow-beings, or who claim to be the supporters of their political or religious opinions, though they may be monsters in cruelty or infamous in vice, especially if surrounded with the power of the great or the splendor of courts.

We fought for honor, although six hundred miles distant from Montevideo, with enemies from all quarters,

after a series of battles, privations and misfortunes, and almost sure of losing everything. In the meantime Vidal, the minister of war of the Republic, squandered doubloons to support his splendid banquets, in the first capitals of Europe. Such is the honor of the world! It is thus that the lives of generous Italians are despised and sacrificed, and they are buried in a land of exile, in the continent of their countryman, Columbus, or in other regions of the earth. Such was Castelli, who was beheaded at Buenos Ayres; Borso di Carminati, shot in Spain;—and this, although they were superior men, and had rendered great services to ungrateful foreigners.

Their sympathy those foreigners have shown for thee, O Italy! when thy aged and venerable head was raised for a moment in Rome, from the lethargy of opprobrium in which thy oppressors had conspired to hold thee, thou Mother, Instructress and Mistress of Nations! When thou once more shalt rouse thyself, they will tremble at the defeat of their united powers, combined in the league of Hell, to oppress and degrade thee. Be great, then, once more, O Italy! and then the powerful voice of the Almighty will be heard by all thy sons; and the hungry and cowardly vultures which destroy thee, will be stunned by its thundering sound.

On the night of the 16th all my men were occupied in preparing cartridges, which were almost entirely exhausted, and in cutting up chains to supply the

want of balls, and in the incessant pumping of the leaky vessels. Manuel Rodriguez, the same Catalonian officer who had been saved with me from shipwreck on the coast of Santa Caterina, was occupied, with a few of the best, in fitting up several merchant vessels as fireships, with the greatest possible quantity of combustibles, and directing them towards the enemy. That expedient incommoded them during the night, but did not produce the effect desired; the chief defect of the Republicans being the extreme scarcity of men. Between the various mishaps of that dreadful night, that which most afflicted me was the defection of the little squadron of Corrientes. Villegas, the commandant, like many others whom I have seen bold in a calm, became so much terrified by approaching danger, that it was impossible to make him useful in any way to the allied vessels, although they were manned with good sailors, and fitted for any kind of service on the river, by their swiftness. Seeing Villegas not quite self-possessed, I ordered him to take his place behind the line of battle, where I had placed the hospital—a small vessel destined to that use. Towards evening he sent me word that he had changed his position to a short distance, for what motive I could not imagine. Needing his coöperation in the work of the fireships, I sent for Villegas in the night, and received the alarming news that he was nowhere to be found. Not being willing to think him capable of so much treachery, I went myself in a light palis-



cheríno, to satisfy myself of the truth. Not finding him, I proceeded several miles towards Corrientes, but in vain; and I returned, in bitterness of soul. My fears were unhappily too well founded, for most of the little vessels were destroyed in the service before the engagement began. I had counted on the Correntine vessels to receive the wounded and to contain the provisions necessary for all, as we were still far distant from the inhabited frontier of Corrientes. My last hope was now lost, by a cowardly retreat, which is the greatest of crimes when committed in the moment of danger.

I returned on board my vessel a short time before day-break. A fight was inevitable, but I saw nothing around me but men lying down overcome with fatigue, and heard no sound except the lamentations of the unfortunate wounded, who had not yet been transported to the hospital. Being now unable to wait any longer, I gave the signal and ordered the men to their stations. I gave the orders and spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, which were not in vain, as I found my companions, although spent with fatigue, with spirit remaining which could yet be excited. They replied with a general cry for battle, and every man was immediately at his post. The engagement was recommenced when it was hardly light; but, if the advantage appeared to be on our side in the previous affair, we now decidedly had the worst. The new cartridges had been made of bad powder; we had

used all the balls of proper size for the calibre of the guns, and those we now had were smaller, and, therefore, in going out, did much injury to the pieces, which had before done such service against the enemy. The latter observed the weakness of our fire, and being then informed of our condition by some deserters, showed great joy, while their vessels, which were unable the day preceding to form a line, now effected it in security. Thus the condition and prospects of the Republicans were growing worse and worse, while those of their enemies every moment improved. At length a retreat became necessary, not with the vessels, for it was impossible to move them from their positions, in consequence of their broken condition, the want of water, and the miserable state of the crews. Nothing could be hoped for but the saving of their lives. I therefore gave orders for landing, in a few small boats which remained, the wounded, the arms, the little ammunition left, and all the provisions which they were able to take. In the meantime the fight continued; although on our part but very feebly, but with redoubled vigor by the victorious enemy.

The matches were then prepared, and the firemen stood ready to burn the vessels. All was ready; and, with the few men remaining with me, I got into the boats. The enemy, on discovering our preparations for debarking, naturally inferred our design of retreating, and put all their infantry on the march, to

attack us. I was not disposed to meet them, with such inequality of numbers and arms, and in the condition of the enemy's infantry. Besides, an open river was to be crossed. But the burning of the vessels, by the Santa Barbara operation, blowing-up, was performed in a terrible manner, and gave the enemy clear notice of our movements.

The scene presented by the burning flotilla was very striking. The river lay as clear as crystal; and the burning cinders fell on both its banks, while a terrible noise of explosions was continually heard.

Towards evening, in our little boats, we approached the River Espinillo, and encamped on its right bank. During the voyage to Esquina, the first town in Corrientes, we spent three days, proceeding very painfully among islands and ponds, and reduced to one ration a day, consisting of a single biscuit, without anything else to eat. On reaching Esquina, our condition was considerably improved; the wounded were placed under shelter; and the men had meat in abundance. The inhabitants, who were good Republicans, showed us the greatest hospitality.

We spent some months in the Province of Corrientes, without the occurrence of anything important. At length the Governor formed a plan to arm a flotilla of small vessels; but succeeded in nothing but losing time. I then received orders from Montevideo to march to the scene of revolution in San Francisco, in Uruguay, and place myself and my forces at the dis-

position of General Rivera, who was stationed with an army in that neighborhood.

I then traversed the entire territory of Corrientes, from Santa Lucia to the Pass of Higos, on the Uruguay. Going through the Pass, we arrived at San Francisco, partly by the river and partly by land. At the Falls I had the pleasure of meeting Anzani, then transformed into a merchant. Having reached San Francisco, I there found several vessels of war, of which I took the command. General Rivera had gone into Entre Rios, with the army, where the army of Corrientes was to meet him, and go to attack that of Ouribes. On the 6th of December, 1842, occurred, at Arroyo Grande, the celebrated battle in which the nation fought for their sacred rights; but the power of a tyrant triumphed. Different circumstances led to this result, which would require much time to give in detail: but the chief cause was the discord fomented by the ambition of a few, which plunged all into disaster, and exposed them to extermination by an implacable conqueror. Oh, virtuous and generous people! The same fortune befel Italy at a later day, which was suffered by the provinces of La Plata, and brought about by the same cause, which was sent by Heaven in wrath.

At San Francisco, where I found General Aguyar staying on account of his health, I remained only a short time, when I received orders from him to collect all the disposable forces, and a few hundred militia,

called Aguerridos, commanded by Colonel Guerra, and march to the Pass of Vessilles, to coöperate actively with the enemy. I reached that place with the vessels, and there found the remains of the army's residence, but not a single person. I sent scouts, to search the surrounding country; but discovered nothing! That day was the fatal sixth of December; and every man had been called to the field of battle, which was decided at the distance of eighteen miles from the spot, on the bank of the Arroyo Grande. There sometimes seems to be something in the depths of our minds superior to understanding; at least so it seemed to me on that occasion. Without pretending to explain it, I thought I felt its effects; which, although in a confused manner, seemed something like looking into the future.

On that day I felt a solemn impression on my heart, mingled with bitterness, like the feelings of warriors left languishing on a field of battle, and trampled on by the insolent soldier, by the hoof of the war-horse of the cruel, the implacable conqueror. Very few were saved from that terrible battle; and the whole band, with me, experienced feelings difficult to describe, indeed, quite unspeakable. Sadness was mingled with a prevailing presentiment of disaster. Not being able to find any living being who could give information of the army, and having no orders from General Aguyar, I resolved to land all the troops, leaving only a small number in the boats, and to march in search of

the army. It should be remarked, that I always pursued my favorite system of the Rio Grande, and never marched without a contingent of cavalry, taken from my amphibious companions in misfortune, men who had been thrown out of the cavalry of the army, for some fault or perhaps some crime, but who fought well, and whom I severely punished when they deserved it.

Although no human beings were to be found in that region, we caught a number of horses which had been abandoned, and obtained a sufficient supply for the service. The abundance of horses in those countries greatly facilitates such an operation. All things were soon ready ; and I was on the point of giving the order for marching, when, well for me, an order was received from General Aguiar, recalling me to San Francisco. But for this, I and my troops would doubtless have fallen victims : for the army was so completely broken up on that day, that it would have been impossible to find anything but the mere wreck of it, while we must have met the victorious enemy, from whom escape would have been very difficult, if not impossible.

The troops, therefore, reëmbarked, without the object being known even to their commander, and without obtaining any news whatever of the events of the day. On reaching San Francisco, I received a note from Colonel Esteves, beginning with the following terrible words :

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*“ Our army has suffered a reverse ! ”*

General Aguiar had marched along the left bank of the Uruguay, to collect the fugitives, and requested me to stay in San Francisco, to guard the great quantity of materials of every kind remaining there.

## CHAPTER XIX.

PUBLIC DISMAY—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE RISING—I RETURN TO MONTEVIDEO—OURIVES COMING TO BESIEGE IT—PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE—GENERAL PAZ—I AM ORDERED TO COLLECT A FLOTILLA—A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

IN the period which elapsed between the battle of Arroyo Grande and the beginning of the siege of Montevideo, that confusion prevailed which is common in such cases, when plans are by turns formed, rejected, and again adopted. Fear, desertion, and irresolution existed; but they were found only in rare and individual cases. The people stood firm and heroic, at the voice of noble-hearted men, who proclaimed that the Republic was in danger, and called upon all to rise in its defence. In a short time there was a new army, which, although neither so large nor so well disciplined as the former, was, at least, more full of energy and enthusiasm, and more strongly impressed with the sacred cause which impelled them. It was no longer the cause of a single man which stimulated the multitude: the star of that man had sunk in the late battle, and in vain endeavored again to rise. It was the cause of the nation, in the presence of which personal hatred and dissention were silenced. Foreigners were preparing to invade the territory of the Republic; and



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every citizen came out with arms and horses, to range himself under the banner, to repel him. The danger increased, and with it the zeal and devotion of that generous people. Not a single voice was heard to utter the word "submission," or "accommodation." Since the battle of Novara, in Piedmont, I could never compare my countrymen with the Montevideans without blushing. However, all Italy desired not to submit to foreign dominion, but panted for battle; and I am convinced that Italians, like Montevideans, possess constancy and generous devotion to liberty. But they have so many and such powerful influences to keep them enslaved!

I had then orders to sink the small vessels in the channel of the river, by which the enemy's fleet could come up. The larger vessels of the patriot flotilla were then not to be sunk, but to be burned; I was therefore soon engaged in burning a third fleet; but this was not to be done, as on the two former occasions, while fighting, my sailors having, consequently, once more been transformed into foot soldiers. I remained with them a few days in San Francisco, to allow time to ship for Montevideo the remaining materials of the army; and we then set off on the march for the capital, in the neighborhood of which all the forces were to be collected. Little or nothing of importance occurred on the journey, except my acquaintance with General Pacheco, then a Colonel in Mercedes. That illustrious Oriental commenced, at

that dangerous crisis, to display a noble superiority in energy, courage, and capacity. He, beyond all question, was the principal champion of the gigantic struggle sustained by his country against foreign invasion; a struggle which will serve as an example to future generations, and to all nations who are not willing to submit to force; and may God protect the Oriental people!

Montevideo presented, at that time, a surprising spectacle. Ourives had conquered, and was advancing at the head of an army, which had passed through the Argentine provinces like a tempest, or rather like a thunderbolt. At the Coriolano of Montevideo, neither the prostrations of the priests would have availed, nor the tears of wives or mothers, to soften the hearts of the soldiers. The idea of chastising that city, which had driven him away, and seen him fly, gratified the soul of that atrocious man. The army of Montevideo had been destroyed, and nothing of it remained except small and disheartened fragments of forces, scattered over the territory of the Republic. The squadrons were cut in pieces, arms and ammunition were very scarce, or entirely wanting, and the treasury! It is only necessary to imagine it in the hands of such men as Vidal, intent on nothing but on getting doubloons, as the most portable kind of money for a meditated flight. He was Minister General.

It was, however, necessary to defend themselves. There were many men belonging to Rivera's party for

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whom there was no escape after the arrival of the others, and for whom the defence was an indispensable condition. But they were powerless and trembling, being bound to their employments and property. Yet the nation, the people, did not regard Ourives as the antagonist of Rivera, but as the head of a foreign army, which he led on for invasion, slavery and death; and they ran to the defence with a feeling of their rights. In a short time the army, in companies of cavalry, was made new. An army, chiefly consisting of infantry, was organized in Montevideo, to support the capital, and under the auspices of that man of victories, General Paz. That General Paz, whom envy, but no good cause at all, had driven from the command, replied to the call of his country in a time of danger, appeared at the head of the forces of the capital, and organized, with recruits and freemen, then emancipated by the Republic, that army which, for seven years, was the bulwark of the country, and still maintains itself in the presence of the most powerful enemy in South America.

Many leaders, forgotten and not fond of wars in which only individual interests were engaged, made their appearance in the files of the defenders, and increased the enthusiasm and confidence of the troops. A line of fortifications was to be drawn around the city towards the accessible part from the country, and they labored with alacrity until it was completed. Before the enemy's approach, manufactories of arms and ammu-

niton, foundries of cannon, shops for making clothes and accoutrements for soldiers, all sprang up at once, as if by a miracle. Cannons, which, from the days of the Spaniards, had been judged useless, and placed as guards at the borders of the sidewalks in the streets, were dug out and mounted for defence.

I was appointed to organize a flotilla, for which several small vessels were chosen. A favorable incident proved very valuable to me, by enabling me to commence that armament. The enemy's brig Oscar, in sailing at night in the neighborhood of the coast, ran upon the point of the Cerro. That is the name of a mountain west of Montevideo, which forms, with its base, the western side of the harbor. In spite of every effort made by the enemy to get the vessel afloat, they were obliged to abandon her. We profited much by that shipwreck. From the first the enemy endeavored to prevent our saving her, and sent the sloop of war Palmar to cannonade us; but not obtaining much advantage from this, and the Republicans showing much obstinacy in seizing their prey, they soon left them at liberty to pursue their work.

Among the numerous objects removed from the wreck, were five cannons, which served to arm three small vessels, the first in the new flotilla, and which were immediately put to use in covering the left flank of the line of fortifications. I regarded the loss of the Oscar as a good augury of the terrible defeat which was preparing.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE ENEMY REACH MONTEVIDEO—GEN. RIVERA'S MOVEMENT ON THEIR LEFT FLANK—GEN. PAZ COMMANDS IN THE CITY—SERVICES BY THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN CORPS—TREACHERY—MISMANAGEMENT—GEN. PACHECO CORRECTS IT—ATTACK ON THE BESIEGERS—ITALIAN LEGION DISTINGUISHED—ANZANI—SERVICES OF THE FLOTILLA—A PROVIDENTIAL EVENT—COMMODORE PURVIS—BRITISH INTERVENTION—NEGOTIATION.

It was now the 16th of February, 1843. The fortifications of the city had hardly had time to be completed, and to allow a few cannons to be placed, when the enemy's army made its appearance on the surrounding heights. General Rivera, at the head of the cavalry, although not strong enough to be able to fight them, had gone out and taken the field, turning the left flank of the enemy, and placing himself in their rear. That manœuvre, performed in a masterly manner, placed him again in a state to carry on the war with advantage. General Paz remained in command of the forces in the capital, which were numerous compared with the extent of wall which was to be defended. If, however, we regard the materials of which they were composed, who were raw recruits, and the pernicious elements at work, they could not be

considered powerful. The constancy of the General, however, was displayed to the utmost, who sustained with them the first and most dangerous battles of the siege; and notwithstanding the generous spirit displayed by the people, there was no want of disturbers, cowards, and traitors. Vidal, then the Minister-General, had robbed the treasury, and run away. Antuña, colonel of a corps, and head of the police, deserted to the enemy, with many other civil and military officers. A corps, called *Aguerridos*, composed of foreigners hired by the Republic, in various affairs, had almost entirely deserted; and one night, when they occupied an advanced post, by their treachery they greatly exposed the security of the city. Such examples also were imitated by single individuals, who, from various motives, abandoned the files of the defenders, to pass over to the enemy.

Affairs did not go on well at first. I never knew why Ourives, who must have been well acquainted with occurrences, did not take advantage of such distrust and the bad state of the fortifications, to make a vigorous attack upon the place. He did nothing but make reconnaissances and false attacks by night. In the meantime foreign legions were organized and armed. In whatever way the spirit of the French and Italian legions may be viewed, it must not be denied that the first call to arms was answered by a generous rising, to repel the invasion of their adopted country: but afterwards individuals were introduced, whose in-

terested views were quite on the contrary side. The organizing and arming of those corps, however, certainly availed in securing the safety of the city. The French, being more numerous and more excited by military display, soon had two thousand six hundred men under arms. The Italians assembled, in number five hundred ; and, although they might seem few in proportion to the number in the country, and their education, I was surprised at seeing so many, considering their habits. They were afterwards increased, but never exceeded seven hundred.

General Paz, profiting by the increase of forces, established an exterior line, at the distance of a cannon-shot beyond the walls. From that time the system of defence was settled, and the enemy were no more able to approach the city.

While I had charge of the flotilla, with the organizing of which I was proceeding, Angelo Mancini was placed in command of the legion—a man of infamous memory ; and he was accepted. The flotilla performed its first service in a sortie ; and, as might be supposed, made no favorable figure. Italian bravery was despised, and I consequently burned with shame. The Legion was appointed to form part of an expedition to the Cerro ; and I was to accompany it. General Bauza, an experienced and good soldier, but an old man, had the command. He appeared in the presence of the enemy, marching and counter-marching, without accomplishing any effect. It was,

perhaps, prudent not to attack an enemy, who, if not more numerous, were more experienced and warlike. I endeavored to excite the veteran general, but in vain, when fortune sent General Pacheco from Montevideo, who was then Minister of War. His appearance gratified me very much, as I knew him to be an enterprising and brave man. We were soon acquainted, and I was treated by the new chief with confidence and familiarity. I requested leave to drive the enemy from a position beyond a ditch, which then served as a dividing line to the besiegers. He not only assented, but ordered General Bauza to support the movement of the Italian Legion. We attacked the left wing of the enemy, who fearlessly awaited us with a firm front and a terrible volley of musketry. But the Italian Legion was victorious that day. Although numbers fell wounded, their comrades pressed on fearlessly, and at length charged with bayonets, when the enemy fled, and were pursued to a considerable distance. The centre and right were also victorious, and took forty-two prisoners, besides killed and wounded.

That action, although of little importance in itself, was of very great value in its effects,—greatly strengthening the spirit of the Republican army, and diminishing that of the enemy, while it established, from that day, the military character of the Italian Legion. It was also the precursor of many great deeds performed by that corps, which was never conquered.



The next day the Italian Legion was in the principal square of the metropolis, in view of the whole population, receiving the praises of the Minister of War and the acclamations of all the people. The impressive words of General Pacheco had resounded among the multitude. I had never heard words more adapted to rouse a nation.

The Italian Legion had now fought for the first time and by itself, and there was that same Captain Giacomo Minuto who was afterwards captain of cavalry in Rome, and there received a wound in the breast from a ball, and died in consequence of loosening the bandages at the news of the entrance of the French.

Major Pedro Rodriguez also displayed much bravery.

From that day until the appearance of Anzani in the Legion, I absented myself but little from the corps, although engaged at sea most of the time. About that period Anzani was at Buenos Ayres, where, receiving an invitation from me, he came to Montevideo. The acquisition of Anzani to the Legion was extremely valuable, especially for instruction and discipline. Although he was much opposed by Manceni and by the second chief, who could not submit to acknowledge his superior merit, being perfect in military knowledge and direction, he systematized the corps on as regular a footing as circumstances would permit.

The flotilla, although of little importance, did not

fail to be worth something to the defence of the place. Posted at the left extremity of the line of defence, it not only effectually covered it, but threatened the right flank of the enemy whenever it attempted an attack. It served as a link between the important position of the Cerro and the Island of Libertad, by greatly facilitating and coöperating in the attempts which were continually made upon the right of the enemy, who were besieging the Cerro. The Island of Libertad had been watched by the enemy, who laid a plan to get possession of it. Their squadron, under command of General Brown, was prepared to invade it and gain possession. It was determined that artillery should be placed upon it, and I transported to it two cannon, eighteen pounders.

About ten at night, that operation having been performed, I left the island with a company of my countrymen, and returned towards Montevideo. Then happened one of those unforeseen and important events which, I love to say, are evidently brought about by the hand of Providence. The Island of Libertad, placed in advance of the coast of the Cerro at the distance of less than a cannon-shot, is less than three miles from Montevideo. The wind blew from the South, and caused some agitation of the sea in the bay in proportion to its force, and especially in that passage between the island and the mole. I had embarked in a launch, purchased by the government, and had with me sailors enough to perform the service just executed,

and the large lighter in tow, in which the artillery had been transported. Between the waves rolling in from the south and the weight of the boat, which was also exactly square in shape, we proceeded slowly, drifting considerably towards the north end of the bay, when, all at once, several vessels of war were discovered to the leeward, and so near that the sentinels were heard calling to the men, "Keep quiet!" It was doubtless the enemy's squadron.

We wonderfully escaped being captured by them ; but the principal cause of our safety was, that the small vessels and the boats of the enemy had gone to attack the island, and there was nothing left that could pursue us. If this had not been the case, we should doubtless have been taken : but, more than this, the enemy did not fire a shot, though they might easily have sunk our little vessels, for fear of alarming their troops who had gone to the island, to surprise it. But what an escape it appeared to me when I reached the mole, and began to hear a terrible discharge of musketry on the Island of Libertad ! I immediately reported the proceedings to the government, and then went on board my little vessels, to prepare them to go in aid of the troops on the island. They were only about sixty there, not well armed, and with but little ammunition. I set sail at dawn of day, with only two small vessels, called *yates* ; the third, and only remaining one of the flotilla, not being fit for use at that time. We proceeded, and soon entered between the

island and the Cerro, uncertain whether the enemy had got possession or not in their night attack. But the brave Italians, although taken unexpectedly, had fought with bravery, and had not only repulsed the enemy, but driven them back with much loss ; and the corpses of Rosas' soldiers floated about in the waters of the harbor several days after. Having sent a skiff to the island to ascertain its fate, I soon received welcome intelligence of the successful resistance. I speedily landed the munitions, and one of my officers with some men to serve the guns ; and this had hardly been accomplished when the enemy opened their fire, and the island replied with its two cannon. I then, with my two boats, got to windward of the enemy's vessels, and did all I could against them. But the combat was unequal in the extreme. I had against me two brigantines and two schooners, and one of the former had sixteen guns. The cannons on the island had platforms, and were ill-supplied with ammunition, and therefore did not fire well, or produce much effect. Had they been better provided for, they might have done good service. Although the sea was not very rough, it was sufficiently so to prevent the guns of my two little vessels from firing with precision ; and, in short, it seemed impossible that the engagement could fail to be to the enemy successful. But once more God provided for us !

Commodore Purvis, then commander of the British station at Montevideo, sent a messenger to Brown, on

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account of which he ceased firing. From that moment the affairs turned to negotiation. The enemy's squadron left the harbor, and the island did not again fall into the power of another. Whatever the reasons of the Commodore may have been, it is undeniable that some degree of chivalrous generosity towards an unfortunate but courageous people entered into the sympathies and into the act of the philanthropic son of Albion. From that moment Montevideo knew that she had in the English Commodore not only a friend, but a protector.

## CHAPTER XXI.

EXPLOITS OF THE ITALIAN LEGION DURING THE SIEGE—TRES CRUCES—  
THE PASS OF BOJADA—THE QUADRADO—GENERAL RIVERA DEFEATED  
AT INDIA MUERTA, BUT WITHOUT DISCOURAGING EFFORTS, INTERVEN-  
TION CONTINUED—AN EXPEDITION IN THE URUGUAY, THE FLO-  
TILLA BEING UNDER MY COMMAND.

THE affair of the island increased the fame and importance to the arms of the Republic, although its favorable result was more due to fortune than to anything else, and although nothing more was gained by defending it. Thus it was, that by insignificant, or at least small but successful enterprizes, a cause was fostered and raised up, which had been considered by many as desperate. A patriotic and excellent administration of the government, at the head of which was Pacheco; the management of the war by the incomparable General Paz; the fearless and powerful support given by the people, then purged from their few traitors and cowards; and the arming of the foreign Legions,—in short, everything promised a happy result.

The Italian Legion, whose formation was ridiculed by some, and especially by the French, had now acquired so much fame, that they were envied by the best troops. They had never been beaten, though they had

shared in the most difficult enterprizes and most arduous battles.

At Tres Cruces, (the Three Crosses,) where the fearless Colonel Neva, from an excess of courage, had fallen within the enemy's lines, the Legion sustained one of those Homeric battles described in history, fighting hand to hand, and driving the troops of Orives from their strongest positions, until they brought away the dead body of the chief of the line. The losses of the Legion on that day were considerable, compared with their small numbers, but on that account they gained more honor. That success, which seemed as if it might exhaust it, on the contrary fostered it exceedingly. It grew in numbers, with new recruits, soldiers of a day, but who fought like veterans! Such is the Italian soldier; such are the sons of the despised nation, when struck with the generous idea of what is noble.

At the Pass of the Bajada, on the 24th of April, was one of the most serious conflicts. A corps of the army under the command of General Paz, had marched out from Montevideo, passed by the right wing of the enemy, proceeded along the shore of the north bend of the bay to Pantanoso, where, joining the Republican forces of the Cerro, he intended to make a decisive blow on the enemy's army,—who were thus drawn out of their strong positions of the Cerrito,—to surprise two battalions, stationed on the shores of that marshy little stream. As that operation was not successful

in consequence of a want of concert, they were obliged to go through the Pass, involved in a very sharp action. Of the two divisions comprising the corps, which were about seven thousand, that which formed the rearguard was so much pressed by the enemy, that, when recovered from surprise, they endeavored to regain their ground. This they would have saved with the greatest possible effort, in consequence of the extreme difficulty of the place. I commanded the division of the centre; and the general ordered me to re-pass and support the troops in that danger. I obeyed, but, to my surprise, found the battle a desperate one. The Republicans were fighting bravely: but the enemy had surrounded them, and then occupied a very strong salting establishment, (called *Saladero*,) between us and the rearguard, who had exhausted their ammunition. The head of the Italian column entered the *Saladero*, just when the head of one of the enemy's columns had entered. Then commenced a very warm contest, hand to hand; and finally Italian bravely triumphed. At that place the ground was encumbered with dead bodies; but my friends were safe, and the fight proceeded, with advantage to our side. Other corps came in to support them, and the retreat was effected in admirable order. The French Legion, on that day, going to operate simultaneously on the line of the city, was defeated.

The 28th of March, however, was highly honorable to the Republican arms, and to the Italian Legion.



The movement was directed by General Pacheco. The enemy were besieging the Cerro, under the orders of General Nuñez, who had shamefully deserted to the enemy's files, in the beginning of the siege. They showed much boldness, and several times came up under the heavy ramparts of the fortress, threatening to cut off the communications with the city and destroying with musket shots the light-house erected on the upper part of the edifices. General Pacheco ordered several corps to be transported to the Cerro, among which was the Italian Legion. That movement took place during the night; and at the first light it was in ambush in a powder manufactory, half a mile from the battery. That edifice, although in ruins, had the walls standing, and afforded sufficient space to contain the entire Italian Legion, though in a somewhat confined situation. Skirmishing was commenced, and afterwards something more serious. The enemy stood boldly against their opponents, and got possession of a strong position called the *Quadrado*, or the Square, at the distance of a short cannon-shot from the Powder-house. A number of men had already been wounded among the Republicans, and, among others, Colonel Cajés and Estivao, in my opinion the best of the officers. Such was the state of things, when the signal was given for the Legion to make a sortie, and the conflict became serious, under the command of Colonel Carceres, who had charge of the force engaged. I shall always feel proud of having belonged

to that handful of brave men, having always seen them on the high road of victory.

It was proposed to attack the enemy on an eminence, behind the shelter of a ditch and parapet. The space which it was necessary to pass, in order to assault it, was unobstructed by any obstacle, and therefore the enterprise was by no means an easy one. But the Legion, that day, would have faced fiends, if they could have been conjured upon the field; and they marched on against the enemy, without firing a shot and without hesitating for a moment, except to throw themselves into the Pantanoso, three miles distant from the field of battle. Nuñez was killed, and many prisoners were taken. The Oriental corps, in company with the Italians, fought very bravely; and, though the above-mentioned movement was somewhat retarded, the order was given to the column on the right to advance and place itself between the river and the enemy. And certainly not one of the enemy's infantry was saved.

That battle reflects great honor on the skill of General Pacheco.

During the first years of the seige of Montevideo, the Italian Legion sustained innumerable conflicts. They suffered the loss of many killed and wounded; but in no engagement did they disgrace themselves.

General Rivera was defeated at India Muerta; but the capital was not conquered with him. The corps belonging to it were trained to war by daily fighting,

and also gained moral advantage over the besiegers. The English and French intervention took place, and then all parties anticipated a happy result of the war.

A project for operations, combined by the government and the admirals of the two allied nations, was an expedition in the Uruguay; and it was placed under my command. In the period now past, the national flotilla had been increased by the addition of several vessels, some of which were chartered, like the first, and others sequestered from certain enemies of the Republic, and others still were prizes made from the enemy, who sent their vessels to the Bucco and other places on the coast in possession of the forces of Ourives. Then, between the acquisition of the above-mentioned vessels, and of two others of the Argentine squadron, sequestered by the English and French, and placed at the disposition of the Oriental government, the expedition for the Uruguay was composed of about fifteen vessels, the largest of which was the Cagancha, a brig of sixteen guns, and the smallest were several boats.

The landing corps was thus composed: the Italian Legion of about two hundred men, about two hundred Nationals, under command of Colonel Battle, and about a hundred cavalry, with two four pounders and six horses in all.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE EXPEDITION PROCEEDS FOR THE URUGUAY — COLONIA TAKEN BY IT — BURNED—PAGE, A SUSPICIOUS FRENCHMAN — MARTIN GARCIA TAKEN.

It was near the close of the year 1845 when the expedition left Montevideo for the Uruguay, beginning an honorable campaign with brilliant but fruitless results, for the generous but unfortunate Oriental nation. We arrived at Colonia, where the English and French squadrons were awaiting us, to assail the city. It was not a very arduous enterprise, under the protection of the superfluous guns of the vessels. I landed with my Legionaries; and the enemy opposed no resistance under the walls: but, on getting outside of them, they were found ready for battle. The allies then debarked, and requested their commanders to support me in driving the enemy away. A force of each of the two nations accordingly came out for my assistance. But the Italians had hardly begun to fight, and obtained some advantage, when the allies retired within the city walls. The reason for this unexpected movement was never explained to me; but I was compelled to follow their example, in consequence of the great inferiority of my force compared with that of the enemy.

When the other party proposed to abandon the city, they obliged the inhabitants to evacuate it, and then endeavored to give it to the flames. From that time, therefore, many of the houses presented the sad spectacle of the effects of conflagration, the furniture having been broken, and everything lying in confusion. When the Legion landed, and the Nationals, they had immediately followed the enemy who were retreating ; and the allies, landing afterwards, occupied the empty city, sending out a part of their forces to support them. Now it was difficult, between the obstacles presented by the ruins and the fire, to maintain the discipline necessary to prevent some depredations ; and the English and French soldiers, in spite of the severe injunctions of the Admirals, did not fail to take the clothes which were scattered about the streets and in the deserted houses. The Italians followed their example, and, in spite of every exertion made by me and my officers to prevent them, some of them persisted in the work for a time ; and I have the mortification of acknowledging that I did not entirely succeed in my efforts to prevent them. The most important articles taken by the Italians, however, were eatables ; and this afforded some consolation, as the fact was less discreditable to my countrymen than if they had chosen objects of lasting pecuniary value. I feel also most confident in saying, that nothing of that disgraceful conduct would have happened, but for the beginning made by the allied troops.

A Frenchman, named Page, who then resided in Montevideo, published a description of the scene of plunder. It was said by his contemporaries, that Page was a creature of Guizot, sent out as a fiscal, and to take account of what happened. I could not ascertain whether he was a diplomatic spy or not. It is certain that, in consequence of the French sympathy, I was obliged, on landing on the shore of Colonia, to send the men below, as their ship was thundering, with its cannon well pointed towards us. We had several men wounded, receiving contusions from splinters and fragments of rock. Besides, Page's *elegant* "Narrative of Facts," as he entitled a report which he published, called the Italian Legion "Condoltreri," a term of contempt, in his opinion, but which they were farthest from deserving.

In Colonia I and my troops might have coöperated in an attack on the city ; but they were sent elsewhere, to restore the authority of the Republic on the banks of the Uruguay. The Island of Martin Garcia, where I arrived before Anzani with a small force, yielded without resistance. There I obtained a number of oxen and a few horses.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRST MEETING WITH A "MARTRERO"—DESCRIPTION OF HIS HABITS AND CHARACTER—ANOTHER MARTRERO, JUAN DE LA CRUZ—THE RIO NEGRO—JOSEPH MUNDELL—THE SEVERITY OF THE ENEMY DROVE THE MARTRERO AND PEOPLE TO US.

AT Colonia I met with the first "Martrero" I ever saw. He was named Sivoriña, and was one of the remarkable men known by that title who belonged to the patriot party. The services of that class of brave adventurers were of great value to that expedition.

The "Martrero" is a type of independent man. One of them often rules over an immense extent of country in that part of South America, with the authority of a government, yet without laying taxes, or raising tribute: but he asks and receives from the inhabitants their good will, and what is needful to his wandering life. He demands nothing but what is necessary; and his wants are limited. A good horse is the first element of a Martrero. His arms, usually consisting of a carbine, a pistol, a sword, and his knife, which are his inseparable companions, are things without which he would think he could not exist. If it is considered that from the ox he obtains the furniture of his saddle; the "*Mancador*," with which to bind his companion to

the pasture ; “ *Mancas*,” to accustom him to remaining bound and not to stray ; the “ *Bolas*,” which stop the *bagual*, or wild horse, in the midst of his fury, and throw him down, by entangling his legs : the “ *Lazo*,” not the least useful of his auxiliaries, and which hangs perennially on the right haunch of his steed ; and finally the meat, which is the only food of the *Martbrero* ;—if all these are borne in mind, in the forming and use of which the knife is indispensable, some idea may be conceived of how much he counts on that instrument, which he also employs, with wonderful dexterity, in wounding and cutting the throat of his enemy. The *Martbrero* is the same as the *Gaúcho* of the Pampas, and the *Monarca de la cuchilla*, (*Monarch of the Knife*,) of the Rio Grande, but more free and independent. He will obey, when the system of government is conformed to his own opinions and sympathies. The field and the wood are his halls ; and the ground is his bed. To him little appears sufficient. When he enters his house, the *Martbrero* there finds one who truly loves him, and shares with him his toils and dangers, with courage and fortitude equal to his own. Woman as the more perfect being, appears to me to be naturally more adventurous and chivalrous than man ; and the servile education to which in that country she is condemned, probably prevents the examples from being more common.

Vivoriña was the first of the *Martbreros* who joined my troops : but he was not the best. On the banks of



the channel of Inferno, the eastern one, between the island of Martin Garcia and the continent, he had seized a boat, and put his pistol to the breast of its master, and compelled him to transport him to the Island, whither he came and presented himself to me. Many other Martreros afterwards came in, and rendered much service in the ulterior operations ; but the man on whom I love to bestow a high title, and who joined to the courage and audacity of a Martrero, the valor, integrity and coolness of a good captain, was Juan de la Cruz Ledesma, of whom mention will often be made in this narrative.

Juan de la Cruz, with his black head-dress, his eagle eyes, noble mien, and beautiful person, was my intrepid and faithful companion in that Uruguay expedition, which I consider the most brilliant in which I was ever engaged ; and he, and Joseph Mundell, equally brave and better educated, are impressed upon my mind for life.

In Colonia were assembled Colonel Battle, and the Nationals of the garrison. In Martin Garcia we had left some men, and raised the Republican standard. The expedition then continued the voyage along the river. Anzani had the vanguard, with some of the smaller vessels, and took possession of a number of merchantmen under the enemy's flag. We thus reached Yaguary, a confluent of the Rio Negro with the Uruguay.

The Rio Negro, which empties into the Uruguay at

that place, forms several islands of considerable size, covered with woods and pasture-grounds in ordinary times ; but in winter, when the rivers are swollen by the rains, they are almost entirely flooded, so that only animals are able to live there. The troops, however, found enough oxen and some wild horses. The greatest benefit to the expedition there was the landing of the horses, and allowing them relief from the evils of the voyage. Beyond those islands towards the east, and bathed by the Rio Negro on the south, by the Uruguay on the north, is the *Rincon de las Gallinas*. This is a part of the main land, of considerable extent, joined to the neighboring country by an Isthmus ; and it abounded with an immense number of animals, of various kinds, not excepting horses. It was, therefore, one of the favorite spots of the Martberos. One of my first cares was to march, with a part of the landing force, and take a position on the shore of the Rincon, from which I sent out Vivoriña, with Miranda, one of his companions, on horseback. They soon met with several of the Martberos of the place, who joined the expedition, and were soon followed by others ; and, from that time, a beginning was made in forming a body of cavalry, which increased very fast. Meat was abundant ; and in that same night an operation was undertaken against a party of the enemy, which had the most successful issue. A Lieutenant Gallegos, who had accompanied the troops from Montevideo, was intrusted with the command. He surprised the enemy, in

number about twenty ; but few were able to escape, and he brought in six prisoners, some of whom were wounded. The affair gained for us several horses, which were a very important acquisition in our circumstances.

The system adopted by the enemy was, to send the inhabitants into the interior, in order to cut off their communications with the troops ; and this induced many of those unfortunate people to join us, among whom they found a kind reception and a safe retreat, in the largest of the islands, to which the soldiers carried a great number of animals, and chiefly sheep, for their subsistence. Thus, in different ways, the expedition gained strength and was favored by circumstances, especially by the arrival of Juan de la Cruz, whose discovery deserves to be mentioned.

The Martberos of the Rincon, who were assembled with me at the time, informed me that Juan de la Cruz, at the head of a few parties of his friends, had fought several bands of the enemy on previous days ; but, overcome by numbers, had been obliged to scatter his men, and take to the woods alone, in the thickest bushes, and even to abandon his horse, and to set off in a canoe, for the most obscure islands of the Uruguay. There he was still an object of the chief persecution to the enemy, who, after the battle of India Muerta, when there were no longer any national corps in the country, could pursue the Martberos at their pleasure. In such a painful situation was he found at that time ;

and I intrusted one Saldana, an old companion of Juan de la Cruz, with a few Martreros, to visit his retreat and bring him away. The undertaking was successful ; and after a few days spent in the search, they found him, on an island, in a tree, and his canoe tied at its root, floating in the water, it being the time of inundation, and the little island being flooded. He had so placed himself that he could at once have retreated into the woods, if enemies had appeared, instead of friends.

The young Italians in the expedition at that time, learned a lesson of the life they will be called to lead, when they shall see their country redeemed. Juan de la Cruz was an important acquisition to the expedition. From that day forward, we had with us all the Martreiros of the surrounding district, and a force of excellent cavalry, without which little or nothing could have been undertaken in those countries..

The Isla del Biscaino, (or the Island of the Biscayan,) the largest in the Yaguary, soon became a colony, peopled by the families which fled from the barbarity of the enemy, and various others, from the capital. Many animals were sent over to it, a number of horses were left there, and an officer was entrusted with the care of everything.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EXPEDITION PROCEEDS—SURPRISE GUALEGUAYECHU—REACH THE HERVIDERO—ACCOMPANIED BY AN ENGLISH AND A FRENCH OFFICER—A LARGE ESTANCIA, AND ITS NUMEROUS HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS—I LEAVE THE VESSELS IN CHARGE OF ANZANI—GO WITH THE MARTREROS—LA CRUZ AND MUNDELL—ATTACK ON THE HERVIDERO—BATTLE OF ARROYO GRANDE.

THE expedition then proceeded by the river, and arrived at a place on its banks named Fray Bento, where the vessels cast anchor. About eight miles below, on the opposite bank, in the Province of Entre Rios, is the mouth of the River Gualeguayechu. The place is distant about six miles from its mouth. That province belonged to the enemy. The expedition was in want of horses for the operation; and good ones were to be found in that region, as well as materials needed to make clothing for the troops, and other necessary articles, with which the province was well provided. An expedition was therefore formed, to obtain supplies. I went up the river further, expressly for the purpose of preventing suspicion; and then, in the night, the small vessels and boats embarked the Italian Legionaries, and the cavalry with a few horses, and proceeded towards the landing-place. At the mouth of the little river lived a family, and it was

known that several merchant vessels and a small war-vessel were there, which it was necessary to surprise ; and this was effected. The troops were so successful, that they reached the very house of the commandant of Gualeguayechu, while he was asleep in his bed. The Colonel commandant of the country was named Villagra. All the authorities, with the National Guards, were soon in our hands ; and we garrisoned the strongest places with Republican troops. The expedition then proceeded to recruit horses and obtain other things of the most importance.

We obtained many excellent horses in Gualeguayechu, with articles necessary to clothe the men, harnesses for the cavalry, and some money, which was distributed among the sailors and soldiers. All the prisoners were released at our departure. A party of the enemy's cavalry, in garrison in the town, were found to be absent, on the arrival of the expedition, and returned during our stay. Being seen by the sentinels, a few of the best mounted and equipped of the cavalry were sent out, and an encounter took place, in which the enemy were repulsed. This little affair greatly encouraged the Republicans, especially as it took place in view of all. We had one man badly wounded.

At the mouth of the river was a peninsula, formed by it and a small stream, and there was the residence of the family before mentioned. The infantry embarked in the small vessels in which they had sailed ;

the cavalry marched by land to the peninsula, leading the horses they had taken ; and there they again remained. The labor of embarking and disembarking horses was not new to them ; and in a few days everything was carried away—some to the island of the Biscaino, and some to the other island in the upper part of the river, to serve in future operations.

The expedition then proceeded into the interior, as far as Paysandù, with the occurrence of little or nothing worthy of notice. In that city was a large guard, and the enemy had constructed some batteries and sunk a number of vessels, in different parts of the channel of the river, to obstruct the passage. All obstacles were overcome ; and a few shot in the vessels, and a few wounded men, were the only consequences of a heavy cannonade with the batteries. Two officers deserved my particular notice : one a Frenchman, and the other an Englishman, who commanded two small vessels of war of their nations, and accompanied me in almost the whole of that expedition, although their instructions were not to fight. The English Lieutenant was named Tench ; and he remained but a short time ; the French officer was Hypolite Marier, commander of the schooner L'Eclair. The latter was with me the whole time, and became very dear to me, being an officer of great merit.

We reached Hervidero, formerly a most beautiful establishment, then abandoned and deserted, but still very rich in animals, which were highly valuable to the

expedition all the time of our stay. That point of the Uruguay was named Hervidero, from the Spanish word Hervir, which means *to boil*; and indeed it looks like a boiling cauldron under all circumstances, but especially when the river is low, abounding in whirlpools formed by the numerous rocks lying under water, over which a very rapid current pours all the year. The passage is very dangerous. A very spacious house stands on an eminence, built with a terrace on the roof, called Azotca, and overlooks all the left bank of the river. Around it was a multitude of *Ranchos*, or barracks, with roofs of straw, which attested the great number of slaves possessed by the masters in more quiet times. When I first approached the house, I found herds of the *Ganado manso*, or domestic oxen, near the deserted habitations, in search of their exiled masters; and with them a *majada*, or flock of sheep, amounting to about forty thousand, while the *ganado cuero* or *alzado*,—that is, the wild cattle,—of about the same number, were scattered over the fields. Besides these there were innumerable horses, ginetes and Poledres, chiefly wild, and many quadrupeds of various kinds. These few lines may give some idea of the aspect of that kind of immense estates in South America, called *Estancias*.

The Hervidero, however, a *Saladero*, or place for salting meat for exportation, as well as for preparing hides, tallow, and, in short, everything furnished by the animals slaughtered in their country. The depth of



the river did not permit them to take any other in larger vessels. Anzani, with the infantry, lodged in the establishment, occupying it in a military manner. The measures taken were very useful in repressing an unexpected attack, arranged between the enemies of Entre Rios, under the command of General Garzon, and those of the Oriental State, under Colonel Lavalaja. That was undertaken while I was not at the Hervidero.

And, in the first place, as for the reason of my absence. Among the cares of Juan de la Cruz, was that of sending some of his martberos to inform the others, who were scattered along the left bank of the river, and those of the Gueguay, who were quite numerous. A certain Magellano, and one José Dominguez were among the most famous of them all. They were then in the neighborhood of the Gueguay. José Mundell had come to that country when a child, and had become identified with the inhabitants and accustomed to their habits. He had a present of an estancia, one of the best in that part of the country. Mundell was one of those privileged persons, who seem to have come into the world to govern all around them. With nothing extraordinary in his physical nature, he was strong and active, "a free cavalier," and of a most generous disposition; he had gained the hearts of all, on whom he bestowed benefits whenever they were in want, thus securing their love and tempering their natures. He was above all things adventurous. It

may be added that Mundell, although he had spent the most of his life in the desert, had, from his own taste, cultivated his mind and acquired by study more than an ordinary share of information. He had never taken any part in political affairs, beyond those connected with the choice of men for the Presidency, etc. But when the foreigners, under the orders of Ourives, invaded the territory of the Republic, he regarded indifference as a crime, and threw himself into the ranks of the defenders. With the influence which he had acquired among his brave neighbors, he soon collected several hundred men, and then sent me word that he was going to join me with them. The bold fellows, commanded by Juan de la Cruz, had brought in that news to the Hervidero; and I immediately resolved to meet with Mundell in the Arroyo Malo, about thirty miles below the Salto, or Falls. On the first night after my departure the attack was made on the Hervidero. Hearing the cannon and musketry while I was near Arroyo Malo, I was thrown into the greatest anxiety, as was very natural; but I confided much in the capacity of Anzani, whom I had left in charge of everything.

The attack on the Hervidero had been conceived and planned in such a manner that, if the execution had corresponded, its results must have been fatal. Garzon, whose forces were not fewer than two thousand men, most of them infantry, was to have approached the right bank of the river, while Laval-

leja was to attack the Hervidero. In order that they might strike at the same moment, they had placed two fireships in the Yuy, a small river of Entre Rios, a few miles above, intended, if not to burn the flotilla, at least to occupy the sailors, and render it impossible for them to give any assistance by land. The courage and coolness of Anzani, and the bravery of the troops, rendered all the efforts of the active enemy unavailing. Garzon effected nothing by his steady fire of musketry, because it was too distant, and the side of the river's bank was commanded by the cannon of the flotilla, which opened upon it. The fireships, being abandoned to the current, passed at a distance from the vessels, and were destroyed by their guns. Lavalleja pressed his troops against the brave Legionaries in vain, they being intrenched in the buildings; and terrifying the enemy with their silence and proud resistance.

Anzani had given orders that not a musket should be fired, until the enemy were near enough to have their clothes burnt by the powder; and this plan succeeded well, for, supposing the houses to have been evacuated, they advanced without apprehension: but a general discharge of musketry, when close at hand, from all quarters, put them immediately to flight, making it impossible to rally again.

Having arranged with Mundell about his entering Salto when occupied by the Republicans, I returned to the Hervidero. I received notice, about that time, from Colonel Baez, who was making arrangements to

join me with some men. The only vessel of the enemy stationed in the Yuy deserted to us, with a portion of the crew.

Thus everything smiled on the expedition.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE PROVINCE OF CORRIENTES CALLS GENERAL PAZ FROM MONTEVIDEO  
—ALLIANCE WITH PARAGUAY—I GO TO SALTO WITH THE FLOTILLA,  
TO RELIEVE IT FROM A SIEGE—WITH LA CRUZ AND MUNDELL, ATTACK  
LAVALLEJA—RETURN TO SALTO.

THE Province of Corrientes, after the battle of Arroyo Grande, had fallen again under the dominion of Rosas : but the admirable resistance of Montevideo, and some other favorable circumstances, called the people again to independence ; and Madariaga and the principal authorities in that revolution had invited General Paz from Montevideo, to take command of the army. That old and virtuous chief, by his own fame and capacity, induced Paraguay to make an offensive and defensive alliance ; and that state collected at Corrientes a respectable contingent for the army. Things thus proceeded wonderfully well for that part of the country ; and not the least important object was the opening of communications with those interior provinces, to collect in the Department of Salto the Oriental emigrants who were in Corrientes and Brazil. I then sent from the Hervidero a *balenera*, on a mission to General Paz : but, being observed and pursued by the enemy, the men in it were obliged to abandon the

boat, and take refuge in the woods. I was obliged to repeat the same thing three times; when at length a brave officer of the Italians, Giacomo Casella, taking advantage of a strong flood in the river, succeeded in overcoming every obstacle, and arrived in the Province of Corrientes. During the same flood I arrived at Salto with the flotilla.

The city was governed by Lavalleja, who attacked the Hervidero with a force of about three hundred men, infantry and cavalry. He had been engaged for some days in making the inhabitants evacuate the town; and for them and his troops he formed a camp on the left bank of the Capebi, at the distance of twenty-one miles from Salto.

The Republicans took the town, without any resistance, and designed to make some fortifications. That point being occupied, they remained there, but, of course, besieged on the land-side, as the enemy were superior in cavalry. One of the principal inconveniences which they suffered was the want of meat, all the animals having been driven away. But that evil did not last long.

Mundell, having collected about a hundred and fifty men, drove back a corps of the enemy who were pressing upon him, and arrived safe at Salto. From that moment the Republicans began to make sorties, and to bring in animals enough for the subsistence of the troops. With Mundell's horsemen, and those of Juan de la Cruz, we were able to take the field; and one

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fine day we went to seek Lavallega in his own camp. Some deserters from the enemy had given me exact information of his position and the number of his forces ; and I determined to attack him. One evening I drew out two hundred of the cavalry and a hundred of the Italian Legionaries, and moved from Salto, intending to surprise the enemy before daybreak. My guides were the deserters ; and, although they were acquainted with the country, yet, as there were no roads leading in the direction they took, they got astray, and daylight found us at the distance of three miles from the camp we were seeking. Perhaps it was not prudent to attack an enemy at least equal in force, entrenched, and in their own camp, and which might receive reinforcements, which they had asked for, at any moment ; but to turn back would not only have been disgraceful, but would have had a very bad effect on the feelings of the new troops. I was a little troubled by the idea of retreating, and determined to attack. I reached an eminence where the enemy had an advance post. They retired on my approach. I could then see their camp, and observed several groups returning towards it, from various directions. They were detachments which had been sent out in the night to different points, to observe the Republicans, the enemy having heard of our setting out. I then immediately gave orders to Mundell, who had the vanguard, to press on a strong body of cavalry, to prevent their concentration.

The enemy did the same, to repel that movement and protect their troops. Mundell, with great bravery, succeeded, and drove and dispersed several of their detachments ; but he advanced too far, in the warmth of the pursuit, so that his troops soon found themselves surrounded by the enemy, who, recovering from their first fright, came upon them with their lances, threatening to separate them from the main body, which, although at a distance, was approaching for a battle. In the meantime, seeing all this, I at first designed to have the whole little force of the Republicans proceed in a mass, and give a decisive blow. I therefore hastened the march of the infantry, forming the rear guard and reserve, with the cavalry of Juan de la Cruz : but seeing the position of Mundell, which admitted no delay, I left the infantry behind under the command of Marrocchetti, and pressed forward the reserve of cavalry in échellons.

The first échellon, commanded by Gallegas, pushed on, and somewhat restored the resistance of the cavalry. The charge of Juan de la Cruz drove the enemy back ; and they retired towards their camp. I had ordered the échellons of the reserve to charge in a compact mass, so that Mundell and his men, who had fought bravely, might recover their order in a moment. Our troops then moved on towards the enemy's camp, in order of battle,—the infantry in the centre by platoons, and under orders not to fire a shot ; Mundell on the



right, and Juan de la Cruz on the left ; while a small échellon of cavalry formed a reserve.

The enemy's cavalry, after the first encounter, had formed again behind the infantry, who were covered by a line of carts ; but the firmness and resolution of the Republicans, now marching on in a close body and in silence, intimidated them so much that they made but little resistance. In a moment the action was over ; or, rather, it was not a fight, but a complete discomfiture and precipitate flight towards the pass of the river. On reaching that point some of the boldest endeavored to make a stand ; and they might have been able, but it would have been a very arduous task ; although the Republican cavalry had halted : for the Legionaries, at the command of " Cartridges on the neck ! " threw themselves into the water with the greatest fury, and there was no more resistance.

The victory was now complete. All the infantry of the enemy were in the power of the conquerors, and some of the cavalry, with all the families of the Salto, who had been dragged from their homes, and a train containing various objects of merchandize, consisting of thirty-four loaded wagons. Above all, we had captured a great number of horses, which were the most valuable of all things in our existing circumstances. A brass cannon, made in Florence, some ages past, by a certain Cenni, fell into our hands. It was the same piece which had been fired upon us at the Hervidero ; and

being dismounted on that occasion, was undergoing repair in the enemy's camp. After the action, which lasted only a few hours, we collected everything useful, and set off on our return. Our progress to Salto was quite a triumphal march. The population poured blessings on us from their own houses, to which they had been restored by our means; and the victory acquired for the army a reputation which was well merited, proving that all the three classes of troops were able to keep the field.

Our celerity was of much importance; for, as has already been mentioned, the enemy were in expectation of a strong reinforcement; and that was the entire force of General Urquiza, which had just before been victorious at India Muerta, and was then on the march for Corrientes, to fight the army of that province. Vergara, who had the vanguard of it, came in sight of Salto the day after our return, and captured a few of our horses, which were dispersed in the neighboring pastures. Being in the presence of those forces, which seemed to overwhelm us, we made every exertion to resist it.

A battery, marked out by Anzani, in the centre of the city, made a progress that was quite astonishing. Both soldiers and people worked at it, such houses as were adapted to defence were fortified, and every man had a post assigned him. Several cannon were levelled from the boats, and preparations were made to

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supply the battery. At that time arrived Colonel Baez, with about sixty cavalry. Urquiza soon after presented himself, who had assured his friends that he would cross the Uruguay at Salto, with the assistance of the Republican flotilla, which he expected to capture. But his prediction was not fulfilled. The attack by the enemy was simultaneous with his appearance.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

URQUIZA BESIEGES US IN SALTO, WITH ALL HIS FORCES—OUR DEFENCES INCOMPLETE—A SUDDEN ATTACK—REPULSED SORTIES—BOLD OPERATION ON THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER—SURPRISING FEATS OF THE HORSEMEN—THEIR HABITS.

ON the east of Salto was a hill, distant a musket shot from the first houses ; and it commanded the whole town. The Republicans had not fortified it, for the want of sufficient force, as it would be necessary, if occupied, to establish a line of fortifications proportioned to the number of disposable troops. As might have been expected, Urquiza took possession of the hill, and placed on it six pieces of artillery. At the same time he sent forward his infantry, at quick step, against the Republican right. Just at that moment two pieces had been placed in the battery : but there was yet neither platform nor parapet ; and the enemy, after giving their fire, threw themselves upon the ground, which was not even consolidated. The Republican right was really the most vulnerable, as the enemy could reach it under cover, in the hollow of a valley. And this they did ; so that the defenders saw them appear suddenly, and without warning, from that concealment. Immediately the right wing fled, and

those occupying the houses retreated towards the river.

I was then at the battery ; and, in disposing of my troops, had reserved a company of the Italian Legion at that point. I immediately made one-half of that company charge the enemy ; and after them sent the second half to do the same. And that duty was executed with so much courage, that the assailants were, in their turn, put to a precipitate flight. The company of Italians which performed that service was under the command of Captain Carone, and its lieutenants were Ramorino and Zaccarello.

The enemy were discouraged by their unsuccessful attempt, which prevented them from making any decisive attack, and all their operations were reduced to a cannonade. In that kind of fighting, although the enemy had come upon the Republicans when ill-prepared, from the want of time, yet we were able to maintain a respectable attitude. I had landed the cannon from the vessels, under the orders of their officers, viz., Scozini, Cogliolo, and José Maria, all of them brave and skilful men ; so that the enemy's artillery, although superior in numbers and position, was pretty well opposed, and obliged to be occasionally brought under cover of the hill. The enemy left several men dead, while the Republicans had only a few wounded. The latter, however, lost the greater part of their oxen, which were in a corral, or inclosure ; and, as they were wild, as soon as the gate

was opened, they poured out, like a torrent, and spread all over the country.

For three days Urquiza continued his attempts ; but every day found the besieged better prepared. Not a moment was lost during the night. Five pieces of cannon were placed in the battery, the platform was finished, the parapet, and the "Santa Barbara," or mine for blowing up. A proclamation was circulated at that time, signed by Colonel Baez and myself, condemning to death any one who might leave his post ; and the smaller vessels were forbidden to come near the bank of the river, while all which were there were made to draw off.

At the same time the enemy, seeing that they were gaining nothing, adopted a system of blockade, and shut up the city on the land side, in the closest manner. But in that undertaking also they were frustrated ; for we were masters of the river, and could bring in all necessary supplies of provisions by that water. During the eighteen days which the siege continued, we were not idle, having to bring in hay for the cattle and horses continually ; and, as the enemy had formed a circular chain of posts around us, we took advantage of moments of inattention, to attack, and often with advantage. At length Urquiza became weary, and perhaps was called away to other parts of the Uruguay, by more pressing affairs. He withdrew, and marched off, to cross the river above Salto.

The two divisions of Lamas and Vergara now remained to continue the siege, with about seven hundred cavalry : but from that time the enemy were unable to keep it closely, for the Republicans made sorties now and then, sometimes bringing in oxen or wild horses, and that kept our cavalry in a pretty good condition, who had lost almost all their horses, in consequence of the strictness of the siege. It is to be observed, that the horses of that part of the country are not accustomed to eat anything but grass, being pastured in the open fields ; and therefore but few are fed with hay and grain.

In those days an operation was performed by the Republicans, of a superior kind. Garzon, who had been at Concordia, opposite Salto, had marched, to unite with Urquiza, for Corrientes, under the orders of the latter General ; but a cavalry corps of observation remained at Concordia. The sentinels of that body were visible from Salto, and their *cavalcade*, or troop of horses, went every day to the river's bank to feed, (probably finding better pasture,) and at night returned. A plan was formed to capture those animals ; and one day about twenty men prepared, naked, and with nothing but their sabres ; while a company of Legionaries, divided among the vessels of the flotilla, waited, ready to embark in the boats. About mid-day, when the sun shone hottest, the enemy's sentinels were lying on the ground, having made a shelter of their ponchos, and were fast asleep.

The river, at the place where it was to be crossed, was only about five hundred paces wide, and not guarded. The appointed signal was given, and the cavalry soldiers marched from behind their coverts on the shore, and threw themselves into the water, while the Legionaries leaped into the boats; and, when the sentinels awoke, they heard the bullets of their active assailants whistling about their ears; and the amphibious centaurs pursued them along the hill.

Only the brave South American cavalry are capable of performing such an enterprise. Being excellent swimmers, both men and horses, they can cross a river several miles wide, the men holding by the tails of their animals, or by their manes, and carrying their arms and baggage in their *pelottas*, which are made of the *curona*, a piece of leather, which forms a part of the harness.

Some of the cavalry remained on the hill, watching the enemy, while the others collected their horses which were scattered about the pasture, and led them to the shore, where they hurried them into the water, and got most of them over to the other side. Some of the enemy, who resisted, were bound and carried across by the vessels. In the meantime the Legionaries exchanged a few shots with the enemy, who were increasing their numbers, but did not feel strong enough to charge them. Thus, in a few hours, more than a hundred horses were obtained by the Republicans, without having a single man wounded.



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That affair was a very singular and curious one, and performed in full view from Salto. The horses of Entre Rios are generally esteemed; and, for good reasons, that capture excited a desire to attack the besiegers.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIEGE OF SALTO CONTINUED—NIGHT ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP—SUCCESSFUL—GENERAL MEDINA APPROACHING—SEND GEN. BAEZ AND ANZANI TO MEET HIM—A GREAT SURPRISE—ALMOST OVERWHELMED BY THE ENEMY—FIGHT TILL NIGHT—RETREAT.

VERGARA, with his division, was pressing the town very closely, and some persons acquainted with the country were sent to spy his position, which thus became known to the defenders. It would have been useless to make an attack by day, because it was impossible to surprise them, and, therefore, it was necessary to attack by night. I had given Colonel Baez the command of the cavalry, and Anzani was with the infantry. They left Salto after nightfall, and took the direction towards the enemy's camp, situated about eight miles off. Although the march of the troops was as silent and as cautious as possible, they were heard by the advanced sentinels, and therefore Vergara had time to mount his horse. The assault was made without loss of time, but only the cavalry of the Republicans were able to fight, as the infantry, in spite of all their exertions, could not reach the field of battle in season. The enemy fought with spirit, but at the cry of "The infantry!" which was raised at a favorable

moment, they gave ground, and then broke their ranks and took to flight. They were pursued several miles, but, on account of the darkness, little was effected. A few prisoners were made and some horses taken, while there were a small number of killed and wounded on both sides. When daylight appeared, it was difficult to find the field of battle, as the fighting had been done on the march. Several groups of the enemy appeared, scattered on the distant hills, and Colonel Baez remained with the cavalry to pursue them and to collect a herd of oxen, while the other troops returned to Salto.

About that time, which was the beginning of the year 1846, we received news that General Medina, with a number of emigrants from the Oriental, was coming from Corrientes for Salto. The discomfiture of Vergara had given the Republicans an advantage, but had not produced the results that might have been expected. Lamas, who was not far off, and engaged in breaking horses, came up on receiving intelligence of the defeat, and ordered the collecting of men. Both established their camps, and recommenced the siege, driving away the animals. Their superiority in cavalry expedited that proceeding. General Medina then came, who had been appointed head of the army, and it was necessary to secure his entrance. Colonel Baez, as has been mentioned already, had assumed the command of the cavalry, and regularly organized it, skilled as he was in that kind of troops. Being

possessed of uncommon activity, he greatly increased the number of horses, and provided the city and the troops with cattle. Mundell and Juan de la Cruz were at his orders, and at that time both were detached, with commissions to catch wild horses. Colonel Baez, better known than General Medina, was in direct relation with him, and knew that he was to be in sight of Salto on the 8th of February; and it was therefore arranged that I should accompany him with the cavalry. At dawn of day on the 8th of February, 1846, we left Salto, and took the direction of the little river San Antonio, on the left bank of which they were to await the approach of General Medina and his army. The enemy, according to their custom in that region, showed several troops of cavalry on the heights on the right, which approached at times as if to observe whether they were collecting animals, and to interrupt them. Colonel Baez stationed a line of marksmen of the cavalry against those troops, and employed himself several hours in skirmishing with them. The infantry had halted near the little stream, at a place called Tapera di Don Vicenzio. I was separated from the infantry, and observing the guerillas, fighting, conducted by Baez. That kind of warfare afforded the Italians an amusing sight: but the enemy concealed their "wasp's nest" under that kind of military game, having put forward so feeble a force only to deceive their opponents, and give their strong body, which was behind, opportunity to advance.

The country, in all parts of the department of Salto, is hilly, as is also that of San Antonio. Therefore the large force which was advancing was able to approach within a short distance without being discovered.

When I had reached the place of observation, and cast my eyes on the other side of San Antonio, I was overwhelmed with surprise by discovering, on the west of a neighboring hill, where only a few of the enemy had before been seen, a multitude of troops, as was shown by a forest of lances: seven squadrons of cavalry, with banners displayed, and a corps of infantry, double in size of our own, who, having come up on horseback, within two musket shots, dismounted, formed in line of battle, and were marching, at quick step, to charge with the bayonet. Baez said to me: "Let us retire." But, seeing that to be impossible, I replied: "There is not time enough; and we must fight."

I then ran to the Italian Legionaries; and, in order to destroy, or at least to mitigate the impression which might be produced on them by the appearance of so formidable an enemy, said: "We will fight! The cavalry we are resolved to conquer. To-day we have them, although we are a small body of infantry."

At the place where we took position there were numerous wooden posts standing planted in the ground, which had served in the walls of an old wooden edifice; and to each beam was assigned a Legionary. The remainder, forming three small parties, were

placed in column behind the building, and covered by walls of masonry of the northern end of the same building, which was in form of a room, capable of containing about thirty men, and covering almost the front of the little column. On the right of the infantry, Baez was posted, with the cavalry, those being dismounted, who were armed with carbines, while the lancers remained on horseback. The whole force comprised about a hundred cavalry, and a hundred and eighty-six Legionaries. The enemy had nine hundred cavalry, (some said twelve hundred,) and three hundred infantry. The Republicans, therefore, had only one thing left that could be done—to defend themselves—resist, and repel the charge of the enemy's infantry. I then ran forward, and gave them all the attention in my power. If the enemy, instead of charging in line of battle, forming an extended line, had charged in column, or in alternate platoons, they must have destroyed our force. By the impetus of their column they would certainly have penetrated into our position, and mingled with the defenders; and then their cavalry would have completed our ruin and exterminated us. Then the fields of San Antonio would have been, to this day, whitened with Italian bones! But, instead of this, the enemy advanced in line, beating the charge, and bravely withholding their fire until within a few yards. The Legionaries had orders not to fire until very near. When the enemy reached the appointed distance, they halted and gave

a general discharge. The moment was decisive. Many of the defenders fell under that fire : but the assailants were thrown into disorder, being thinned by shots from the Republicans, who fired from behind the timbers, and then charged them, not in order, but yet in a body, and forced them to turn their backs, by falling upon them with bayonets, like mad-men. That there occurred for the Republicans a moment of disorder and hesitation, it cannot be denied. There were among us a number of prisoners, who, not expecting a successful termination to the desperate defence, cast about their eyes to find some way open for escape. But they were prevented from doing anything, by some of our brave men, who then, at the cry of "The enemy run!" threw themselves upon them like lions.

From the moment when I directed my attention upon the enemy's infantry, I saw nothing more of Colonel Baez and the cavalry. Five or six horsemen remained with my men, whom I put there under the command of a brave Oriental officer, Jose Maria.

After the defeat of the enemy's infantry, I had hopes of safety ; and, taking advantage of the momentary calm produced by the stupefaction of the enemy, I put my men again in order. Among the dead remaining on the ground, especially those lying where the enemy halted, we found abundant supplies of cartridges ; and the muskets of the killed and wounded served an important purpose, being taken,

to arm those of the soldiers who were in want, and some of the officers.

The enemy, having failed in their first charge, repeated it several times, many of their dragoons dismounting ; and with them and masses of cavalry, they attacked us, but succeeded only in increasing their loss. I was always ready, with some of the bravest of the Legionaries, who awaited the charge ; and, when the enemy had made their attack, invariably charged them in return. The enemy several times endeavored to get a position near us ; but I then posted the best marksmen among our soldiers, and made them harrass them, until they took to flight.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR OUR RETREAT—ATTACKED ON THE WAY—BRAVERY OF MY ITALIANS—I NEVER DESPAIRED OF ITALY—THE NOBLE CHARACTER OF ANZANI—REACH SALTO—KINDNESS OF FRENCH PHYSICIANS—COLLECT AND BURY THE DEAD.

THE fighting began about one o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until near nine in the evening. Night came on, and found us surrounded by many corpses and wounded men. About nine o'clock preparations were made for a retreat. The number of wounded was very large, including almost all the officers, viz. : Morrochetti, Casana, Sacchi, Ramorino, Rodi, Beruti, Zaccorello, Amero, and Fereti. Only Carone, Traverse, and a few others, were unhurt. It was an arduous and painful undertaking to remove them from the ground where they lay. Some were placed upon horses, which were numerous, while others, who were able to stand, were helped on, each by two of his comrades. When the arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the wounded, the other soldiers were formed in four platoons ; and as fast as they were put in order, they were made to load themselves with some remaining ammunition, the less to expose themselves to the continual fire of the enemy. The

retreat was then commenced, and I thought it a fine sight,—though there was but a handful of men, in close column, with orders not to fire a single shot before making the edge of the wood which borders the river Uruguay. I had directed the vanguard to take the wounded, feeling confident that the charges of the enemy would be made on our rear and flanks. As was natural, those unfortunate men fell into some disorder, which it was impossible to prevent; but they yet went on, all, it is believed, except two. The little column proceeded in the most admirable manner, so that I must ever speak of their conduct with pride. The soldiers fixed their bayonets before setting off; and keeping close ranks, they reached the designed place, though not for want of any exertions, on the part of the enemy, to hinder them: for every effort was made, by repeated charges from all quarters, and with their whole force. In vain did their lancers come up and give wounds to men in the ranks; the only return made was with the bayonet, while the soldiers pressed themselves more compactly together. On reaching the verge of the wood, we halted; and the order was given, “To the right about!” when immediately a general volley filled the enemy’s files with dead, and they were all instantly driven back.

One of the most severe sufferings endured that day was from thirst, especially among the wounded.

Having reached the bank of the river, it may be imagined with what avidity the soldiers ran to the

water. Some of them stopped to drink, while the others kept the enemy at a distance. The success of the first part of the retreat, now performed, secured the retreating troops less molestation on the remainder of their way. A chain of sharpshooters was formed to protect the left flank, who kept up a continual fire, almost until they entered the city; and thus we moved along the bank of the river.

Anzani was waiting for us at the entrance of the city, and could not satiate himself with embracing me and my companions. He had never despaired, although the enterprise was so arduous. He had collected the few remaining men in the fortress, and replied to the enemy's summons to surrender, which they made during the battle, with a threat to blow up everything before he would submit. It is to be remarked, that the enemy not only assured him that all the Italians were killed or prisoners, but also the greater part of the soldiers with Bacz. Still Anzani did not despair; and I have mentioned him to those of my fellow-citizens who at different times have despaired of Italy. Ah! there are few like Anzani! But he that despairs is a coward!

Our retreating troops entered Salto at midnight, and even at that hour we found all the soldiers and all the inhabitants awake. The latter came out with alacrity, and gave all possible attention and care to the wounded, bringing everything necessary for their relief and comfort. Poor people! Poor people, who

suffered so much in the various vicissitudes of war, I shall never think of you but with a deep sense of gratitude!

I had several severe losses to lament in that remarkable affair, though the enemy were much the greater sufferers.

General Servando Gomez, who was the author of the surprise, and who seemed as if he would annihilate us forever, commenced his retreat on the 9th, hastily taking with him his shattered division towards Paisandu, with a great number of wounded men, and leaving the fields of San Antonio covered with dead. The first day after our arrival was occupied in giving attention to the wounded; and two French physicians rendered them the most important services. They were the physicians of the French ship *L'Eclair*, whose names have not been obtained, and Dr. Desroseaux, another young man, then for some time connected with the Italian Legion. He had fought all the way as a common soldier, and then devoted himself to the care of his wounded companions. But what most availed at that painful time were the delicate cares of the ladies of Salto.

The succeeding days were occupied in collecting and burying our dead. The battle had been so extraordinary, that I thought it ought to be commemorated by an unusual mode of interring the victims, and I chose a spot, on the top of the hill which overlooks Salto, and which had been the scene of successful

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battles. There was dug a trench for all, and then handfuls of earth were thrown in by the soldiers, until a tumulus rose, to stand as a memorial. A cross was then placed on the top, with this inscription on one side :

*“Legione Italiana, Marina e Cavalleria Orientale.”*

On the other side :

*“8th febbrajo, 1846.”*

(The Italian Legion, and the Oriental Marine and Cavalry.—8th February, 1846.)

The names of those killed and wounded in that brave fight have been preserved in the journals kept by Anzani.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION IN MONTEVIDEO—CHANGE OF DUTIES OF THE ITALIAN LEGION—NO IMPORTANT MILITARY MOVEMENTS—MY OCCUPATION WITH THE MARINE—DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS—THE TEMPORIZING POLICY OF ROSAS—CHANGE OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH AGENTS AND ADMIRALS—EVIL CONSEQUENCES—RIVERA IN FAVOR IN MONTEVIDEO—MY OPERATIONS AT SALTO CONTINUED—SURPRISE VERGARA'S CAMP—LEAVE IT, TO RETURN.

GENERAL Medina was now able freely to enter Salto with his suite; and he retained the superior command until the revolution made by Rivera's friends in Montevideo. Nothing important, however, took place in all that period.

The revolution in Montevideo in favor of Rivera gave a terrible blow to the affairs of the Republic. The war ceased to be national, and was directed by miserable factions. About the same time occurred the revolution in Corrientes, brought about by Madariaga, against General Paz. Those young chiefs, who had become illustrious by surprising deeds in delivering their country from the oppressive dominion of Rosas, now, for jealousy and thirst of power, debased themselves by the meanest treachery, and thus ruined the cause of their people. General Paz was obliged to leave the army of Corrientes, and retire to Brazil. Paraguay

recalled her army after his departure ; the troops of Madariaga, reduced by neglect to their own resources alone, were completely beaten by Urquiza ; and Corrientes fell into the power of the Dictator.

The affair of Montevideo also proceeded no better, and few events of importance occurred. The Italian Legion, so justly esteemed for their honorable and daring exploits, had continued their accustomed service of advanced posts, alternating with the other corps of the capital. Anzani was with them ; and, although no very important engagements took place, they never failed to prove themselves worthy of their fame.

I occupied myself more with the marine, fitting up some of the vessels which were most needed, and in cruising on the river Plata, in the schooner "Maypú."

In the meantime the French intèrvention proceeded every day, and no more coërcive measure was it proposed to apply to the solution of the problem ; but several diplomatists, whom Rosas deluded and mocked at, were sent to negotiate, but obtained nothing from him better than insignificant armistices, which had no effect but to waste the limited means collected with difficulty in the besieged city. With her change of policy, France had changed her agents. Such men as Diffandis and Ouseley for ambassadors, and L'Ainé and Inglefield for admirals, worthy to sustain a generous policy, and dear to the public, were removed ; and such men were substituted as were devoted to a policy inevitably ruinous to the people.

The Oriental government, powerless from the want of means, was obliged to submit to the dictates of the intervention. Deplorable situation !

Rivera, being restored to power by his partisans, removed all others. Most of those who had engaged in the noble defense from disinterested love of country, had retired, weary of the enterprise, or were displaced to make room for devotees of Rivera, and unfit men. I found, however, at Montevideo, (that city of marvelous changes,) the new elements of another army, and transported them to Las Vacas, on the left bank of the Uruguay. The soldiers of Montevideo were made for conquerors ; and they proved it in their first encounters with the enemy in the country. At Mercedes, especially, they performed prodigies of valor ; but the evil influence which misled Rivera at Arroyo Grande and India Muerta, beset him at Paisandu, where, after a victory, he saw his army defeated. At Maldonado he embarked again, to return to Brazil, whether more unfortunate or more culpable, it is difficult to determine.

The government of Montevideo having fallen into the power of Rivera, I was left mourning over it, and apprehending public sufferings. The old General Medina, appointed General-in-chief by the government, with the consent of the former not only yielded to events, but, the better to recommend himself to the favor of the new patron, intrigued against my friend ; but they deceived themselves. Both Italians and Orientals



loved him in Salto, and he would have been able, without fear of any one, to rise independent of the new and illegal power. But the cause of that unhappy people was too sacred in his eyes. He loved them, and ever denominated them as good-hearted and generous. To increase their distresses, by fomenting their internal dissensions, was wholly incompatible with his views and feelings.

To establish Rivera in power, the public squares of Montevideo were made scenes of bloodshed. At Salto the same fatal game was planned; but it proved impracticable. I contented myself with making reprisals, assuming, as at first, the command of the forces. At that time occurred the successful battle against the troops of Lamas and Vergara, on the 20th of May, 1846. Those two divisions, after the affair of San Antonio, where they fought under the command of Servando Gomez, had been reformed and reinforced; and they again occupied their positions around Salto, changing their encampments, but always keeping at some leagues' distance. We did not fail, now and then, to disturb our enemies as much as we could, especially when they went out to catch animals. One Major Dominguez, who had been sent for that purpose by General Medina, was completely discomfited, losing all his horses and some men. I had the positions of the enemy's camp examined by spies, and in the night of May 19th, I marched to attack him. I had with me about three hundred cavalry and a hundred legionaries—the remains of a battalion. Poor youths! they have since

been sadly decimated! My object was to surprise the enemy's camp at early dawn; and we arrived at the spot, for once, exactly at the desired moment. I had the aid of Captain Pablo, an American Indian, and a brave soldier. His infantry were mounted, and they marched all night, and before break of day came in sight of the enemy's forces in the camp of General Vergara, on the right bank of the Dayman. The infantry then dismounted, and were ordered to attack. The victory was very easily obtained. The troops of Vergara immediately took to flight, and were driven into the river. They left their arms, horses, and a few men, who were taken prisoners. But the triumph was far from being complete; for the troops were to return, and we set off as the daylight increased. The camp of Lamas was separated from that of Vergara by a small stream; and, at the first alarm, the former had taken position on the top of a hill, which commanded both camps. Vergara, with the greater part of his men, had succeeded in joining Lamas. They were warlike and brave soldiers, made at the opening of the war.

Having collected, in the abandoned camp, all the serviceable horses, I pursued the enemy, but without success. Most of my cavalry were mounted on *Rodomonos*, that is, horses caught and broken only a few days before; and the enemy were better supplied. It was therefore necessary to desist from pursuing them, and be content with the advantages gained, and take the road to Salto. We were, however, very unexpect-

edly favored, and in an important manner. While pursuing our march for Salto, we were in the following order : a squadron of cavalry in platoons, at the head ; the infantry in column, in the centre ; the remaining cavalry for the rear guard, likewise in column. Two strong lines of cavalry, commanded by Majors Carvallo and N. Fausto, covered our right flank ; and the *cavallada*, with the horses of the infantry, marched on the left. The enemy, having reorganized, as has been said, and reconcentrated all their detachments, amounted to about five hundred men in cavalry. Being acquainted with my force, the enemy flanked us on the right, at a short distance, so that he seemed disposed to revenge himself.

I had placed Colonel Celesto Centurion in command of the cavalry,—a very brave man ; while Carone commanded the infantry. The latter was particularly urged by me to guard against any confusion or disorder in his ranks, and to prevent it at any sacrifice. He was to preserve their order, which was that of close column, and never to make a movement by conversion, but only by flanks and right-about-face. The infantry was to serve as a point of support to Centurion, and also to re-form in any event that might happen. The enemy were emboldened, being increased by detachments.

Our troops proceeded over beautiful hills, for about two miles from the banks of the Dayman. The grass had but just begun to grow, but was very green ; and

the surface of the ground was undulated like the waves of the ocean, but lay in all the majesty of stillness, while not a tree or a bush formed any obstacle. It offered indeed a battle-field, and for the mightiest hosts.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE MARCH BACK TO SALTO—SUDDEN ATTACK—DESPERATE DEFENCE—FLIGHT, AND PURSUIT—THE “BOLLA,”—EXCELLENCE OF THE HORSEMEN—INCIDENTS.

HAVING reached the border of a brook, I thought it better not to cross it, because our small force might be disordered in the passage, and the hill on the right concealed the great body of the enemy, who were not far off, and marching in a direction parallel to our own. I thought we would be attacked at that point; and the result justified my expectation. I halted, and, wishing to discover the enemy's condition, sent orders to Major Carvello, to “charge that line of the enemy quite to the hill.” The charge was made, and with bravery, as far as the eminence, where the assailants stopped, and an adjutant came galloping up to me, to inform me that the enemy were marching towards us at a trot, and with their whole force in order of battle. No time was to be lost. The cavalry on the wings wheeled to the right, and were reinforced by the line, suddenly concentrated. The infantry formed on the right flank and towards the enemy. When the line reached the top of the hill, the enemy's line was marching upon us within pistol shot.

I must confess that the enemy had made a movement of which my troops would not have been capable, and which proved that they were brave, warlike, and well commanded. Seeing this, without taking time for reflection, I gave the signal for a charge : for as soon as I discovered them, the enemy were converging, from the centre to the wings, laterally ; and, after having made about half a circle beyond our flanks, they charged our cavalry by platoons in flank, and so rendered our infantry useless. I did not hesitate, but ordered my cavalry to close in, and charge, to avoid losing the advantage of the impetus of the horses. And indeed they charged well, and fought bravely.

Several charges were made by the cavalry on both sides, and with different results. It would be difficult to decide which party displayed most valor. The enemy being superior in numbers, and in the excellence of their horses, drove back ours upon our infantry, and soon measured our lances with their bayonets. The latter, having reformed, with the aid of their numbers, drove them back, fighting them hand to hand. The young Italians then performed their feats to admiration ; and I remember them, and the 20th of May, with peculiar pleasure. Compact as a redoubt, exceedingly active, they ran to every point where their assistance was needed, always putting the assailants to flight. The enemy fired very few muskets, but those few were deliberate and sure.

At last the enemy, having become disordered by nu-

merous charges, became only a deranged mass ; while, on the contrary, our troops, supported by the infantry, were always able to reorganize for fighting well. The engagement had lasted about half an hour, in that manner, when, being no longer approached by organized forces, we were drawn up anew and made a decisive charge. The enemy then broke, disbanded, and took to flight. A cloud of "*bollas*" whirled about in the air, and presented a curious spectacle.

The *bolla* is one of the most terrible weapons used by the South American horsemen. It consists of three balls, covered with leather, and fastened to three leathern cords, which are connected. One of the balls is held in the hand, while the other two are flourished in the air over the head, when the order is given to charge. When a horse is struck in the leg with one of them, it stops him, and sometimes makes him fall ; and in this way many captures are made. The South American cavalry soldier is second to none in the world, in any kind of combat ; and in a defeat, they retain their superiority in pursuing their enemy. They are stopped in their course by no obstacles in the field. If a tree does not allow them to pass while sitting erect, they throw themselves back upon the crupper of the half-wild horse, and disappear among the trappings of the animal. They arrive at a river, and plunge in, with their arms in their teeth ; and sometimes wound their enemy in the middle of the stream. Besides the *bolla*, they carry the terrible *Colltelo*, or knife, which, as

before has been mentioned, they keep with them all their lives, and manage with a dexterity peculiar to themselves. Woe to the soldier whose horse tires! "Bollado," or struck with the bolla, he cannot defend himself from the knife of his pursuer, who dismounts to strike him with it in the throat, and then mounts again, to overtake others. Such customs prevail among them, that sometimes, when men of courage meet, even after a victory, scenes occur which would shock a reader if they were described.

One of those encounters I witnessed. It occurred at a short distance from a line, between a party of our soldiers and one of the enemy, whose horse had been killed. Having fallen to the ground, he rose and fought on foot, first with him who had dismounted him, whom he treated very roughly. Another then came to his assistance, then another; and at length he was engaged with six, when I reached the spot, in order to save the life of the brave man—but too late.

Our enemy was now entirely routed, and the victory complete. The pursuit was continued several miles. The immediate result, however, was not what it might have been, for the want of good horses, as many of the enemy escaped. But, notwithstanding this, during the whole time that the troops remained at Salto, we had the satisfaction of seeing that department free from the enemy.

The action of the 20th of May has been described at length, because of its remarkable success,—the fine,



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open field on which it was fought, and the fine climate and sky, which reminded me of Italy. The struggle was with a practised enemy, superior in number, and better provided with horses, which are the principal element of that kind of warfare; and several single combats took place on horseback, with great valor. Our cavalry performed wonders that day, considering their inferiority. Of the infantry, it will be sufficient to mention the case of Major Carvallo, who was my companion at San Antonio and Dayman, and in both actions fought like a brave man, as he was. In each of them, also, he had the misfortune to be wounded in the face by a musket-shot. One struck two inches below his right eye, and the other, in the same spot on his left cheek, forming a strange symmetry in his face. He was wounded the second time in the beginning of the battle of Dayman; and after its close, he asked leave to return to Salto, to have his wounds dressed. Passing under the battery of the city, he was asked what was the fate of the day, when he replied, although he was able to speak but little: "The Italian Infantry are more solid than your battery."

The names of the dead and wounded in the engagement, as has before been said, are named in Anzani's "Journal of the Italian Legion."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

I RETURN TO MONTEVIDEO, WITH THE FLOTILLA—ROSAS GAINS STRENGTH—THE ARMY OF CORRIENTES DESTROYED BY URQUIZA—RIVERA'S MISMANAGEMENT—THE INTERVENTION MISDIRECTED—FALL OF SALTO—DEFENCE AGAIN REDUCED TO MONTEVIDEO—HIGH DESERTS OF ITS DEFENDERS, NATIVES AND FOREIGNERS, NOT YET APPRECIATED—AN INTERVAL OCCURS, NOT MARKED BY IMPORTANT EVENTS—THE REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE.

AFTER the battle of the 20th of May, at Dayman, nothing important occurred in the campaign of Uruguay. I received orders from the government to return to Montevideo, with the vessels of the flotilla, and the detachment of the Italian Legion. A few of the smaller vessels remained at Salto, and the place was left under the command of Commandant Artigos, a brave officer, who distinguished himself in the battle on the 20th of May. A few days after my departure, Colonel Blanco arrived, and took command of the place at the orders of General Rivera.

In consequence of errors committed at Corrientes and Montevideo, the cause of Rosas gained strength very rapidly, and that of the people of the Plata sunk into a desperate condition. The army of Corrientes was destroyed by Urquiza in a battle; and

that unfortunate people, after swimming in blood, languished under despotism. Rivera, not profiting by the lessons of misfortune, ended as he had begun, by removing from office men who had executed their duties with faithfulness, and substituting his partisans, destroying the materials of an army of operations, which the courage and constancy of the people had created and maintained with incorruptible heroism, and expatriating himself under the contempt and malediction of all. The English and French intervention was watched by intriguers and faithless men. The positions in the interior fell, one after another, into the power of the enemy. Salto, which had been so honorably acquired and maintained, was taken by assault by Sevando Gomez, and Colonel Gomez perished in the defence—an old and brave soldier—with a considerable number of men. At length the defence of the generous Oriental people was once more reduced to Montevideo; and there were collected all the men who had become bound together like brothers, by six years of danger, exploits and misfortunes. There they had again to erect an edifice, which had been destroyed by mismanagement, almost to its foundations.

Villagran, a veteran of forty years of war, a man of virtue, of the greatest bravery, and reinvigorated by fighting; Diaz Bojes, shamefully banished by Rivera, because he would not serve him, but his country; and many other young officers, who have been dismissed by him, returned to their posts, with the conscience

and the readiness of good men ; and with them the resolute and the faithful returned to the files of the defenders.

Oriental, French and Italians marched to the succor of the country with alacrity ; and not a word of discouragement was heard from any one. The siege of Montevideo, when better known in its details, will be counted among the noble defences of a people fighting for independence, for courage, constancy, and sacrifices of all kinds. It will prove the power of a nation resolved not to submit to the will of a tyrant ; and, whatever their fate may be, they merit the applause and the commiseration of the world.

From the time of my return to Montevideo, to that of my departure for Italy, in 1848, a period intervened marked by no important event.

SKETCHES

OF

GARIBALDI'S COMPANIONS IN ARMS.



S K E T C H E S  
OF  
GARIBALDI'S COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE DWIGHT.

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IN the years 1850 and '51, as the reader has been informed, General Garibaldi spent some months in New York and its vicinity. The first part of that time he was in convalescence from a state of feeble health, caused by his long and extraordinary series of labors, privations and sufferings; and the latter part he was engaged in humble daily labors for his subsistence. It was during that period that the preceding pages were translated, and also the following "Sketches," the originals of which were then written by General Garibaldi, at the request of the translator. The reader of his preceding Autobiography has seen what ardent attachments he formed with his chosen friends, and what heartfelt sorrow he expressed for those he lost. Wishing to obtain further particulars of their lives and characters, the translator solicited something more, and the request was kindly complied with.

It was the intention of General Garibaldi to furnish

several more sketches : but he accompanied the last of the following with an expression of regret, that he found himself too much fatigued by the labors of the day to conclude the task which he had undertaken. The translator, however, was able to obtain from him, at different times, some highly interesting accounts of various events and scenes at different periods of his life, especially relating to his engagements near Rome with the French and Neapolitan armies, with hasty plans of the battle-grounds. Some of these were interwoven in "*The Roman Republic of 1849*," published soon after that time : but some other details will be found in the latter part of the present volume.

The following note (in Italian) accompanied the original sketch of Anna Garibaldi :

“STATEN ISLAND, October 30th, 1850.

“TO THEODORE DWIGHT, ESQ. :

“*My Dear Sir* :—I send the first of my Biographical Sketches, which I promised you ; and do not be surprised to find that it is that of my consort. She was my constant companion in good and evil fortune, sharing, as you will see, my greatest dangers, and overcoming every difficulty by her fortitude.

Yours,

G. GARIBALDI.”



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

## A N N A G A R I B A L D I .

WRITTEN IN ITALIAN BY HER HUSBAND, GEN. GIUSEPPE  
GARIBALDI.

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AT Marinhos, a town on the left bank of the river Cubanão, in a district of Laguna, in the province of St. Catharine, in Brazil, of a reputable family, was born that remarkable lady. From early life she was distinguished by a vivacious disposition. Her public career commenced with the invasion of Rio Grande, in the province of St. Catharine, by the Republican army, under the command of General Canabarro, of which I made a part with the flotilla under my command, when destiny threw Anna across the stormy path which I was pursuing, and from which she was separated only by death.

General Canabarro, having become master of Laguna and part of the province, concerted with me to arm privateers, and cruise along the coast of Brazil, to harrass the commerce of the empire. I sailed with three small vessels, each armed with one gun on a pivot. Anna was with me.

When we arrived in the latitude of Santos, I met

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an Imperial corvette, which chased us for two days, but in vain. The second day we made the island of Abrigo, where two of the enemy's merchant-vessels fell into our hands ; after which we continued our cruise, and captured several others. Eight days from the time of our sailing, we returned for the Lagoon. When off St. Catharine's we fell in with a *patacho*, a kind of hermaphrodite brig. I then had with me the "Rio Pardo," a schooner, commanded by me, and the sloop "Seival," under Lorenzo V——, an Italian. We had parted company, a short time before, one dark night, with the schooner "Caripava," commanded by John Briggs, a North American.

We had a short engagement with the *patacho*, in which little damage was done, in consequence of a high sea which was running ; but the result was, the loss of several of our prizes ; for the commanders of some of them, frightened by the superior force of the enemy, struck their flags, while others steered for the neighboring coast. Only one prize was saved, under the command of a brave Biscayan, Ignacio Bilbao, and it was in the harbor of Imbituba when the "Seival" reached there, having had her gun dismantled, and sprung a leak during the engagement. We entered Imbituba with a north-east wind, which, in the night, changed to the south, so that it was impossible for us to enter the Lagoon. As it was, therefore, necessary to remain in Imbituba, it was certain that we should be attacked by the Imperialist squadron

stationed at the island. Foresceing this, we landed the cannon of the "Seival" on a promontory which forms the bay on the east, and erected a flying battery. As soon as daylight appeared, we discovered the Imperial vessels sailing towards us. My men wished to land, being terrified by the superior force of the enemy : but the presence and the voice of Anna secured them to their posts. She chose and distributed the boarding weapons, took charge of the cannon, and had fired the first shot when I got on board.

The small vessels, ill-armed and worse manned, could do little against the numerous and well-armed enemy, carried forward with invincible velocity by favorable currents. Our artillery was very soon dismantled, and most of the crew killed or wounded. The commander of the Itaparica was shot through the breast with a grape-shot, in the beginning of the action. John Griggs, commander of the Cariapava, after fighting bravely, was cut in two by a cannon shot ; and the trunk of his body lay on the deck, the face retaining the expression of life, in consequence of the suddenness of his death. Only a single officer remained in our vessel ; all the others were dead. Anna gave incredible proofs of courage, self-possession and coolness. Our cannon having been dismantled by the enemy, she took a musket, and continued firing it as long as the enemy were passing us. And she would not seek any protection ; but, although urged not to expose herself, she took no heed for her safety.

The order having been given by the General to burn the vessels and retire, she would not abandon them until the munitions had been removed. It is to be remarked that, on account of the narrowness of the channel where the enemy passed, they fired from only the distance of fifty to a hundred paces, so that her escape unhurt seemed like a miracle.

The vessels having been burnt, those remaining joined the division, and retreated to Las Torres, the boundary of the provinces of Rio Grande and St. Catharine.

In combination with the division of Andrea, the division of Acunha advanced from the province of St. Paul, following the mountains towards Cima da Serra. The Serrans (or inhabitants of the last-mentioned place) had asked assistance from Gen. Canabarro, and he arranged an expedition, under the command of Col. Terceira, for their aid, in which the Marine was to take part. When the Terceira had joined the Serrans, who were under the command of Col. Aranha, he fought a battle at San Victoria with such success that the enemy's division was entirely destroyed, and remained in our power. In that battle Anna was on horseback as a spectatress. I commanded the infantry, (about a hundred and twenty men,) which was composed of sailors, and the remains of four battalions which had begun to be formed in Laguna. This event restored the three departments of Lages, Vaccaria and Cima da Serra to the authority of the Republic. A few days after we entered Lages in triumph.

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In the meantime the Imperial invasion had raised again that party in the Missions ; and the Imperial Colonel Mello increased his cavalry corps in that province to about five hundred men. General Bento Manuel, who was intended to fight him, had not done it, and had the design of attacking Col. Tortinhos, who was observing him, on his retreat towards St. Paul. Our position and forces were exposed, not only to be opposed by Mello, but to be exterminated by him. But that was not our fate. Col. Terceira, being uncertain whether the enemy would march by Vaccaria or by Caritibani, divided his forces, ordered Aranha, with the good cavalry, by the former road, and marched with the infantry and a part of the cavalry, chiefly formed of prisoners taken in Santa Victoria, near Caritibani. Thither the enemy proceeded. We met ; and, owing to the absence of Terceira and the infantry, our cavalry was entirely routed. We remained in the midst of the field, in number seventy-three, surrounded by five hundred of the enemy's cavalry. Anna had that day to experience the severe reverses of war. Reluctantly submitting to be only a spectatress, she solicited permission to have charge of the ammunition, fearing it would not be well served out to the soldiers. Seeing the heavy fire which the infantry had to sustain, she approached the principal scene of action, when a crowd of the enemy's cavalry, pursuing some fugitives, appeared before her at a short distance, and some of the guards of the artillery train. Anna might

have beaten them in a race, and left them behind : but being a stranger to fear, she did not turn her horse, until she was surrounded by a party of the enemy, when flight would have been impossible. She then spurred her horse and came out from the midst of them, only with a ball through her hat, which cut her hair. But a second, which killed her horse, rendered every further exertion useless. She was obliged to surrender, and was taken to the commander of the enemy.

She was no less great in adversity than in danger ; and at the sight of her the general's staff stood astonished. The officers, however, were so ill educated as to be unable to suppress exultation at their victory ; and she met with haughtiness every injurious expression which they uttered against the defeated Republicans. She asked and obtained permission to seek, among the dead, for the corpse of her husband, whom she believed to have been killed, that she might bury it. She long wandered over the scene of the battle, among those plains, looking for what she dreaded to find ; and searching among so many victims of war for some mark of resemblance to me : but in vain. I, with my bold companions, had left the field of battle, formed a close body, and withstood every attack of the enemy, until we reached the borders of a "cappon," or island of trees. The brave Captain Tereceira, after doing all he could with our cavalry, joined us with an adjutant. From that moment Anna thought of nothing but escape. Profiting by the

intemperance of the victors, she made her way into a neighboring hut, where a woman admitted her without knowing who she was. The remaining hours of that unfortunate day, though few, seemed like years; and at nightfall Anna went into the woods and disappeared.

Whoever has seen the immense forests which cover the summits of the Serra de Espinasso, and especially the pines which have stood there for centuries, the columns of that magnificent temple of nature, with the colossal tamaras, (a kind of cane,) may form some idea of the difficulties surmounted by that courageous American female, on her journey from Caritabani and Lages, a distance of sixty miles. The few inhabitants of that region were hostile to the Republicans; and, as they had news of our defeat, they were arming and forming ambuscades, in the various principal points of the route which the fugitives were expected to take. In the Cabreaco some of our unfortunate comrades were murdered.

Anna passed that dangerous way by night; and such was her boldness, that the assassins fled at the sight of her, declaring that they had been pursued by an extraordinary being. And, indeed, they spoke the truth: for that courageous woman, mounted on a fiery horse, which she had asked for and obtained at a house on her way where it would have been difficult for a traveller to hire one, she galloped, in a tempestuous night, among broken, rocky ground, by the flashes of lightning. Four of the enemy's cavalry, who were posted

on guard at the river Canvas, when they saw her approaching, were overwhelmed with fear, supposing it to be a vision, and fled. When she reached the bank of that stream, which was swollen by the rains to a dangerous mountain torrent, she did not stop or attempt to cross it in a canoe, as she had done when passing it a few days before in my company, but dismounting, she seized fast hold of the tail of her horse, and, encouraging him with her voice, he dashed into the water and swam, struggling through the foaming waves, dragging her with him. The distance which she had thus to pass was not less than five hundred paces, but they reached the opposite shore in safety.

A glass of coffee at Lages was the only nourishment taken by the lonely traveller in four days, at the end of which she joined the corps of Aranha, in Vaccaria. Terceira and I, with seventy-three companions, arrived at Lages, reduced by the conflict, and escaped from many misfortunes. Anna returned to Lages, where I was, after a separation of eight days.

Nothing of much importance to Anna occurred after that time, except continued dangers caused by the war, in which the only food to be had was meat, and her bed was the saddle: but misfortunes and dangers of every kind never for a moment overcame her courage. At the battle of Caguari, Anna disdained the proposal made her by General Bento Gonzalez, to retire from the scene of danger. The Republican army, being



weakened by various murderous engagements, was obliged to retire from the siege of the capital, and made a long and toilsome retreat across the mountains, in which Anna passed through all the fatigue and privations that can be easily imagined.

It is necessary to have some idea of that part of Brazil, its mountains and torrents, to conceive of the sufferings of a troop with no other means of transport but a few mules for the ammunition and provisions, where the lasso, so very useful on the plains, covered with grazing animals, is wholly useless, in those dense forests, inhabited by wild beasts. A few vacunos, led with ropes, were the provisions of the Republicans ; but, unfortunately, in the "*piccada*," or path of the Antas, where we remained nine days, without being able to go out into the open country, because the rain was incessant, and the rivers were much swollen, a great part of the troop remained confined between two streams, destitute of provisions of every kind. Famine made the greatest havoc among the children of the natives, who accompanied the army. Scenes before unheard of occurred among those unfortunate but courageous people. Anna wonderfully escaped, with her little child, our first-born son, then only three months old. I had reserved the last horse for her, all the others being ruined.

When at last we were able to leave the sad spot, we proceeded by the roughest path imaginable, Anna carrying the poor infant, tied to her by a handkerchief

round her neck. She got out of the forest before me, and with bewildered eyes began to seek some means of preserving its life. Accidentally, and much to her joy, she discovered a party of soldiers, who had made a little fire and were assembled round it. They immediately opened a place for her, as they knew her ; and one of them, named Maurizio, took the child, which appeared to be dying, and wrapped it in his warm poncho, the peculiar garment worn in many parts of South America. It soon revived ; and then, for the first time through many days of extreme suffering, I saw a tear trickling down the cheek of its mother. From that moment she was restored to her usual state of mind ; for the life of the affectionate woman hung on that of her child.

After this the Republican army reached San Gabriel ; and I then determined to return to Montevideo, where I arrived safely with my little family, and took up my residence.

Anna, although superior to the trials and dangers of war, was amiable in domestic life. She assisted and consoled me in adverse fortune, in the trying circumstances which we endured in the capital of the Republic of Uruguay. During all the time I remained in the service of it, she left the city but seldom, taking no part in military operations, and devoting herself to the care of the family. The first news of the first reforms in Italy, in 1848, excited in the minds of the Italian exiles in South America a wish to cross the ocean and

aid the cause of their country. Anna and our little family set off as the precursors of the expedition, and arrived at Genoa in the early stage of the revolution, when a dawn of liberty promised to our oppressed nation a national existence, which had been desired for so many ages. She lived in Nice from her arrival until my return from Lombardy, at the time of the amnesty of Salasco. My first absence was borne by her with patience ; but not so the second. Hearing that I was sick in Genoa, she immediately went there, and travelled with me to Florence. She made a second journey to Rieti, and then the third, and most mournful one, to Rome, which she entered *incognita*, passing through our French enemies, excusing to me her coming as well as she could when I regretted it.

I determined to try my fortune out of Rome, when the venerated city was forced to succumb to the arms of Louis Napoleon, who had become its conqueror. Anna wished to share the dangers of the enterprise. I objected ; but vain were all remonstrances ! Her feeble health she treated as nothing. Had I then no longer any desire to have her with me, and endeavored to leave her behind me under various pretexts ? She asked me whether I doubted her courage. Had I not had proofs enough ? Oh, that delightful life in camp ! The magnificent cavalcade ! And the combats—they were delightful to her. And as for fatigue, privations and mishaps, what are they to one whose happiness is in the heart ? Anna ! You were identified in feeling

with Italy, and happy in the hope of the redemption of a people. She did not go armed ; she was not spotted with blood ; but her intrepid countenance would animate and put to blush even a coward. And, truly, under the walls of Rome, and beyond them, brave men had fallen, and many lay mutilated on the bed of grief and despair in the hospitals, or weeping at home over the failure of our exertions.

The right of the noble column of Velletri was degraded by intruders ; and the few good men were discouraged by the vandalism of dissension and the cowardice of some. The imposing presence of the American amazon did not avail at San Angelo in Vado and San Marino, to stop the fugitives. The word "cowards!" uttered by her in contempt, was borne away by the wind, and no longer wounded the ears of men who had lost their spirit. Ah, I must recall the glorious fields of San Antonio, to forget the disgrace of San Marino. Yet we happened to have in our front an enemy more timid than ourselves.

But, Anna! a land of slavery contains your precious remains. Italy will make your grave free ; but what can restore to your children their incomparable mother? At San Marino she had symptoms of a dangerous disease, and I insisted that she should remain there. But all in vain! The increasing dangers did not diminish her resolution to go. At Cisnatico, where we labored all night to effect the departure of the boats designed to transport the troops to Venice, Anna,

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seated on a rock, sadly contemplated our wearisome toil.

She embarked ; and the time spent on board was one of continual suffering. She landed exhausted on the beach of Mesola, and was hardly able to walk. In vain she flattered herself that the land would restore her to health. The land ! It had nothing to give her but a grave.

But, Italy, thou hast the ashes of Dante, the most celebrated of Italians. Receive the bones of the American amazon, the martyr of Italian liberty, and place them near the ashes of your great men, and under their protection. And you will take part in the pious deed, all you Italians who ever knew her. Every friend of our country will bless her and the orphan children. And they and I will implore the benediction of God upon you, and the remembrance, not only of Italy, but of the New World, their birthplace and her own. Soil of generous men, press lightly on the grave of the brave daughter of America ! And, O God ! Protector of the Innocent ! preserve the children of the Martyr and the Proscript ! And, my Sons ! when you are asked, Where are your parents ? say, We are orphans for Italy. Yet ever love Italy, for she is unhappy indeed.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER READING GENERAL GARIBALDI'S SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF HIS WIFE, ANNA GARIBALDI, JULY, 1849.

### I .

HER sufferings are over ; and now for a grave !  
My dear native land, ope thy bosom once more !  
She's worthy thy breast, though the country that gave  
Thy love to her heart is a far distant shore.

### II .

Oh, guard well my treasure ! I trust her to thee,  
Once the country of freedom, art, beauty and song :  
They rest with the martyrs who slumber in thee,  
But bequeath us their sorrows, how deep and how long !

### III

Italia ! I thank thee for life, and for power  
To fight with the foes of thyself and mankind ;  
But now, in Affliction's dark, gloomiest hour,  
I ask but one grave in thy bosom to find.

### IV .

The noblest of women has sunk on thy breast,  
Though born not, nor cherished, nor welcomed by thee  
In this lone desert region permit her to rest—  
Though thy living are bondsmen, thy dead are all free.

## V.

Oh, now shall no longer the rack or the flame  
Of the fell Inquisition demand her its prey,  
Or the Jesuit plot, in revenge of my name,  
The noblest of women to lure or to slay.

## VI.

For nothing remains of my race to destroy  
But the husband and sons she has cherished so long ;  
And should poniard or poison seek father or boy,  
They'll find there's an arm both determined and strong.

## VII.

Oh, hasten the day when the Truth shall be spread  
To the minds of my brethren, oppressed by its foes ;  
Then thanks shall be given, and tears shall be shed,  
For those whom we leave in thy dust to repose.

ANON.

## HUGH (OR UGO) BASSI.

This Italian priest was one of the conspicuous and admired patriots engaged in the Italian revolution. He served in Garibaldi's legion, not as a soldier, but in such philanthropic offices as he could find to perform. He accompanied his leader in his battles, and on his celebrated retreat after the fall of Rome. He left San Marino in his company, embarked in the same boat with him on the Adriatic, and was one of the few of those who escaped the Austrian squadron by landing on the Italian shore ; but he was soon after captured by the Austrian troops, taken to Bologna, and sentenced by a military tribunal to be shot, on a false accusation of having borne arms against the emperor. This charge is explicitly denied by his friend, Garibaldi.

The infamous Bedini, who was sent by the Pope to the United States, in 1854, to endeavor to establish the canon-law of Rome in our country, which would be subversive of our rights, constitution and laws, was then the Pope's Legate in Bologna. He, with a brutality and savage barbarity disgraceful to our age, though strictly in accordance with the laws of the Papacy, ordered that Bassi should be "desecrated" before his execution ; and actually had part of his head and fingers *flayed*, under pretence that those parts had been consecrated by the tonsure and the wafer, while



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a priest. The noble and excellent Bassi was marched to execution, with the blood flowing from the wounds thus inhumanly inflicted.

Bedini afterwards received a portion of his merited punishment, by being treated with expressions of horror in this country ; and fled, in a cowardly panic and by stealth, from the just indignation of the people. Yet, since that time, certain American "statesmen and patriots" (so-called) have associated with him in Rome, and treated him with the respect due only to beings worthy of the name of *man*! Oh, the base spirit of selfish politicians!—the bane of American principles, liberty and independence!—TRANSLATOR.

## UGO BASSI.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY GENERAL GARIBALDI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY T. DWIGHT.

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HE was a priest, highly distinguished for great merit, and a chaplain to the troops during the Italian war. This man was of unblemished moral character (a very rare quality among Italian priests), and of a noble heart, a benevolent disposition, and a high rank for popular eloquence. He accompanied me and the remains of my legion to Terni, after the surrender of Rome, shared the trials and dangers of our month's retreat through Tuscany, and was one of those who left San Marino, and embarked with me at Cisnatico.

“E se non piangi  
Di che non pianger suoli?”

The sublime words of your greatest man, O Italy! can never be recalled on a more appropriate occasion than the death of Bassi! And who ever loved you more dearly, or with a more holy love? Bassi, evangelical man! I have never been able to do justice to the traits of your incomparable character, except by applying the motto,

“TO HIM WHO IS ABOVE ALL PRAISE!”

But thou art fallen! Shot down in the land which can never produce another Bassi without the labor of ages!

Bassi fell the victim of the priests, who directed the Austrian bullets. Infamous priests! sellers of Italy! you sold the life of Bassi, as you have sold the life of Italy. Priests! the religion of Bassi shall yet be the religion of Italy. But your religion! ah, yours! it can be nothing else than the religion of hell! And you, yourselves, unless you imitate Bassi—unless you curse the Papacy—are devils. The Pope is Lucifer.

We, Italians, wish to be of the religion of Christ. The lion, the panther and the tiger, even while thirsty for blood, do not sell their children, but desperately defend, and mournfully cover them with their bodies when they are dying. You are worse than the ferocious inhabitants of the desert.

The mantle which concealed you has now fallen, hypocritical Pope! The butcher is now exposed, without his disguise—the chief of the butchers of many centuries! The watchword, in the day of vengeance, shall be “Bassi!” Those whom you regard as your children, are the autocrats and tyrants to whom you betrayed us. The Italians, to whom you have been a renegade, will hereafter only anathematize you. When they shall recover from the effects of all your perfidy, and begin again to feel and act as before, your name will be synonymous with every kind of malediction. They will repeat a new malediction

on you, at every remembrance of beloved friends whom they have lost. The father, the brother, the lover, the friend and the mother will curse you, at every recollection of those who have fallen in Italy—of the country which you have sold—and of every sufferer in exile. The blood shed in Lombardy, Venice, Piedmont and Rome, is clotted over your traitor face.

Men of moderation, be silent! Do not palliate those atrocious deeds, by false excuses. Caligula, Nero, Heliogabulus, were not so infamous. Leave us then in peace, to execrate our tyrants—our betrayers—the shedders of our blood. As for us, the world shall see us honoring and reverencing the men devoted to attaining our destiny, blessing them and kissing their footsteps. We will obey the orders of but one commander, God, who calls upon us to be men.

You, our oppressors, have sunk us in the dust, hoping to reduce us again to creep like worms: but the Roman, the Sardinian and the Sicilian will revenge the injury, with the musket or the arm; and no people on earth are more able to strike to the heart. If you had done good to the age, from Sicilians, Sardinians, and Romans, you would have received imperishable gratitude. But now, hatred is the only patrimony for Italians; hatred against them who have bought us, and him who has sold us. But we cannot be of the religion either of the betrayer or of his friends. The temple of Christianity we shall not acknowledge, in an edifice erected by a man to be himself worship-

ped in. The church over which a priest of the Pope presides, is a church of the Pope—a centre of treachery and vileness. We wish to be of the religion of Christ.

Bassi was a true servant of Christ: one of the line of Christian apostleship, in all the purity and holiness of the divine institution; and therefore he was hated by the crew of Pharisee-priests, with the thirty pieces of silver in their hands—the priests of the Pope.

Bassi joined the first Italian Legion at Rieti. Although Chaplain-in-chief of the Roman army, he entered that Legion as a simple soldier. The bravest of men, he was present, unarmed, in the battles. It is false, the assertion that he was made prisoner with arms in his hands!

He was an excellent horseman, and rode, from preference, a fiery steed, on which his fine figure appeared to great advantage. In battles, the thickest of the fight was the place to find Bassi; and often from there his horse, and his own arms, served to bear off a wounded companion. To have a horse wounded or killed, was for him an almost daily occurrence. His breast bore scars of horrible wounds, and his clothes were torn by the bullets of the enemy.

He was my adjutant in various engagements; but it was with difficulty that I could keep him near me; and he often said to me, in his natural, ingenuous manner, and with a voice like an angel's: "I have one favor to ask of you: Send me on the most dangerous errand."

Bassi! Best of men! Bologna does not erect a statue to you, on a pedestal bearing emblems of your virtues and sufferings and of our vengeance, because Bologna is trodden down by barbarous oppressors. They leave no remnant of her glory now; but Bassi alone is enough to make her honorable in the sight of all human nature.

Bassi was present at all the important battles of the Legion, and accompanied it everywhere. His powerful eloquence fascinated the people; and, if God had not determined and decreed the enslavement of Italy, the magical wand of our Apostle of Liberty would have won the multitude of her battle-fields. But Italy, although now unfortunate and degraded, will return to the conflict, when the breath of God shall animate another Bassi.

He did not vacillate, but promptly determined to accompany me on the last sortie, when the hope of defending the Immortal City—our last Palladium—vanished. He labored with me to restore the spirit of our companions, depressed by the loss of the brave, who remained in the hospitals of Rome, or lay dead without the walls. I called him into my boat, at Cisnatico, where fortune smiled upon us—for the last time. What a smile! In that fatal bark I bore those who were dear to me: Bassi, Cicerouacchio and his two sons, and the lady of my soul. Bassi! Anna! Both of them corpses a few days after. Cicerouacchio and his sons, lost in the forests of Ravenna, and never

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seen again! God protect the father of the Roman people!

Bassi landed with me at the mesoli; and, after going a few paces, said to me,—“I have the red pantaloons,” (a pair which he had received from a soldier, his own having been worn out,) “and I may betray you. I will go a little way, and change them.” I was then supporting my companion, my wife, who was exhausted with fatigue and sickness. Ah! without a drop of water, to assuage her dying thirst! Bassi left me; but I did not feel the pain of parting. I was under the influence of sensibility.

Yet I survive, after all these dreadful trials. Bassi passed on, and fell into the hands of the enemy.

S K E T C H  
OF  
L U I G I C A R N I G L I A .

BY GENERAL GARIBALDI.

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LUGI CARNIGLIA was from Deiva, a small town on the shore of the Levant. He never received any literary instruction, but supplied that defect by superior intelligence. Without the nautical science which makes a pilot, he sailed the Luisa to Gualeguay, without having ever been there before, and with the sagacity and success of a practised navigator. In the battle with the launches, it was chiefly owing to him that we were not brought into the power of the enemy. Armed with a trombone, at the post of the greatest danger, he gave signals for the assault. Tall in stature, and exceedingly robust, he united agility with extraordinary corporeal strength. Highly polished in the ordinary intercourse of life, he had the gift of making himself loved by every person who conversed with him. He was another martyr to liberty. The Italians are destined to serve everywhere, except in their own unhappy country.

Although this man belonged to a different class of society, I rank him among my friends, on account of the excellent and striking traits of his character. In all



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places and on all occasions he was disposed and qualified to sustain the honor of Italy. In every trial he displayed magnanimity, whether in a storm or amidst the greatest dangers of any kind, by land or by sea. He displayed his courage, as well as his disinterested love for me, in scenes which proved their sincerity, protecting me when exposed to death, and watching and tending me when sick and helpless like a child. When I was unable to move—while I was languishing, and on the point of being abandoned by every one, my mind wandering, under what seemed the delirium of death, he sat by my side and attended me with the assiduity and patience of an angel, leaving me only a moment, from time to time, and then *to weep!* O Luigi! Your bones, scattered in the abysses of the ocean, deserve a monument, at which the grateful proscrip̄t may, some day, shed a tear.

S K E T C H  
OF  
A N T O N I O E L I O.

BY GENERAL GARIBALDI.

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HE was another martyr for Italy ; and when will they cease to make martyrs of thy sons ? Thou art prostrate, and hast no place among the nations. He was another of the martyrs ; and behold what he was who fell by the fury of the priests, pierced by Austrian bullets.

Antonio Elio, of Ancona, was called " Cuor di leone" (lion-hearted) ; but, Italy, thou art ignorant of his history, because the interest of the priests conceals from thine eyes the valor of thy sons, to keep thee helpless and in despair. They desire not to make the people conscious of human dignity, or to have them adorned with patriotic virtue. They hold thee by the throat, suffocating thee in shame ; for they well know, the wretches, what their own fate will be. The day when thou shalt be weary of abuse, violence, and disgrace, they will be plunged into the pit where they have thrown thee.

Antonio Elia, surnamed, also, " Il Mondazzaro," (I know not the origin of that epithet,) between the years 1820 and '30 was an apprentice on board the

trabacco Anconetano, Captain Delmonte, and sailed in the Adriatic. That vessel was captured by a Tripolitan caravel, and taken towards Tripoli. The Turks had put an officer and twelve men on board, after binding the crew and imprisoning them below among the ballast, allowing only Antonio to remain on deck, as he was acquainted with the vessel, and the pirates wanted his services.

One dark and threatening night, in a Sirocco, when great minds become inspired, by the extraordinary aspect of nature, Antonio meditated the extermination of the enemy, and the liberation of his friends. In most vessels of that kind, a hatchet and a large knife are kept in a convenient place, for use in any emergency, for cutting spars, rigging, &c. When the Bora, or storm-cloud, approaches small vessels on the Italian coast, and enshrouds them, they are usually unable to find any shelter, and anchor where they can.

Antonio cherished the idea of the hatchet ; and in the night, when it was cold, and having on his jacket, he observed when the Turks were not likely to see him, and, approaching the place where it was deposited, took it and concealed it under his garment. He then walked to the stern, where the officer was standing leaning upon the boom ; but the Turk paid no attention to him, nor turned towards him, being accustomed to be attended by him. Antonio had reflected on the magnitude of the design he had formed, and had thought himself adequate to its execution ; but at that

moment his heart beat like a hammer. He, however, made a blow, but missed—the hatchet stuck in the wood of the boom. The officer even then did not suspect the cause of the sound, but probably thinking something had fallen from the mast, turned and looked up and then around him, when he saw Antonio trying to pull the hatchet from the wood. The yatagan immediately shone in the hand of the pirate, and Antonio, the next moment, felt blood running warm from his side to his feet—he was wounded in his left arm. His heart then seemed to cease beating, and he knew nothing more. The hatchet is free, and the head of the pirate is dashed through, as if by a thunder-bolt.

Whoever, like me, was ever acquainted with Antonio, can imagine him in that terrible scene. Splendid, like the Roman Mars, were the eyes of Antonio when he was excited: they sparkled in his temples. Although he was not above the common stature, on seeing him you would have said, “That man is equal to two.” And then his soul! it was beyond any comparison. The twelve remaining Turks suffered the fate of their captain, one after another, except two, who threw themselves into the waves, hoping perhaps to reach the caravel. It was not difficult for the trabacco, now freed from the pirate crew by Antonio, to reach Ancona, the wind being favorable.

“*The Holy Shepherd*” (Pius IX.) was hasty and prodigal in paying the foreign soldier, with whom he

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has divided *the flesh of his flock* ; but he did not offer to Antonio a single reward, not a mark of honor. Italy, therefore, knows nothing of that noble enterprise ; and Antonio, a simple sailor, was even obliged to enter a foreign service, and remained unknown until the late epoch, in which, rising for a moment, we fell again into the dust.

At the siege of Ancona, we need not be astonished if Antonio was found at the head of a band of sailors cannonading the Austrian vessels which bombarded the city, and doing his duty, wherever his fiery soul happened to be. Ancona fell. The moderate men (that pest of Italy) counselled Antonio and others not to emigrate, believing "that the government of order" would not be severe or inhuman ; and then, when their advice had been followed, allowed it to make an end of many poor young men, who are now languishing in the chains of Austria or the Inquisition, or hiding in secret, to conceal themselves from the priests.

Such was the lot of my unfortunate friend. The tears of a wife and seven little children did not avail, nor the unspotted life and brave conduct of the noble man who would never stain his hand with the blood of the betrayers of Italy. The priests were thirsty for the blood of any one who had fought for Italy. One day they *accidentally* paid a visit to the house of Antonio, and found a knife in the dairy. Antonio was shot by Austrians in a private spot. His death

was not known till many days after, when the news was sent to the widow.

The day is coming when the account will be settled with those assassins.

## A CHAPTER

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF THE PRECEDING PAGES.

REASONS FOR ADDING THE SUCCEEDING PAGES—VIEW OF ROME AT GARIBALDI'S ARRIVAL, AND DURING THE PERIOD OF THE REPUBLIC, IN 1849—REMARKS ON THE CALUMNIES OF ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH many of the most important events in the siege of Rome were published in American newspapers at the time, they probably were well understood, appreciated and remembered, by but few, even of our intelligent countrymen. So general has been the indifference felt towards the interests of the Italian struggle, strongly and intimately as it is related to the highest interests of the world, and especially of our institutions and ourselves, that there is little danger of mistake, in making the preceding assertion.

It is common for even good and wise men among us, to express their unbelief in the capacity of Italians to sustain a free government. But this opinion was most directly contradicted, and in the most cogent manner possible, by the course of things in the Roman States, during the reign of the Republicans in 1849, and pre-eminently in the city of Rome, even during the French siege. In the brief review which the reader will find on the succeeding pages, this is made clearly manifest ;

and many additional facts might be given, if space were here allowed.

The translator earnestly requested Gen. Garibaldi to continue his own memoirs, and embrace the period of the Revolution in Italy, or at least that of the Roman Republic of 1849. But he decidedly declined, saying that the time had not arrived for such a work, at least by his hand. Application was then made to several of the most capable Italians then in New York ; but they all declined the task, which was afterwards performed by the translator, in a very imperfect and inadequate manner, although he received valuable assistance from his Italian friends. Owing to causes much regretted, the volume referred to, (*"The History of the Roman Republic of 1849, by Theodore Dwight,"*) published in 1851, was much reduced from the size originally designed, so that a large amount of valuable materials, which had been prepared for it, was omitted. Some of these will be found in the following chapters, prepared as an Appendix to the present work ; and among them brief descriptions of some of Gen. Garibaldi's greatest exploits of that period, in official documents, or communications which were made by him to the translator in 1850 and '51, accompanied by hasty drafts of the battle-fields, drawn with his pen. To these may be added a few incidents and anecdotes, derived from persons actively engaged in the scenes to which they allude, in order to give the reader a correct, though an incomplete sketch of that interesting and extraordinary period.



The newspapers published in Rome in that period of the Republic, possess, and must ever retain, a peculiar interest. They bear testimony to the progress of events from day to day, through that most remarkable struggle, and afford practical evidence, in a lively form, of the existence of a state of feeling and a condition of things, most honorable to the character and spirit of the government and the people. A few extracts, translated for insertion here, will justify these remarks to the reader, while they present to him, in a concise and striking manner, the leading events in Rome, in connection with the hero of that epoch, to whose previous history the preceding pages have been devoted.

In the succeeding sketch of events under the Republic, to be found in the present volume, attention will be chiefly directed to subjects and scenes with which Garibaldi was personally connected: but, as these are more various and numerous than the reader may suppose, he may be called to a wider survey than he would expect. For Garibaldi was at first a member of the Constituent Assembly, and therefore has a claim to some portion of the high honors earned by that intelligent, virtuous, and dignified body of representatives of the Roman people, which was elected by them, by free and *universal suffrage*, and maintained a patriotic, enlightened, manly, calm, and resolute attitude, in their prolonged daily deliberations, through the entire siege of the city by the French army, going

through with many important deliberations, and adopting a Constitution step by step, until they completed and proclaimed it on the very day the enemy entered, and overthrew the government at the point of the bayonet. That body and its proceedings have been assailed by calumny, and, with surprising industry and ingenuity, even in American newspapers. Their acts form an impregnable defence for their reputation, which time will only render more conspicuous and admired.

Some attempts were made in the volume entitled "The Roman Republic of 1849," to bring forward facts against aspersions of that character; and such subjects as were there given in detail will here be hastily passed, while a few, which were not there fully presented, will be dilated upon as far as may seem consistent with the brief space, remaining towards the close of the present work.

Among the false pretences made by the French, was one which drew down the biting and well-merited sarcasm of the Roman gazettes: that they had taken under their charge the protection of the invaluable monuments of art in "the Immortal City." Two facts rendered this pretence ridiculous in the extreme: 1st. It was first made after the mortifying repulse of General Oudinot's army on the 30th of April, under the walls of Rome, when his summary retreat and subsequent delay of operations they attributed not to the irresistible valor of the Romans, but to his unwilling-

ness to expose to destruction or injury the precious edifices, statues, and pictures ; and 2d. The French attacked the point nearest to St. Peter's and the Vatican, the principal depositories of the treasures of ancient and modern arts, caused numerous injuries there and in other parts of the city, by their shot and shells, some of which appeared as if thrown with the express design of producing such effects. The documents translated for this volume, which were officially published by the municipality of Rome, in conjunction with most of the diplomatic corps, will show that the French, instead of protecting the monuments, were injuring, and threatening to destroy them, and that the city government and foreign ambassadors protested against their proceedings to the government and people of France, in the name of the civilized world. An exact amount is given of the injuries done by the invaders' shot and shells, and of the precautions taken by the Romans to prevent them.

Yet, after all this had been done, certain American newspapers repeated the slander, and superadded another accusation, equally false, that the Republican Government had planned and prepared for the destruction of St. Peter's Church and the College of the Propaganda, by blowing them up ; and that the interference our Chargé alone saved them from destruction, as the whole was to have been done in the previous night. Some readers may possibly have credited that story, ridiculous as it was easily proved

to be, by the prompt denial of General Avezzana, to whom an appeal was made ; and by his testimony, that the mining of St. Peter's could scarcely have been effected in a week, and would have required an immense amount of powder, while it was the want of that very article which had rendered a longer defence of the city impossible. Shame almost forbids, but justice requires us to add, that this story, preposterous and calumnious as it was, was published in the United States, in the name of Mr. Cass, Jr., then our Chargé d'Affairs in Rome, who, it was said, claimed the credit of saving St. Peter's from destruction, by rising at night from bed and interposing. However great his influence may be supposed to have been with the leaders of the Roman Republic, after his long course of unfriendly proceedings towards them and their noble cause, it can hardly be imagined that he had the ability of making them renounce a project which never was adopted or thought of.

It happily occurred that all Americans were not so far removed from the scene of action and from sources of authentic information, and left to the influence of calumniators for their opinions of that greatest struggle for civil and religious liberty which has been made since the Reformation, and in which our countrymen will one day discover that they have a far deeper and more vital interest, than in the questions of secondary importance which now engross their attention. A number of American travellers were in Rome during

the time of the Republic, whose intelligence and stations qualified them to pronounce judgment on the state of things ; and they, with one consent, it is believed, united in terms of unqualified praise, of the moderation of the government, the unanimous enthusiasm of the people, the undisturbed tranquility and good order which everywhere reigned, even in the public streets and squares through the night. All this has been attested by some of our most intelligent and refined countrymen, who had opportunities to observe in person ;—and it so continued, though no man was imprisoned or disturbed for opinions' sake ; though the usual Papal system of spies, police, gendarmes, &c., was dispensed with, even through the six weeks of siege, while the French were advancing their batteries step by step against the feeble old walls of Rome, erected long before the invention of gunpowder.

Much consolation is afforded, after referring to the calumnies forged or repeated by some Americans, against the champions so pure and noble, by recollecting that some of our countrymen have been heartily on the right side. With pleasure, therefore, we may refer with honor and pride to our Consul, the late Gov. Brown, who not only showed himself to be in possession of an American heart through the conflict, but saved the lives of numbers of the Italian patriots after its close, by his prompt, humane, judicious and successful exertions. It is agreeable also to record the warmth of feeling expressed by the late Bishop

Wainwright, after his return from his tour on the old continent, in a conversation with the writer. He remarked, that several members of his family were in Rome during the siege, and found no reason to fear any evil, while among so refined, virtuous and orderly a people as the patriotic population, and, therefore, declined the courteous and friendly offers made by General Avezzana, to send them where they pleased, under an escort. Bishop Wainwright readily consented to give his written testimony to this effect, if it should be thought desirable to publish it.

OUTLINES  
OF  
GENERAL GARIBALDI'S CAREER IN ITALY

During the Years 1848 & '9;

CHIEFLY GIVEN IN OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED  
BY THEODORE DWIGHT.

THE translator of the preceding pages applied to General Garibaldi, while in New York, to write an account of the Roman Republic; and afterwards requested several of the most intelligent Italian exiles here to perform the task. They all declined, partly for the want of leisure, being all engaged in daily business for their own support. They, however, furnished valuable communications, some of which were embodied in "*The Roman Republic of 1849.*" The following pages are chiefly occupied by official documents, which have been collected and translated for this work, in order to present an authentic documentary history of the great events in which General Garibaldi performed conspicuous parts, through the momentous struggle for liberty in Rome, in the year 1849.

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GARIBALDI'S RETURN TO ITALY FROM SOUTH AMERICA,  
IN 1848.

The following brief outline of General Garibaldi's movements, after the period terminating with the close of his "Autobiography," and previous to the first French attack on Rome, on the 30th of April, 1849, has been furnished for publication here by Dr. G. Gajani, now a citizen of New York, and then a member of the Roman Constituent Assembly, the author of that highly interesting and instructive work, "The Roman Exile."

In 1848, when the news of the Italian revolution reached Montevideo, General Garibaldi gathered his Italian friends and sailed for Italy. They had arrived in sight of Nice (the native city of Garibaldi), when Colonel Anzani, the most intimate friend of Garibaldi, breathed his last. Colonel Anzani was consumptive, and the emotion excited by seeing Italy again proved too powerful for him.

Garibaldi with his friends proceeded to the field of battle in Lombardy, and offered his services to King Charles Albert, who received him coolly. A few days after, the king was defeated, and signed an armistice with the Austrians. Garibaldi was not included in that armistice, and did not choose to lay down his arms. Pursued by the Austrians, he fought several skirmishes at Como, Varese, Laveno, and other places; but his troops, being overwhelmed by numbers, disbanded, and he retired into Switzerland—and, after



much suffering, finally made good his retreat across the Po, into the Papal State, in October, 1848. General Zucchi, the Minister of War of the Pope, happened to be at Bologna, and wrote to Count Rossi, Secretary of State of Pius IX., that Zucchi had ordered two Swiss regiments (which were at the service of the Pope) to march against Garibaldi, who was then at Ravenna, and "throw him and his followers *into the sea*"—meaning, probably, to compel them to embark. But, before this order was executed, the Pope had fled from Rome, and the popular government which undertook to govern the State, enrolled Garibaldi and his followers, and gave him a commission to increase his band, and protect the eastern boundaries of the Roman State against the King of Naples.

A short time afterwards the elections for the Roman Constituent Assembly took place, and Garibaldi was elected at Macerata, and went to Rome to take his seat in the Assembly, at its opening, on February 9th, 1849.

After that day Garibaldi put himself again at the head of his troops, on the boundaries of Naples, and returned with them to Rome, when the French had landed at Civitavecchia.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLICANS, IN OPPOSITION TO THE CLAIMS OF POKERY.

The Pope at this time published a long and tiresome "*Encyclic*," filled with true Popish arrogance and

subtleties, to which pungent replies were made,—one entitled, “*The Pope Excommunicated.*”

*Brief extracts from “Thoughts addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy,” “on the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius IX.,” by Mazzini.*

The divorce between the world and him (Pius IX.), between believing people, who are the true Church, and the fornicating aristocracy who usurp its name, is impressed on every syllable of the Pope’s letter. For many years the Pope has lost the power to love and bless. Excited for a moment by the immense spectacle of the resurrection of a people, Pius IX., two years ago, murmured a benediction upon Italy ; and that accent of love sounded so new and unusual on the lips of a Pope, that all Europe imagined a second era for the Papacy, and became intoxicated with enthusiasm, ignorant of the history of past ages respecting him who had pronounced it. Now the monarchs have been paid. . . .

The few important points which the Pope’s letter contains, are :

1st, *A theory* on authority ; and 2nd, *A doctrine* respecting the evils of the poverty and ignorance which afflict the people in Italy, and in a great degree elsewhere. Both these deny God, the Word of Christ, and human nature.

. . . . The Israel (of Italy) is the revolutionary party, the national party, who say to Italians, *You are not a race born to be slaves* of the Pope, or of the

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Austrian whip ; *you are twenty-six millions of people*, created free, equal, brethren, all children of God, and servants of nothing but his law. .

The *theory* of the Pope's letter is this : " That the poor exist in consequence of things which cannot and ought not to be changed ; that the Catholic religion preaches to the rich to have charity, which will obtain from God treasures of grace and eternal rewards ; that the poor should thank the Providence which keeps them in misery, and that they know how to bear it in peace and a light mind, as an easier way of salvation in heaven." . . .

And to this *theory* is superadded *the other*, respecting authority : " Every authority comes from God ; every government, *de facto*, is a government of right. Obey, or, resisting, be condemned."

In other words, or comprehending the two theories in one : Earth and heaven constitute a perpetual antagonism—Right, equality and truth reign in heaven ; fact, force and inevitable evil reign upon earth. There are two human races : the race of the rich and powerful, and the race of the poor and servants. The poor exist for the benefit of the rich, in order that the latter may obtain heaven by exercising charity ; and the servants, in order that the masters can govern with clemency and the spirit of love. When this is not done, God will give punishments and rewards in heaven ; but, every attempt at melioration on earth, by the efforts of the poor and servile race, *is sin*.

And this is the religious doctrine which the church of the Pope teaches to mankind in the nineteenth century ; and she teaches it in the name of the Gospel of Christ, confronting it to the words—

“Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven:”

the only prayer which Jesus taught to believers ; confronting it to the command, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve ;” confronting it to, “That all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee.”

No—it is not true that heaven and earth are in antagonism ; it is not true, that, while in heaven the truth and justice of God reign, submission to fact and reverence for brute force are a law of the earth. It is not true that the salvation of human creatures is secured, as if by expiation, by means of resignation or indifference. The earth is the Lord’s ; the earth, on which, and for which, Jesus, first, and after him all the holy martyrs of mankind, shed their tears and their blood.

#### THE CONDITION OF ROME.

The time approached when all eyes were to be opened to the real designs of the French. A crisis was near, when all the charitable hopes of the sincerity of their amicable professions were to be dispelled. The city was to be attacked by a foreign army for the first time since the days of Charles V., in the period of the Reformation, and for the second time since that of

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the Northern invasions. In looking back for preceding events of the same kind, the mind had but a single step more to make—the attempt by the Gauls. How different the state of the world since those times! How different the condition of the city; the mode and means of warfare; the principles engaged; the effect to be anticipated on the world!

Never before had the city of Rome been voluntarily deserted by a pope, and brought to a state of order and tranquility by a mere declaration of a republic, and become practically and truly a Protestant city. Never had she been, in the judgment of the world, more certain to be overawed by a powerful host, and more unable to resist. Deeply interesting must have been the situation of many a family.

The negotiations which had been carried on with the Triumvirate, by M. Lesseps, the French agent, had resulted in nothing but the manifest exposure of the double-dealing of Louis Napoleon, and a display of the integrity, ability and patriotism of the Romans.

There was a mixed multitude within the walls, but most of them belonging to the city, or other parts of the Roman States, and many of them soldiers who had been engaged in one or more battles in other parts of Italy. The whole number of Polanders and other foreigners was trifling. Volunteers had been hourly arriving for several weeks, some in regular corps, or companies, others in small bands, and some alone. Col. Manara had entered the city, at the head

of his legion of Lombards, raised and paid out of his princely fortune, all which, with his services and his life, he gave an offering to his country.

The following extract from the Roman *Monitore*, the official journal, of June 28th, will give a specimen of the style, and the dignity and intelligence with which the people were daily addressed by the government. After denying, in such terms, and by such arguments as have been used in the preceding pages, the calumnious charges against the character and origin of the defenders of Rome, the *Monitore* enumerates the troops in the city, as follows: "The army of the Republic being ten regiments of infantry, and two of cavalry—all of them from the Roman States; the Medici Legion, of 300 Tuscans; the Foreign Legion, of 250 men, French and Poles; the Italian Legion of Garibaldi, about 2,000, all except 300 belonging to the Roman States; and, finally, several battalions of the Military Guard Mobile, some of Rome, some of the provinces. . . . The pretended *foreign banditti*, then, who *oppress* the Roman people, amount to 1,650 men, in a city of 150,000 inhabitants, and with 14,000 National Guards. These are the men, too, who for a month have repelled 30,000 French troops, not only from the city, but from the country-seats around it, and defended a circuit of 40 miles! The most solemn denial that can be given to the accumulated falsehoods of our enemies, is to say to all the people of Europe, "Look, and judge! Assaulted by four armies at once,

in the rushing ruin of Italian misfortunes, the Roman Republic raised her sacred standard on the towers of the Capitol, and guards the sacred fire of liberty."

Day broke on Rome, on the morning of April 30th, 1849, upon a scene which no human foresight could have anticipated, even a few weeks before, and which human ingenuity could scarcely have imagined, even in its principal features. The whole city was in solemn expectation of the arrival of a large French force, which was known to be on the march from Civita Vecchia, and near enough to arrive at the walls in a few hours. Arrangements had been made, and publicly announced, to apprise the inhabitants of their first appearance in sight, by the striking of bells. Preparations for defence had been made, and were still making, by the erecting of works in various places in the squares and streets, to oppose the French if they should enter the walls; while the troops were prepared to fight them from the walls and the ground outside. The elevated positions and buildings were crowded by spectators, some of them foreigners, of different classes, and from different countries. The French had pretended to come as friends and protectors, but persisted in advancing, even after being assured by the Romans that they neither needed nor desired their assistance. The French, then assuming a tone of disdain, had plainly expressed their belief that *the Romans would not fight*. The world was waiting, with anxiety, the result of that day's

movements ; and, probably, very few men believed that the French would meet with any great obstacle. They expected to dine that day in Rome, and to remain masters of it as long as they pleased.

Perhaps no news has ever been more unexpected, than that which was that day sent from Rome to all parts of the world : that the Romans had fought the French gallantly, with far inferior forces, for several hours, and driven them twelve miles back towards Civita Vecchia. Such, however, was the surprising truth ; and, had not the Triumvirate peremptorily ordered Garibaldi to pursue them no further, he would have continued to press them, with the resolution which he had formed, of driving them into the sea.

Among the spectators who wrote accounts of what occurred that day, were several intelligent men of different nations, who described the defence as conducted with superior skill, and performed with the greatest vigor and valor by the Roman officers and soldiers. Interesting letters from some of these witnesses may be found in the newspapers of different countries, published soon after ; and many concurrent accounts in various other publications, particularly "Italia del Popolo," a monthly magazine, published by the exiled patriot leaders. We give below the official reports of the principal events, during the period of Roman liberty, in all of which Garibaldi was a conspicuous actor.



## OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE REPULSE OF THE FRENCH ADVANCE OF 8,000 MEN, UNDER GENERAL OUDINOT, UNDER THE WALLS OF ROME—THE FIRST BATTLE: APRIL 30TH, 1849.

(Translated for the present work.)

### ARRANGEMENTS OF THE BATTLE OF THE 30TH OF APRIL.

THE Triumvirate, with information furnished by the Minister of War, Citizen General Avezzana, publishes the following report :

The time necessary to collect, from the different military chiefs, the particulars relative to the engagement of April 30th, has prevented us from publishing earlier a precise relation. Now, since such particulars have been minutely transmitted, we fulfil that duty with such scrupulous exactness, as is demanded by the truth of history and the just demands of the public.

From the 29th, the commander in chief of the arms of the Republic, General Avezzana, who is also the Minister of War, was fully informed of the enemy's approach by the numerous scouting parties, whose reports were confirmed by a French prisoner, who, the same day, fell into an ambush of our advance-posts.

On the morning of the 30th, the telegraph giving notice of the advance of the enemy's forces, announced

at nine o'clock, that they were within five miles of Rome ; and the Minister of War sent a captain of the general staff to the cupola of St. Peter's, to remain there until the firing should commence, to observe all the movements of the enemy, and discover their numbers and their intentions.

In the meantime all measures were taken in the city to repel the aggression, with such desperate energy as is inspired by the holiness of right and the justice of the cause. Strong and numerous barricades, at all the gates and in all the principal streets, especially on the right side of the Tiber, forbade all access into the city ; the bastions, rising above, crowned with cannon, were prepared to fire upon the enemy ; and the young army, impatient with warlike ardor, placed at the different points where the attack was expected, was disposed in the following order : The first brigade, commanded by General Garibaldi, and composed of the first Italian Legion, the battalion of the University, the battalion of the Reduced, the Legion of Exiles, and the Mobilized Finanzieri, occupied, outside of the walls, the whole line from the Portese Gate to the gate of San Pancrazio ; the second brigade, composed of two battalions of the Mobilized Civic Troops and the First Light, commanded by Col. Masi, occupied the wall of the Gates Cavalleggieri, Vatican and Angelica ; and finally, the third brigade, commanded by Col. Savini, and composed of the first and second regiments of Mounted Dragoons, formed the reserve in Piazza Na-

vona. The fourth brigade, consisting of the first and second regiments of the line, commanded by Colonel Galletti, was in reserve at the Chiesa Nuova and Piazza Cesarini, with all the field cannon not in position. General Giuseppe Galletti, commander of Carabiniers, and Major Manara, with the Lombard battalion, forming separate corps, were held ready to proceed wherever necessity might require.

Everything concurred to indicate that the enemy, who were eight thousand men, with two squadrons of cavalry and twelve field-pieces, divided in two columns, intended to make a double and simultaneous attack at the gates Cavalleggieri and Angelica. In fact, about eleven o'clock in the morning, proceeding by Villa Pamfili, they occupied two houses, from which they commenced an active fire of musketry and artillery against the Cavalleggieri gate. The valiant General Garibaldi moved from the gate of San Pancrazio, to attack them in flank, with all his troops and the University battalion; and there commenced a murderous and obstinate battle, in which a hundred deeds of personal bravery proved, that the modern Italians are prepared to imitate the ancient glories of their fathers. The French made a determined resistance to the onset of Garibaldi; and even repulsed their assailants, favored by their superior numbers and by their artillery, which they fired briskly. But, being reinforced by the Legion of Exiles, the Reduced battalion, the Roman Legion, commanded by Col. Galletti, and two

companies of the first regiment of the line, charging simultaneously, with the bayonet, they compelled the enemy to retire precipitately, leaving in the hands of our troops about three hundred prisoners, among whom were six officers, with the commander of a battalion, and a great number of killed.

While they were fighting thus at San Pancrazio, other attacks were made on the gardens of the Vatican, and along the entire line, from the Cavalleggieri gate to that of Santa Marta, where the enemy endeavored, with all their power, to silence our artillery, and where they made two furious assaults, but were bravely repulsed by the Masi Brigade and the Mobilized Civic, assisted in good time by the brave and ardent Carabinieri. At all those points our troops sustained the attacks of the enemy with admirable firmness and coolness, and, by fighting with the bravery of veteran soldiers, compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. In that encounter the National Artillery deserve special commemoration, under the command of Colonel Calandrelli, who lost two distinguished officers, besides wounded; and also the Civic Artillery, who rivalled the former in zeal and ardor.

Thus repulsed on the whole line, the French retired first to Bravella, three miles from the city, whence, after a short stop, they continued their retreat towards Castel di Guido, from which, doubtless, they will go to Civitavecchia.

This battle, which wonderfully consolidated the foundation of our Republic, lasted about seven hours, beginning at ten in the morning and ending at three in the afternoon, without including, as a part of the contest, the little skirmishes which were continued until evening, between our ardent soldiers and the bands of the enemy who were pursued without ceasing. According to facts collected, and the statements made by the prisoners, it appears that the enemy lost more than fifteen hundred men, including killed, wounded and prisoners. On our part we have to lament only fifty killed and two hundred wounded, among whom are many officers, subaltern and superior.

We have only a sentiment of admiration and a word of praise, equal for all, officers, soldiers and people, who took part in the combat of the 30th. All fought like heroes ; all showed that when the love of country is living and ardent, the sacrifice of life is sweet. In such a case we cannot make a better eulogium on the valor of our brave men, than by repeating an extract of a letter written by General Garibaldi to the Minister of War :

“ All the corps which have fought this day are extremely well-deserving of the country. A detachment of the line, the first Roman Legion, the University battalion, the Arcioni Legion, the battalion of the Reduced, and the first Italian Legion have been rivals in valor. The chief officers and the soldiers of those corps have merited the gratitude of Italy and the title

of valiant men. Many arms, drums and other articles of war have remained in our power."

The merits of the sanitary officers of our ambulances ought not to be forgotten, who were diligent in collecting on the field, the wounded, on whom were lavished, as is done in the hospitals, by the ladies, services truly fraternal; and in mourning over losses, it is grateful to say, that among the French themselves, many declared, before dying, that they left life with remorse for having fought against brother-republicans; while those who were saved, imprecating their government, know not how to thank us for the assiduous cares of which they have been the objects, but by repeating as often as their countrymen are made prisoners, '*Viva la Repubblica Romana!*'

In short, a profound sentiment of gratitude requires us to give to that most truly Italian General, Avezzana, a word of encomium, though far inferior to that great love of country which impels him to provide for every exigency of the onerous ministry entrusted to him, with a tenacious perseverance, and an indefatigable alacrity, which would have been prodigious in a young man. From the first approach of the enemy, followed by a portion of his staff, (for many other officers belonging to it were appointed to the gates, to direct the corps which defended them,) General Avezzana visited in succession the places attacked, and by his voice and his example, raising to the highest degree the enthusiasm of the people, until they asked for arms, and of

the soldiers who were fighting bravely, secured the triumph of the day and the honor of the country.

In this aggression, France, sacrificed by a government, the enemy of the true interests of their country, has suffered immense losses, more moral than material ; she has lost all political influence ; she has no right to our sympathies ; and if the justice of our cause has given so much energy to conquer the most warlike soldier, we have now the profound conviction of being able to contest, with glory and success, against all the enemies of the Republic and of Italy.

The Triumvirs,

CARLO ARMELLINI,  
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,  
AURELIO SAFFI.

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FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE SAME BATTLE OF APRIL  
30TH, BY CARLO RUSCONI.

General Oudinot, who, with 8,000 men and 12 field pieces, wished to raze Rome to the ground, ordered a simultaneous attack on Porta Cavalleggeri and Porta Angelica, and occupied two houses of Villa Pamfili, from which he opened an active fire of musketry and artillery. He presented himself against General Garibaldi, one of those men who serve as types in the creations of art. Beautiful in person, simple in habits, frugal in living, courageous as the heroes celebrated in chivalry, he exerted a fascination on all who surrounded him. He had a thousand men about him, who would

have allowed themselves to be killed a thousand times at his slightest command. Concise in manner, sparing of words, terrible in wrath, you would have said that Byron must have had this extraordinary man before his eyes, when he delineated his immortal Conrad ;—Garibaldi, who was not in his element except when balls were whistling round his head, moved against the French, attacked them in flank, and, supported by Col. Galleti, discomfited them, after many hours fighting.

Garibaldi, having seen that the engagement with musketry proceeded too slowly, and impatient at that mode of fighting, made a charge on the French with the bayonet, in the most destructive manner, and which secured him the victory. Finding that that method turned out well, he never abandoned it in the successive conflicts ; and this explains the great number of killed in that obstinate war.

SPIRITED PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF ROME, BY  
THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, THE DAY AFTER THE FIRST  
BATTLE.

People! yesterday commenced the entrance of the French into Rome. They entered by the Porta San Pancrazio—as prisoners! To us, people of Rome, this does not cause much surprise ; but it may excite a curious sensation in Paris. That also will be well.

People! the attack will be renewed. Let us do as we did yesterday ; and especially do not be alarmed



if a few batteries should be silenced by their cannonade. Reports of cannon startle the ears, and somewhat shake the houses : but, in fact, when they do not reach united masses of people, they destroy but very few victims. . . . .

We request good shopkeepers to keep at their business constantly : that will have a good influence and be very convenient at the same time.

To-day we have need to fortify Pincio, (the Pincian Mount ;) be there early, in goodly numbers, and let us labor together.

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PROCLAMATION BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE BARRICADES,  
TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE.

People! General Oudinot promised to pay all and all in cash. Well, let him pay, if he can, for the Tapestries of Raffaele, shot through with French bullets ; let him pay for the losses—no, not the losses, but the insult cast on Michael Angelo. Napoleon at least carried to Paris our master-pieces, and in a certain way Italian genius received the admiration of the foreigner, as a recompense for the conquest. Not so to-day. The French government invade our territory, and carry their singular predilection for Rome so far, as to wish to destroy her, rather than have her exposed to the impatience of the terrible (General) Zucchi, and the threats of Radetzky and Gioberti, who are both at several weeks' distance from the

Tiber. General Oudinot is more hasty than our enemies. The Republic is grateful to him. Do you know why? Because, while the Imperialists occupy Alessandria, without a blow struck by Charles Albert, it is a great Italian glory, that the People's Rome honorably repels the Republicans of France, whom a black government sends against us, after calumniating us as robbers and assassins. And the Popes? Let us preserve, in memory of them, the cannon-balls which solemnly celebrated the anniversary of the Pontifical Encyclic. Enough! Of kingdoms and triple kings let us talk no more. Let us now think of the Barricades. Let us think of our honor, which we must fully vindicate. Rome, like Scævola, has still her arm on the burning torch, and has sworn an oath. The three hundred of Scævola routed Porsenna. The history of Rome is not yet finished.

The Representatives of the People,

E. CARNESUCHI,

V. CATTABENI,

*Rome, May 2d.*

V. CALDESI.

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THE NEAPOLITAN INVASION.

On the same day the following Proclamation was published by the Triumvirate, announcing the approach of the numerous army of the King of Naples. Five days later they announced the arrival of the Spanish army, of 5000 men, on the coast. Both those armies had been raised, in obedience to the call of the

Pope, as well as that of France, which had just been so manfully driven from the walls of Rome.

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PROCLAMATIONS OF THE TRIUMVIRATE, AT THE TIME OF  
THE NEAPOLITAN INVASION.

*Rome*, May 2d, 1849.—Romans! A corps of the Neapolitan army, having covered the frontier, threatens to move against Rome.

Their intent is to restore the Pope, as absolute master in temporal affairs. Their arms are persecution, ferocity, and pillage. Among their files lurks their king, to whom Europe has decreed the name of *the Bombarder of his own subjects*; and around him stand the most inexorable of the conspirators of Gaeta.

Romans! We have conquered the first assailants: we will conquer the second. The blood of the best Neapolitans, the blood of our brothers of Sicily, lies on the head of the traitor-king. God, who blinds the wicked, and strengthens the defenders of right, chooses you, O Romans, for avengers. Let the will of the country and of God be done.

In the name of the rights which belong to every country; in the name of the duties which belong to Rome, in regard to Italy and Europe; in the name of the Roman mothers, who will bless the defenders of their children; in the name of our liberty, our honor, and our conscience; in the name of God and the

people ; let us resist, soldiers and people, capital and province. Let Rome be as inviolable as eternal justice. We have learned that, to conquer, it is enough not to fear death.

THE TRIUMVIRS.

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THE BATTLE OF PALESTRINA.

The retreat of the French army back to the seashore, and the armistice which occurred after the first battle, of April 30th, afforded a remarkably convenient opportunity to attend to the King of Naples and his army, which amounted to about twenty thousand men. The following is a description of their position, and the marching of the Roman army against them, translated from the beginning of the report of Gen. Roselli, then commander-in-chief. The report includes the time from his leaving Rome, May 16th, until the occupation of Velletri, May 20th, 1849.

“The Neapolitan army occupied the position of Albano, Velletri and Palestrina, and had their line of operations directed towards Rome.

The army of the Republic left Rome, to attack the enemy, on the 16th and 17th, and manœuvred to turn their flanks and cut off their communications with the Neapolitan State. The point of direction of the army was Monte Fortino, whence it might menace all the enemy's communications.

The Neapolitans had no other way but to retreat, or come out and attack us in the positions we had

chosen. The army was composed of five brigades, and one of cavalry, with twelve pieces of cannon. The first brigade, with a squadron of lancers and two pieces of artillery, commenced the march. I left Rome at five o'clock, P. M., and took the direction of Zagarola, by the road of Campanelle, to expose the right flank as little as possible. The march was very rapid; we reached Zagarola at ten before noon. The vanguard passed the town rapidly, and encamped on the hills which defend the roads of Palestrina and Albano. According to instructions, the next day it was intended to attack Palestrina, and then march on Velletri; but we learned, from our patrols and information, that the enemy were no longer in Palestrina, having concentrated their forces in Velletri. It was then immediately decided to occupy Monte Fortino.

The order had been given to put the army in movement before daylight; but, from misunderstanding, and insufficiency of the means of transport, the arrival of provisions having been delayed, our brave soldiers were compelled to lose precious time," &c., &c.

The report of the commander-in-chief being deficient in details, I sought for more particulars from Gen. Garibaldi, and soon obtained the following succinct account, written down from his lips, accompanied with a hasty plan of the battle-ground, drawn by his pen. It now became evident that the common opinion was correct, which attributed the two remarkable victories of Palestrina and Velletri to Garibaldi; as the van-

guard, led by him, had all the fighting to do ; and the main body of the Roman army, under Roselli, did not arrive until the result was mainly secured.

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GEN. GARIBALDI'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLES OF PALESTRINA AND VELLETRI.

“My first object,” said he, “was to turn the enemy's flank ; for I thought that if the King of Naples once heard that I was in his rear, he would be frightened ; and so it proved.”

The following is the substance of his account of the engagements, from notes taken in 1850 :

The Neapolitans occupied the strong positions of Tusculum mountains, with their head-quarters at Velletri, and their advanced guard at Albano. Their extreme left was at Castel Gondolfo, and their extreme right a small village.

The battle of Palestrina was about ten days before that of Velletri. The troops present at the former were a hundred cavalry, under Col. Massina ; 300 Bersaglieri, under Col. Manara ; 200 Finanzieri of the Nationals ; 200 Students, mobilized ; and the Italian Legion, of 1,000—in all, about 1,800 men.

Garibaldi was sent out to harrass and observe the Neapolitans, with his division, and was at Palestrina, when seven thousand of the enemy were sent against him, with the intention of attacking him.

Between the Tusculum Mount and Palestrina is a valley, in one of the projections of the Apennines, in

an amphitheatre. When Garibaldi perceived that the enemy had arrived at Valmontone, he sent a detachment to observe them. But it was repulsed, with the videttes, and retired upon the corps. When the Neapolitans reached Palestrina, Garibaldi prepared to defend himself. The enemy advanced, by two roads, against Palestrina, when Garibaldi prepared two companies, to protect the returning soldiers, or to harrass the enemy, if occasion should offer ; while he remained in the centre, with a reserve.

The Neapolitans extended in line, and attacked ; but were repulsed on the left and the centre. The two companies on the right were driven back, when Garibaldi, being victorious in other parts, proceeded with the reserve to the right, and the rout of the enemy was then completed. A strong body of royal Swiss troops, in the pay of Bomba, was present. The Republicans being destitute of cavalry, and the speedy arrival of night, saved the wrecks of the troops of Bomba.

From Palestrina, Garibaldi returned to Rome.

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#### THE BATTLE OF VELLETRI.

A few days after, he again left Rome, with the Roman army, and was in the vanguard, having under his orders the First Italian Legion, of eleven hundred men ; the Third of the line, eight hundred ; fifty cavalry, and two light guns.

At Valmontone he received advices that the Neapolitans were sending back their baggage and heavy artillery, and he therefore concluded that they were retreating, and pressed forward, sending notice to the principal corps. At Monte Fortino he received more positive information, and continued to advance with haste. About eight o'clock A. M. he was in sight of Velletri, which was on the road, and two miles distant. He then discovered the enemy's cavalry, in *échelon*, on the Appian Way, to protect the retreat of their army, for which they were preparing. The main body of the Neapolitan army was then at Velletri; and, as soon as Garibaldi's corps was discovered by them, the Neapolitans moved to attack it.

He drew up the Third of the line, in *échelon*, by companies, near the road, which was among hills covered with vineyards, to protect his retreat in case of necessity, and to act as a reserve in case the enemy should attack. He placed the First Italian Legion on both sides of the road, in the best position he could, and thus awaited the assault of the enemy, leaving two companies in column in the road itself. The cavalry and artillery he placed in positions adapted to be most serviceable.

The enemy attacked: but all their attempts were fruitless. They had many killed, and were finally obliged to shut themselves up in the city, on the defensive.

Garibaldi's corps alone was too weak to prevent



the retreat of the enemy, which was finally effected by night.

The principal corps of the Roman army, of seven thousand men, under Roselli, arrived late, and tired with their march. An attempt, however, was made to attack the city in front, by charging, at the head of the First Roman Legion, with the battalion of artillery placed in a good position upon the road. The Neapolitans sustained the positions of the city, in which they remained the rest of the day. The Republicans took positions, in order to renew the attack the next day : but in the morning the Neapolitans retreated, and disappeared from Velletri.

These bold and successful operations, so briefly described, were of the highest importance, in their results, both by driving back the enemy, by encouraging the Republicans, and by adding to their reputation. The rout of the Neapolitans was so decisive, that they gave no further annoyance, and never appeared again during the war.

As for the poor Spanish army, which had landed on the coast, in obedience to the call of the poor Pope, they did nothing but issue a few bombastic proclamations, and kept themselves out of harm's way.

The French, in the meantime, were preparing to take decisive measures against Rome. The wounded, whom they had left behind them on the 30th of April, had been tenderly nursed by the Roman ladies, who had volunteered to attend at the hospitals ; and three

or four hundred prisoners had been harangued in the Corso, by the commander-in-chief, addressed as brother-republicans, in the name of the government and people, and dismissed without exchange or parole, with open gates, to return to Civitavecchia. On their arrival there, however, full of their praises of the noble Romans, they were immediately shipped for France, for fear of their influence among the troops.

The French army soon moved, in great force, for Rome, with heavy artillery and all preparations for a siege. But their first step was to violate the amnesty, by suddenly attacking the outposts, the night before the time limited by the armistice, and while they were almost unprotected.

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(Translated from the *Monitore Romano*, of June 8, 1849.)

## GENERAL GARIBALDI'S ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION OF JUNE 3D, 1849,

WITH THE FRENCH, AT VILLAS CORSINI AND VASCELLO.

ON leaving the Bastion, the ground on the right rises a little in the direction of the Villa Vascello; and on the left forms, by a gentle descent, a little valley, which leads towards the French camp.

From the gate of San Pancrazio a street leads directly to the Vascello, (two hundred and fifty paces,) and then divides. The principal branch descends on the right along the garden of the Villa Corsini, surrounded by high walls, and goes on to join the great

road to Civitavecchia. Another, flanked by hedges, leads directly to the Villa Corsini, which is three hundred paces in front of the Villa Vascello. And the third road turns to the left, and is prolonged, like the first, by the wall of the garden of the Villa Corsini.

The Villa Vascello is a large and massive fabric of three stories, surrounded by gardens and walls. In front of the Villa (fifty paces) is a small house, from which firing may be made against the windows of the Villa Corsini.

On the left road, (one hundred paces,) beyond the point of separation of the streets, are two small houses, one behind the garden of Villa Corsini, the other twenty paces before, on the left of the street.

The Villa Corsini, placed on the highest part of the ground, commands all the neighborhood. It is surrounded by a garden and high wall. The position of the Villa is very strong, and the more so because wishing to attack it without showing any preparation of approach before hand, it is necessary, while passing the concello, which is at the foot of the garden, to bear the concentrated fire which the enemy, defended and covered by the hedges and vases, or within the Villa itself, make upon that point at which the garden-walls meet at an acute angle.

The ground is also very descending ; and, besides, the Villa Corsini is very favorable to the enemy, because declining, and being scattered with groves, and crossed by deep streets, they can concentrate their

reserves in security from our fire, when the cannon oblige them to abandon the house.

The first attack made by the Italian Legion was against the positions Corsini and Quattro Venti, which had been abandoned by our troops, because surprised, betrayed, and overpowered by the great number of the enemy. The attack was made with the bayonet, without firing a single shot; the Legion sustained, for about three-quarters of an hour, the whole weight of the enemy; and Colonels Daverio and Massina, and Commandant Peralta were killed, and most of the officers wounded.

At that moment arrived the Manara Bersaglieri, who throwing themselves into the garden, vigorously attacked the enemy, even under the walls of the Villa. Here fell Captain Dandolo and many soldiers; and many officers and soldiers were wounded. But from that moment the houses on the left were ours. The enemy had stopped their progressive work, and the Vascello, strongly occupied, poured on them a fire of grape shot. The brave artillerymen very soon disturbed the enemy in the Villa Corsini.

The Manara Bersaglieri, from the Casini on the left, and the Italian Legion from the Vascello, drove the French Tiraglieurs from the garden and hedges. Both parties kept up a very warm fire.

The enemy were no more able, although reinforced and protected by two pieces of artillery, to take from our troops the position held with so much valor.

The artillery fired upon the Villa Corsini so vigorously, that the enemy were compelled to retreat, after setting it on fire; while the cannon in the right Bastion, and Bersaglieri, thrown forward of the Vascello, attacked with great ardor the enemy, who were in the Casino Quattro Venti, and who occupied numerous small adjacent houses, from which they made a very heavy but useless fire.

On the left, towards the French camp, two companies of the Manara Bersaglieri were then sent, who went far in advance, to annoy the enemy, hidden among the vines.

A very severe conflict continued all day, always to the advantage of our troops, who were able, even a second time, (the Manara Bersaglieri and Italian Legion,) to charge the enemy beyond the Villa Corsini.

Towards evening several companies of the third regiment of the line were sent to reinforce our troops in the Vascello; and the Medici Legion was sent to relieve the Manara Bersaglieri in the Casini on the left.

The cannon reduced almost to dust the Villa Corsini and the Casino Quattro Venti, being wonderfully well directed—due praise to the brave Lieut. Col. Ludovico Calandrelli.

The enemy were beaten at all points. Our troops, and especially the Manara Bersaglieri and the Italian Legion, again and again charged the enemy breast to breast.

The first company of Manara Bersiglieri threw itself into the Villa Giraud, and made many French prisoners. The Italian Legion several times advanced up to Villa Valentini.

At evening the Medici Legion vigorously charged the enemy among the vineyards on the left.

The night came, leaving to us the field of battle, the enemy admiring our valor, and our troops desirous of renewing the battle, which had been so courageously fought on the first day. This they did on the following morning.

All the officers, and especially the superior and subaltern officers whom I wish to distinguish, are these here recorded, because martyrs and dying as brave men.

Cols. Masina, Daverio, and Ramorino ; Adj. Major Peralta ; Lieuts. Bonnet, Cavalleri and Grassi ; Capts. Dandolo and David, Lieut. Scarani, Col. Polline, Lieuts. Larete and Gazzaniga.

GARIBALDI,  
Commander of the Division.

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Translated from the " *Monitore Romano* " (Roman Monitor), of June 26th, 1848.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF EVENTS WHICH  
TOOK PLACE ON THE 25TH AND 26TH OF  
JUNE, 1849.

IN the last night the enemy made an attack, to dislodge our troops from the Casino, outside the gate San Pancrazio, called the Vascello, but were repulsed with great loss. For the particulars of that action, glorious to our arms, I publish the following extract from a report sent to me by the brave general of division, Garibaldi :

GEN. GARIBALDI'S REPORT TO ROSELLI, THE GENERAL-  
IN-CHIEF.

CITIZEN GENERAL-IN-CHIEF :

One hour after midnight the enemy tried a second attack, and assaulted our right flank, breaking in towards the Vascello, which is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Medici, and on the left side of the Casetta, which is under the command of Major Cenni.

With lively pleasure I communicate to you how heroically our troops sustained themselves, and powerfully repulsed them.

The very deep mist, which involved everything, rendered the conflict the more interesting. Our soldiers gave proofs of their diligence and love for the cause.

Many dead, who still lie unburied on the enemy's ground, bear them witness. And the highest encom-

ium is due in general to the detachments Medici and Melara, and to the Manara Bersaglieri, on the right wing, and on the left to Major Cenni, of the staff of the division ; and, of the Arcioni légion, to Captains Joanny, Baily, Romagnori ; 1st Lieutenant Carlotti ; 2d Lieutenant Bellonghi ; and to all the soldiers of that corps. Of the Regiment of the Union, Capt. Colombani and Lieut. Dezzi distinguished themselves. The soldiers are the same as those who so lately defended the Cassetta, near the Vascello.

And the detachment of the line should not be forgotten, commanded by Sub-Lieutenant Ferrandi, of the 3d regiment, who showed themselves openly, and intrepid under fire. When the firing had ceased, in consequence of the repulse of the enemy, there was an almost perfect silence, interrupted only by a few exchanges of shot, chiefly harmless. Nothing important occurred before daybreak, and things still remain as yesterday.

Salutation and brotherhood !

General Head-quarters, morning of June 26th, 1849.

GARIBALDI.

General commanding the 1st Division.

The following editorial passage follows the preceding report, in the same paper, the *Monitore Romano*. As it relates to a subject of which much use was afterwards made by the French and Popish writers, to justify themselves, and falsely to accuse the Romans,



it seems proper to insert it here, for the information of the reader. In spite of what is here said (greatly to the disgrace of the French invaders), many of the statues, buildings, pictures, and other valuable "monuments of the city," were injured, and some destroyed, by their bullets, grape-shot, cannon-balls and bombshells. They chose their point of attack near St. Peter's church and the Vatican palace, and sometimes appeared to aim their artillery for the wanton destruction or injury of those and other edifices.

From the *Monitore Roman* of June 26th, 1849.

The Paris *Constitutionnel*, and all the other journals of the (French) government, make known the reason why General Oudinot has not yet entered Rome, in the following passage :

"It is wrong to believe that Rome can be, in a few days, rescued from the state of defence in which it has been placed by the *foreigners who occupy it*. Even if the possibility of success in an attack by main force were demonstrated, with the use of all the means authorized by war, other considerations should prescribe the greatest circumspection to our general-in-chief. In reality, the order to attack, which was sent to Gen. Oudinot, contains an express recommendation to adopt the most complete measures to avoid the exposure of the monuments of the city, which are now placed under the safeguard of France. Considerations of humanity are no less in the plans of our generals, who in no

case will confound the Roman population with the bands of adventurers who ruin and oppress it. For all these reasons, the besieging forces will confine themselves to the attack of exterior works, and of positions from which the city and the monuments can not receive any injury."

[Remarks on the preceding extract from the *Constitutionnel*, by the editors of the *Monitore Romano*.]

"This, it cannot be denied, is an ingenious expedient to justify the slowness of the *brilliant successes* of Oudinot under the walls of Rome. It is not a posthumous expedient, but a witty one, invented *after the act*. The General had first to think how to let his bomb-shells by hundreds fall, not upon the *foreigners* who defend Rome, but upon the heads of the harmless population whom he has come to *protect*. He must think first how to ruin the edifices of Raffaele, the Aurora of Guido, the temple of Fortuna Virilis, and, only yesterday, the most beautiful fresco of Poussin, in the palace Costaguli, now irreparably lost, because it has never been copied or engraved.

"But this does not prevent the Roman monuments from being placed *under the safeguard* of the French arms! This did not prevent them from having within their scope the defence of the liberty of the people, oppressed by foreigners! Hypocrites and wretches! you do not possess even the brutal frankness of Austria!"

The following brief notices of events in Paris, published in the same number of the *Monitore Romano*, convey striking hints of the condition to which Louis Napoleon was reducing France, while his army was attempting to overthrow the Roman Republic, and fabricating excuses for his ill success.

*Paris*, June 15th.—The members of the Legislative Assembly under trial for revolutionary proceedings exceeds twenty; and the list is not yet complete, (Ledru Rolin was at the head of these.)

The *Moniteur* publishes two decrees of the President of the Republic. By the first, considering that the existing condition of Paris renders necessary the union in one hand of all the disposable forces of the national guard and of the army, it is decreed, that General Changarnier shall unite the superior command of the national guard of the Seine with the command of the troops of the first military division, until the public tranquillity shall be restored in the capital. By the second, the city of Lyons and all the circuit comprised in the sixth military division are placed in the state of siege.

Arrests continue to-day. The whole number is three hundred. . . . Letters and papers seized will lead to other arrests.

By a decree of the Executive the following newspapers are suppressed, (naming six.)

## MONUMENTS OF ART IN ROME,

DESTROYED, INJURED OR ENDANGERED BY THE FRENCH : MEASURES  
ADOPTED BY THE REPUBLICANS TO PROTECT THEM.

“ THE Communal Council of Rome, at their session on May 24th, 1849, decreed, that a copy of the statement made by Councillor Luigi Canina, relating to the injuries done, on the 30th of April last, by the French army, should be sent to the Municipality of Paris.”

That document is inserted entire in the *Monitore Romano*, with the following letter :

“ *To the Gentlemen composing the Municipality of Paris :*

“ GENTLEMEN :—This Municipal Council have resolved to send you the annexed description of the injuries suffered by the Vatican and the adjacent edifices, on the 30th of April, from the French arms. The resolution was caused by an indelible sentiment of sympathy between France and Rome, and the conviction that all the municipalities of civilized countries have an equal interest for the preservation of the master-pieces in the sciences and the arts. They should attest to posterity the progress of nations, and the relations between them, which are the more intimate when the tendencies towards the extreme goal of civilization are most in harmony.

“ We do not attribute this lamentable event to France, but to the few who have been deceived by a base calumny. It is pretended that Rome is a prey to anarchy, and that the Christian monuments are in danger of destruction. The arms directed by a mistake will ruin themselves ; and those very persons who announced themselves the defenders of the Christian monuments have run the risk of destroying the greatest temple in the world.

“ Rome resists the armies of your republic, because she would not allow any nation, however friendly, to put in doubt the sacredness of her rights, the truth of facts which have occurred in peace : but Rome, the natural ally of France, can not with indifference allow the fanaticism of a few to confound her name, glorious in history, with the name and devastations of the barbarians.

“ Accept our professions of esteem and brotherhood.

“ At the Capitol, May 28th, 1851.

“ FRANCESCO STERBINETTI, Senator of Rome.”

(Then following the signatures of the six Conservators, the Secretary, &c.)

The statement is in two parts, each of considerable length. The first refers to the Palace and Museum of the Vatican, and states that the following injuries were done by projectiles thrown from the house in the vineyard Moroni. The report was delayed until that time, on account of the vast extent of the buildings and the variety of injuries suffered.

The Councillor first visited the eastern court of the Palace, because in the battle he had first heard balls whistling in that direction.

Here a 12-pound ball had entered the skylight, broken two roof-timbers, and torn up about 20 tiles ; and repairs are required immediatety, to secure the roof. Northward from that spot, another 12-pound ball had fallen, but caused less injury. Proceeding on, upon the roof, over the habitation of the keeper of the museum, Demetrio Mazzoni, another shot, of the same size, had damaged tiles and timbers. Next, passing through the corridor of the museum and the library, we found that two balls had fallen upon the roof above, one of which had broken through it. Another ball had struck the roof of the halls of the Borgia Library. The roof of the Sixtine Chapel showed the marks of four cannon-shots, which seemed to have bounded off, but did so much injury that four cart-loads of tiles, and other materials, will be necessary to repair it. One ball crashed the tiles on the roof of the Cortile dei Pappagalli.

In the interior of the museum, accompanied by the sculptor, A. Stochi, he found a window broken by a Stutzen ball. In the hall of Candelabri, and almost all the other halls which are exposed on the south, many Stutzen and musket balls had entered, breaking windows. In the Arazzi Gallery were five Stutzen balls, one of which struck Raffaele's picture of Paul Preaching at the Areopagus, and passed through a

female figure ; and another struck the lower border. In the Picture Gallery a Stutzen ball had entered ; in the Library three musket-balls, but were prevented from doing any injury by an ingenious precaution, timely taken, which saved many balls which entered the windows from passing beyond them. This was the loosening of the window-curtains, which deadened the force of the bullets. A quantity of Stutzen and musket balls were found in the Court of the Loggie, one of which entered the wall.

Having reported the damages done to the Vatican Museum, (an abridged account of which closes here,) the Engineer says :

“I will now notify you of the precautions taken, partly at your command, and partly with your approbation in order to preserve from fire, in case of another attack on that side, or by the Porta Angelica, the entire fabric, as far as possible ; as well as from injury by stutzen and musket balls, the master-pieces and ornaments of art preserved in the museum.” He then remarks, that the roof of the Palace being filled with dry wood, so placed that a single spark might set it all in flame, the only way to secure it, is to extinguish it at the beginning. There being a conduit and a cistern, he had the latter filled with water, and prepared to set four watchmen in safe places, with small hand-pumps, to extinguish any fiery projectile, which might fall on the roof. Other parts of the roof were to be protected in like manner. Then, to secure the

statues, paintings, &c., in the building, curtains were hung loose at the windows, and such pictures as were movable on side-hinges, were turned edgewise towards the points where balls might be expected to enter; while precious objects standing near the windows were removed to distant parts of the walls, with their backs outward. In the Gallery of Geographical Charts and the Library, there being curtains and window-shutters, the latter were closed and the former hung loose. By increasing attention, and resorting to every other judicious expedient, assisted by others, the Engineer hoped to be successful in his object.

The second part of the Report on the Vatican (May 8, 1849,) informed the Counsellor Canina as follows:

Damages on the Grand Terrace.—1. On the Cupolino of Lambertini, the electrical conductor broken by a cannon-ball; 2d. The roof of the nave of St. Processo broken through by a 16-pound cannon shot, dashing many tiles, one of which struck the arch below, and another broke the electrical conductor above the roof; 3d. A cannon-ball entered the Cupolino Rezzonico, and penetrated the wall a palm and a half; 4th. A cannon-ball injured the leaden covering of the Octagon of the Cupolino St. Michael; and three others were taken out of the basement; while another shot broke down about seven palms of wall, bending the electrical conductors, and still another crumbled a block of Travertine marble; 5th. In the



Tabita Cupolino, a cannon-ball broke in the window-frame; 6th. In that of the Lumacca d'Altieri, a cannon-ball passed entirely through the leaden covering, and injured the cupolino of St. Michael; while two window-frames, with iron bars, were dashed in by two other balls, seriously injuring the electrical conductors, &c.

(Omitting, as before, some details, we pass on to the centre of the roof of St. Peter's Church.)

Under the basement of the principal cupola, precisely at the staircase of St. Helena, a cannon-ball broke through the curtain, above the chief wall of the niche, and another, in the same staircase, struck in two places. A cannon-ball broke in pieces a block of travertine, under the same cupola; and in rebounding, it broke the corners of a pilaster, marked No. 16.

The covering of the roof of the Cathedral was injured by four cannon-balls, which damaged the tiles, and broke a pilaster, which supports the roof itself.

Passing on to visit the exterior of the Basilica, (or Church of St. Peter,) on one side are marks, in the travertine, of twenty-five cannon-balls, which have produced injuries to a portion of the cornice, in two places in the attic, to a pilaster, a window-frame, an architrave of a window, and, above the architrave, ruined several decorations, and broken many pieces of travertine in the same attic. Several marks of Stutzen and musket-balls, also, are seen on the travertine; and two on the window towards the monument of Paul 3d

Farnese ; besides many others. The keeper of the cupola has preserved 21 balls.

GUSTAVO GRASS,

Engineer and Supernumerary in the Corps of  
Watchmen.

GIUSEPPE ROSSI, Secretary.

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PROTEST AGAINST THE DESTRUCTION OF MONUMENTS BY  
THE FRENCH.

Most of the foreign representatives then in Rome, both diplomatic and commercial, united in a protest against the injury and destruction of the precious monuments of art by the French. As a significant evidence (if any were wanting) of the positions maintained by our Chargé, Mr. Cass, and our truly noble-hearted American Consul, Mr. Brown, (since Governor of Rhode Island,) it is sufficient to record that the name of the latter is found on that protest, and that of the former is not! It should never be forgotten, however, that the people of the United States can never free themselves from a large share of the disgrace which was incurred by our nation by the conduct of our Chargé in Rome.

The people of Rome had suffered from the balls and shells thrown into the city, many sad casualties having occurred, causing wounds and death. But yet frequent injuries were done to works of art, and to the people in distant parts of Rome, by the French balls, during the entire siege, and publicly noticed.

The following are specimens :

*Rome, June 20th.*—A bomb fell on the breast of a poor girl, who was sleeping by the side of her sister—an act of cruelty, one of the sorrowful and inevitable effects of this war. That young creature, inoffensive, blameless, ignorant of the political parties and deceit,—to a philosopher, a poet, a man of heart, was of greater value than a statue or a hundred pictures. Pictures and statues may be restored ; that child will never be restored to her mother, her sister, or the love and smiles of life. . . . We wish to mark the Vandal acts which are performed, for the indignation of all enlightened people who come to Rome to admire the master-pieces of ancient and modern art, which have been respected by barbarous ages, spared by Attila—now injured and broken by Gen. Oudinot. It is indeed true, that he has been sent here by a pope, who had the name of “ Pius.”

*June 19th. The Aurora of Guido Reni.*—At 11 o'clock a 24 lb. ball was shot towards the residence of the Triumvirs, in the direction of the telegraph of Monte Cavallo. It fell a few feet distant from the celebrated colossal statues of Phidias and Praxiteles, and, as if bound by its Vandal commission, broke the roof of the Loggia Rospigliosi, precisely above the head of the celebrated *Aurora of Guido Reni*. It entered the ceiling where the fresco is painted ; and Gen. Le Vaillant, who directed the gun, may boast of his shot.

Half an hour before that, a 36 lb. shot fell on the most beautiful and prized monument of ancient Rome—the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, breaking the elegant cornice and parts of the base. Louis Napoleon may now pride himself on having struck, with fratricide balls, one of the few Republican *reliques* which remained.

The projectiles which continue to be thrown into the city are extremely frequent, and the most important edifices seem to be targets for the enemy's shot. It would take a long time to enumerate them. We will limit ourselves to mentioning the church of St. Mary Trastevere, St. Andrea de la Valle, and St. Carlo a'Catinari, which, among many other distinguished monuments, contain celebrated frescoes of Domenichino; the church and monastery of St. Cosimato, no less known for the paintings of Pinturicchio, than for its very precious archives, and where one of those capitals of historic fame was mutilated; and finally, the capitol, in the palaces of which are collected so many wonders of antiquity and art. Many shots are continually directed at that *sanctum* of Rome; and this very morning three balls of large calibre fell upon the roof of the great Senatorial Palace.

One of the finest palaces of Raffaele was struck by many of their cannon balls; and one of its beautiful columns was broken in pieces.

Canova's Hercules, in the Casa Torlonia, had a narrow escape from destruction,—for a shell fell upon

the cupola of the temple in which it stands, but did not break through ; and thus that master-piece of modern art escaped the modern Vandals.

Recruits were still coming into Rome to join in the defence, but many of the inhabitants retired into the country every night, to avoid useless exposure to the shot and shells. The municipality at length addressed the following

CIRCULAR TO THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.

“Honorable gentlemen :—During twenty-two days projectiles have been thrown by the French troops upon the inhabited parts of this city, injuring even the churches and most valuable monuments. In the night of the 22d this mode of aggression, which is the more to be condemned because of the present state of civilization, was greatly increased ; and old people and children have been made victims. The Roman magistracy, in this state of things, turn to you, believing it certain, that for the interests of humanity, and representing great and civilized nations, you cannot remain indifferent spectators of a deed so barbarous towards the monumental city par excellence, and will effectually exert yourselves to prevent this war, which was in no way provoked, from producing excesses repugnant to the present condition of the civilized nations of Europe.

“Receive the sincere protestation of our highest esteem.

“At the Capitol, June 24th, 1849.

“FRANCESCO STERBINETTI, Senator,

“GIUSEPPI ROSSI, Secretary.”

An answer was returned the same day, by the British minister, Hon. George Freeborn, in the name of the corps, expressing deep interest, and stating that Oudinot had consented to cease firing, and to receive a Roman officer at a conference. The following is a translation of the note sent by the corps to Oudinot. It justly characterizes as barbarous the bombardment of a city :

“GENERAL :—The undersigned, Consular agents representing their respective governments, take the liberty to make known to you, sir, their profound grief at your having kept up the bombardment of the Eternal City during many days and nights. The object of these presents, General, is to make the most energetic remonstrances against this mode of warfare, which not only puts in peril the lives and property of neutral and peaceful citizens, but also those of women and little children.

“We also notify you, General, that the bombardment has already cost the lives of many innocent persons, and has destroyed master-pieces of art, which can never be replaced.

“We confide in you, General, that, in the name of

humanity, and of civilized nations, you will desist from all future bombardment, to avoid the destruction of the *City of Monuments*, which is considered as under the protection of all the civilized nations of the world."

Signed by Freeborn, Consular Agent of Her Britannic Majesty ; the Consul of the King of Prussia ; the attaché to the Embassy of the King of the Low Countries ; the Consul of the King of Denmark ; the Consul of the Swiss Confederation ; the Consul of the King of Wirtemberg ; the Secretary of the Republic of San Salvador ; Nicholas Brown, Consul of the United States of America ; James E. Freeman, Consul of the United States of America for Ancona ; the Consul General for the King of Sardinia, and provisionally for Tuscany.

General Oudinot replied, on the morning of the 25th, that he would spare the inhabitants as much as possible ; yet, in the following night, the bombardment began again as dreadful as ever, so that the people knew not where to seek for safety. Such, however, was the universal good order that no disturbance was made. That night the important outpost of the Vascello was attacked by the enemy with resolution ; but they were gallantly repulsed, with great loss, by detachments from the Medici, Melara, Manara, Acioni, and Unione regiments, which occupied it. (*See page 285.*)

## THE BOMBARDMENT OF ROME.

“The 30th of June, 1849,” writes an eye-witness, “was a terrible day for Rome : for then the city yielded to foreign force. The bombardment, which continued three hours, was so incessant and destructive, that it seemed about to bury the whole city in ruins. The inhabitants were all in the streets. Here was seen a tender mother, with her little ones in her arms, running about in search of a safe retreat ; and there another making her own breast a shield for her children ; while boys were often met with, trying to carry on their shoulders the corpses of their beloved fathers. A general murmuring sound was everywhere heard, of women lamenting, not for themselves, but for the loss of those more dear. A few aged and grey-headed persons kneeled on the steps of churches, praying to the Lord to give the degraded Pontiff another mind ; while those of a more spirited character ran to where the danger was greatest among the falling bombshells. Shepherds drove away their flocks, to find some secure place ; and, as if the animals themselves shared the feelings of men, the air was filled with their mournful cries.

“In one spot in the Piazza di Venezia (the square of Venice) a shell burst and killed three persons. A woman was crossing the Bridge of Sixtus, when a large cannon shot took off her head. While standing within a few steps of the Colonna square, I saw, in a



short time, two convoys pass, carrying a great number of wounded persons to the hospital of San Giacomo ; and immediately afterwards several others arrived with biers and litters, on the same melancholy errand. Wherever I went within, I heard long and painful lamentations from unfortunate sufferers, whose limbs had been cut or torn by the swords or balls of the enemy. But amidst all I heard not a single exclamation against the new government, though a thousand against the unbridled vengeance of the Pontiff, who had condemned his children to such cruel torments."

In different parts of the city fires broke out ; and the courageous Roman firemen instantly ran to extinguish them. "Hasten," said I, to an old man, of the common people, who seemed resolved to remain in the Piazza Navona ; "hasten, I pray you, in the name of God." "Let me stay," he replied ; "what is there for me to do in this world ? Yesterday the French hung my son, who was in the battalion of the University ; and this night my daughter, the only creature left to me, went to get water to quench my thirst, when she was struck to the ground by a shot." And so saying, his sobs interrupted him ; and after a moment he was silent and motionless. I thought I might restore him, and took his hand in mine. He breathed, but in a few moments he breathed his last.

What the old man had told, proved too true ; and the young student was found in a villa outside the city walls, hung to a beam. A few days before, the French

had thrown out of the windows of a house occupied by them, several other young men of the University who had fallen into their hands. These are truths which all Rome will attest ; and all Rome would not falsify for me.

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#### THE OPENING OF THE INQUISITION.

This edifice, called "*Sant' Uffizio*," (the Holy Office,) was opened by the Republican Government, and exposed unexpected secrets and horrors to the world. It had been closed for three hundred years, but now was freely entered and examined by thousands of the people. Many accounts of it have been published ; but that written by De Boni is the most complete. A translation of his long description is contained in "The Roman Republic of 1849," and cannot be here repeated. While many "intelligent" Americans will not yet believe that such an abominable institution was then in Rome, or that it has been again delivered to the irresponsible control of the Bloody Dominican monks, who have always been Inquisitors, the calumniated Roman Republicans opened that infernal den to the view of mankind, decreed its abolishment, and the erection of a monument to its infamy, after they had erected, on the ruins of Popery, a system of freedom, on the principles of Christianity, for which they deserve the high honor which history must inevitably award to them. Americans may learn, from evidence there discovered, that the Inquisition has secret spies, and plotting, active agents, in every country.

## THE BATTLE OF JUNE 30TH.

GENERAL GARIBALDI'S LAST OFFICIAL REPORT IN ROME.

*General Head-quarters, San Pietro in Montorio, July 1, 1849.*—Yesterday was a day fruitful in deeds of arms: losses and advantages. Yesterday Italy counted new martyrs. Colonel Manara leaves a void in the Republican files, difficult to be supplied. Young, of surprising merit and valor, he was struck by an enemy's ball, while courageously defending the Villa Spada against an enemy very superior. America yesterday gave, with the blood of a valiant son, Andrea Aghiar, a pledge of the love of liberal men of all countries for our fair and unfortunate Italy.

Lieutenant Colonel Medici distinguished himself by skill and courage, in the defence of the first bastion on the right of the gate of San Pancrazio, and of the position Savorelli. He was distinguished in the company of the brave Colonel Ghilardi, commandant of that line.

The Medici Legion and the first of the line fought like lions. They several times repelled assaults in the breach, and paid with the precious life of many young men, the hope of the country, the sacred debt of all.

Part of the Manara Legion fought at the point of

the bayonet with their accustomed courage, in union with the companies of the regiment Massi.

The Italian Legion, under the command of Colonel Manara, showed itself worthy of its fame in the defence of the Villa Spada. The Third of the Line, in defending the positions which were confided to it, covered itself with glory.

GARIBALDI.

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#### THE CITY TO CEASE HER RESISTANCE.

It was now decided that the further defence of Rome was impossible, without exposing the city to destruction. The enemy were within the walls, and could not be dislodged. They were indeed so strong, that the Romans would be obliged at least to abandon their line, and retire to this side of the Tiber, which General Avezzana and Garibaldi proposed to defend with obstinacy. But the inhabitants apprehended, from such a step, the speedy ruin of their houses by the French cannon and shells; and, after a Council which they held with the Assembly, it was resolved to cease resistance. Garibaldi saw that his work was done in the capital; and, with feelings which we may in some degree realize, he resolved not to witness the disgrace brought upon his noble cause, nor to leave his gallant companions to be disarmed and remain useless to the country. He doubtless foresaw that many of them would follow wherever he would lead; and then certainly, not less than at other times, he felt

an impulse to lead where only courageous men would follow. He thought of the city of Venice, then besieged by the Austrians, by sea and land, and indulged the flattering hope of being able to reach her, and join her brave defenders. The wide space to be passed over, and the far superior force which the enemy could send to oppose him, were insufficient to discourage him; and he resolved to go. But one obstacle was in his way. His wife was urgent to accompany him, which he opposed; but in vain.

The government issued the following proclamations :—

[Translated from the *Monitore Romano*, of Monday, July 2, 1849.]

ROMAN REPUBLIC :

The Constituent Assembly, in the name of God and the people, *decrees* :

The Triumvirs, Armellini, Mazzini, and Saffi have deserved well of the country.

ALLOCALETTI, *President.*

SANTARGES,

COCCHI,

ZAMBIANCH,

PINNACCHI.

Rome, July 1st, 1849.

The following was published yesterday :—

Romans ! The Triumvirate is voluntarily dissolved. The Constituent Assembly will communicate to you the names of our successors.

The Assembly, deeply affected, after the act of yesterday, performed by the enemy, with a desire to deliver Rome from extreme dangers, and to prevent the fruitless sacrifice of any more lives for the defence, have decreed the cessation of hostilities. The men who were in the right during the contest, could not well continue to govern in the new times which are preparing. The mandate sent to them has ceased *de facto*, and they hasten to resign it to the hands of the Assembly.

Romans! Brothers! you have written a page which will remain in history, a proof of the power and energy which slept in you, and of your future deeds, of which no force can deprive you. . . . . Assembled under the Republican banner, you have redeemed the honor of the common country, elsewhere contaminated by deeds of evil men, and overthrown by monarchical impotency. Your Triumvirs, becoming simple citizens among you, carry with them the highest comfort in their consciousness of pure intentions, and the honor of having their names associated with your bravest deeds.

A cloud is rising to-day over your prospects and you. It is the cloud of an hour. Remain firm in the consciousness of your rectitude, and with the faith in which many armed apostles among you have died. God, who has treasured up their blood, is surely for you. God wills that Rome shall be great; and she will be. Yours is not a defeat; it is a victory of the

martyrs, to whom the tomb is the passage to heaven. . . .  
 Viva la Republica Romana!

The Triumvirs,

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,  
 CARLO ARMELLINI,  
 AURELIO SAFFI.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC ADOPTED  
 —THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY DISSOLVED.

The Constituent Roman Assembly, in their session of yesterday, definitively voted, with unanimity, and *viva voce*, the Constitution of the Republic.

Having fulfilled, by this act, the essential part of its high mission, the Assembly decreed, on motion of the Deputy Agostini, that the law be engraved on two marble tables and placed on the capitol, as an eternal monument of the unanimous will of the people, legitimately represented by their Deputies. Woe to him who shall touch those tables of the new civil and political compact which the Roman People form with themselves before God, in the view of all civilized nations! This compact has been sealed with the blood of martyrs, with the blood of all those who, following the voice of their hearts, hastened to Rome, as to the ancient Mother, to defend the honor and the liberty of Italy, and to lay the first stone of her future and inevitable independence.

Whatever may be the present results of measures which foreign supremacy is preparing, the Assembly,

the People, the National Guard and the Roman Army have the consciousness of having fulfilled their duty.

(From the same paper.)

Before dissolving the solemn session, the Assembly decreed a funeral in the Basilica of St. Peter, to all the heroes who have offered their lives for the country and for the Republic, under the walls of Rome. As to the wounded, as no less worthy of honor, and in need of care, the Assembly voted a Hospital, and appropriated for the purpose one of the national palaces.

Finally, that nothing might be wanting to the harmony which always prevails among the people, the Constituent Assembly and the citizens in whom, in the last moments, they had entrusted the salvation of the country, the Assembly declared, by a solemn decree, well deserving of the country, the Triumvirs, Armellini, Mazzini, and Saffi.

(From the same paper.)

We have said it, and we repeat it, and we will repeat it always : The Republic arose in Rome by universal suffrage ; rose on the ruins of the throne of the Popes, which the cry of all Europe, the maledictions of all civilized nations, and the spirit of the Gospel, had crumbled into dust. To-day, when on that throne, stigmatized by civilization, flows the blood of so many victims, who will dare to raise it again ? A mountain of corpses shuts up, to the Pontiff, the way to that throne ; and to ascend it again, the white stole of the



priest must be dyed with human blood! Can the Pope, like the tyrants, sit upon a seat of bayonets? But it is not in the power of France, it is not in the power of Europe conspiring, to restore the Pope to the minds of citizens, after the enormous events which have occurred. The sceptre of the Popes is morally broken for ever.

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PROCLAMATION OF THE MINISTER OF WAR.

Romans! The last word of the Minister of War is a mark of admiration of your valor, and an urgent request to you, to persevere in the sacred enterprise of the redemption of Italy.

Your martyrs died with this name upon their lips.

Difficulties of your condition—adversity of destiny—diplomatic snares—deceitful words—let them never arrest you.

The legacy of the valiant who have fallen for you on the walls of the Eternal City, is holy and inviolate! They have reöpened Roman history—Do you continue its fame.

G. AVEZZANA.

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GARIBALDI'S DEPARTURE FROM ROME

WITH HIS REMAINING TROOPS, AND HIS CELEBRATED RETREAT TO  
THE ADRIATIC.

Garibaldi collected his troops after the government had determined to cease resistance, and addressed them in his Spartan speech, which has been so much admired; then proceeding out of the gates, followed by

a considerable portion of his troops, he took his course across the Campagna, his wife accompanying him on horseback, notwithstanding all his affectionate remonstrances. He had resolved to make a desperate effort, to avoid the necessity of submitting to the enemy.

The retreat of Garibaldi from Rome to the little port of Cesenatico, on the Adriatic, while pursued by an Austrian and a French army, has been much admired for the boldness, skill and judgment which were displayed, through a daily change of dangers, discouragements and sufferings, which would seem too great to be so long endured. His route lay through Forli and Cantalupo to Terni, then declined to the left to Todi, Capretto and Orvieto, where the French troops showed themselves; then on to the frontier of Tuscany, after which they passed Arezzo, and crossing a mountain, reached Cisterna; then, passing on to Borgo, Santangelo in Vado, and Montefeltro, he arrived at San Marino, near the close of July, and left there on the night of the 31st for Cesenatico, where they embarked in several boats, and sailed for Venice. Several of these were captured or sunk, and others driven to the shore, among which last was that which contained Garibaldi, his wife, Bassi, Cicerouacchio, and his two sons, whose fate has been mentioned in the preceding pages.

Incidents of that remarkable retreat are briefly given in "*The Roman Republic of 1849*," and more fully in an Italian journal by one of the company, and afford

many proofs of the boldness, skill and perseverance of the leader, and of the devotion, bravery and endurance of his soldiers, until they had become worn out with their harrassing and suffering march. Towards the close of it some displayed a pusillanimity under the attacks of the enemy, which he refers to with severity and bitterness, in contrast with the conduct of some of the high-spirited South Americans whom he had formerly known. Their trials, however, were excessively great, especially at the time of their reaching San Marino, and after leaving that place.

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#### SAN MARINO.

As San Marino has often been held up to the view of Americans as a practical proof that Popery is not incompatible with Republican principles,—nay, to prove that it has fostered, protected and perpetuated a “Republic” adjacent to its own territory—it will be well to contemplate that miserable little state, about which the most ludicrous misconceptions prevail among many people in the United States, in consequence of gross misrepresentations.

Near the end of the third century, according to Clementini, an old historian, Diocletian, wishing to restore the ruins of Ariminicum, (Rimini), brought from his native country, Dalmatia, laborers and artists, many of whom were slaves. One of the laborers, named Marino, was a zealous Christian. In the year 303, Diocletian commenced his persecu-

tions against Christians, when Marino joined the priests in resisting by force of arms, in union with the Bishop of Forlim-populi (Forli). They were at first successful, and repelled the troops of the Proconsul ; but the latter afterwards drove the Christians to the mountains, on one of which, then called Titano, Marino lived in solitude. Attracted by his fame and the retired nature of the country, numbers of poor people joined him from Dalmatia, and refugees from different parts of Italy. He afterwards attended a council at Rimini, where he was admitted as a deacon. After his death he was buried on the summit of Mount Titano, which has since borne his name, he being considered a saint. A church, as usual, has since been erected over his grave, in which is a statue holding the figure of a mountain with three towers, which forms the arms of the "*Republic*."

What kind of a republic that is may be easily understood, when it is known that, although San Marino bears the name, the people nominally have the right of choosing their officers, and managing their own affairs, both internally and externally, they are in the same degraded condition with all the Pope's subjects around, have one of his nuncio's residing in their petty little capital, which is a poverty-stricken village, in a palace, where he exercises all the dictatorial authority which he pleases to claim, over the minds, consciences and conduct of the people. The people themselves have no education worthy of the name,

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having no knowledge of this world or the next, except such as their priests think proper to give. A republic! Without freedom of thought, speech or action, ignorant of the Word of God, denied its use, and with scarcely a single idea, like all other submissive subjects of Popery, except blind obedience to their priests.

Garibaldi had entered San Marino, by permission of their chief men, and hoped to find there a secure resting-place for a time, exhausted by their long and distressing march. But he soon ascertained that the Austrians were about to be admitted, with the consent of the degraded and spiritless men who bore the nominal title of rulers of the "Republic." He therefore made a sudden and daring sortie, in the middle of a dark night, with a few resolute followers, broke through the lines of the enemy, which had been drawn around the mountain, and made a rapid march to Cesenatico, where he found boats, and embarked as has been mentioned.

## C O N C L U S I O N .

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THE sad termination of Garibaldi's voyage on the Adriatic has been described by himself in such affecting terms, at the close of his "Sketch of Anna Garibaldi," that we need not repeat it here. He alone remains alive of the distinguished personages who were driven ashore, on that occasion, by the Austrian squadron near the mouth of the river Po. His admirable wife died in his arms on the shore, and was buried in a secret grave, which we believe is known only to himself at this day. The Roman Tribune, with his two sons, retreated to the neighboring marshes, and all of them were probably murdered by the Austrians. The fate of Bassi has already been mentioned in detail.

The escape of Garibaldi himself seems almost miraculous. By what means, and under what circumstances, we have never learned, but he succeeded in crossing Italy, through the midst of watchful enemies. He reached Genoa, but was soon compelled to leave Piedmont, and sailed to Algeria, whence, after a few months, he came to New York.

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The father of General Garibaldi died while his son was in South America ; and his mother survived until about the year 1853, when her death occurred in Nice. The high respect in which that excellent lady was held, for her son's sake as well as her own, was affectingly proved by the feelings of general grief expressed by the whole body of the people. Her funeral was attended by an extraordinary concourse, who formed a long procession, and moved, by torchlight, several miles, to the cemetery where she was interred.

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GARIBALDI'S APPEARANCE ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL IN  
NEW YORK, IN 1850.

[Hasty notes of the Translator's first interview with him.]

He was at the house of his countryman, Signor Pastacaldi, in Irving Place, and occupied an apartment adjoining that of Mr. Foresti, who introduced me.

He has a broad and round forehead ; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form ; heavy brown moustaches and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face ; a full, round chest ; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health, and a rheumatism which disables his right arm ; a full, dark eye, steady, penetrating and pensive, but mild and friendly ; an easy, natural, frank and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced

by his friend, Foresti. Such was Garibaldi, as he appeared at the first glance, and before he had time to speak.

His first words were uttered in a tone corresponding with the courtesy of his movements and the glance of his eye; while the freedom of his utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, drew all my attention, from his form and features, to the sentiments he expressed and the facts he mentioned. To my surprise, I found my thoughts turned, in part, from the fields of battles, the siege of Rome, and the sortie of San Marino, to the principles of the Italian Revolution, and the true doctrines of Christianity, perverted by the enemies of Italian liberty. The cruelties of Popery—its degrading tendency—its duplicity, hypocrisy, idolatry and atrocities—its history, desperate condition, and inevitable ruin—were treated by him in rapid succession, with the clearness of a theologian and a statesman combined, and in language which united, in a peculiar degree, propriety, beauty and force. And all this was done without an appearance of the slightest effort. He did not hesitate, for an instant, for an idea or for a word; and it was self-evident that he spoke under the combined influence of feelings fully decided, a clear judgment fully convinced, and both in perfect harmony. No man, I thought, could listen to him, even for a few moments, without the certain conviction, not only that he spoke in accordance with his convictions, but under the



direct, imperative, and solemn direction of his conscience.

I had experienced several unexpected changes of mind and feeling, before I had been long in the company of that extraordinary man. I recollect that I made a silent reflection, as I left his company, that, although I had heard men speak eloquently, and impressively, before, and had admired the characters which some of them had displayed, and approved the principles which they avowed, Garibaldi raised my mind and impressed my heart in a manner altogether new, surprising and indescribable.

To this we will now (July, 1859,) add only the following questions :

Who would not wish that Americans might be acquainted with the real characters of the Italian patriots, and especially such as have been suffering severely and enduring nobly in exile, in the midst of us, often calumniated, and sometimes persecuted, even in this, our land of liberty, by their insatiable enemies ?

And who would hesitate to approve the following brief, but just eulogium on Garibaldi, written by Mazzini, in 1850, which we translate from "*Italia del Popolo* ?"

"There is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish : a whole life devoted to one object—his country ; a name consecrated by

deeds of honor, first abroad, and then at home ; valor and constancy more than admirable ; simplicity of life and manners which recalls the men of antiquity ; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured ; glory and poverty ! Every particular relating to such a man is precious.

“ G. MAZZINI.”

1. [Illegible text]

2. [Illegible text]

3. [Illegible text]

4. [Illegible text]

5. [Illegible text]













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Garibaldi, Guisepe  
Life written by himself..  
tr. by Dwight.

